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THE NEW YORKER

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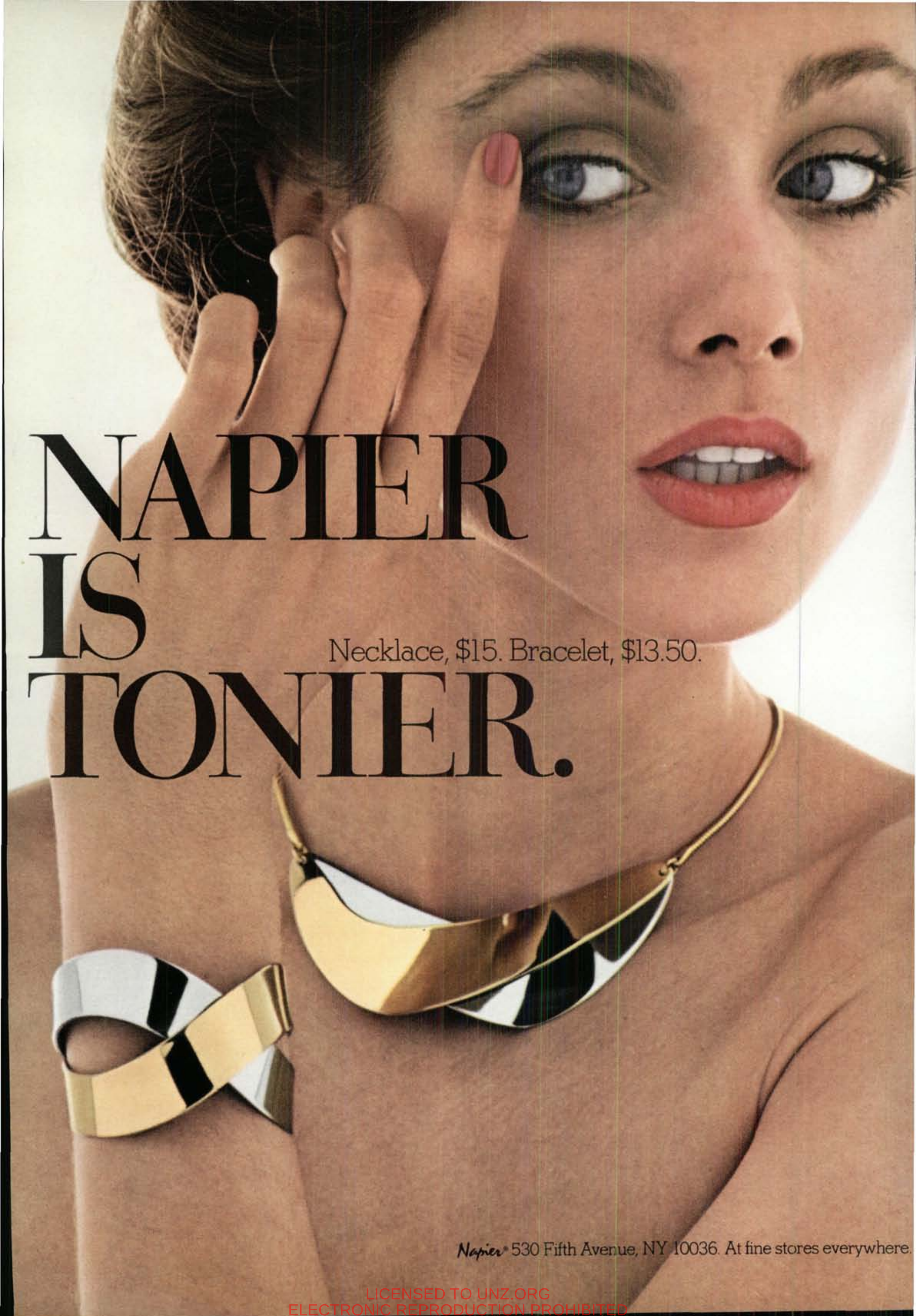
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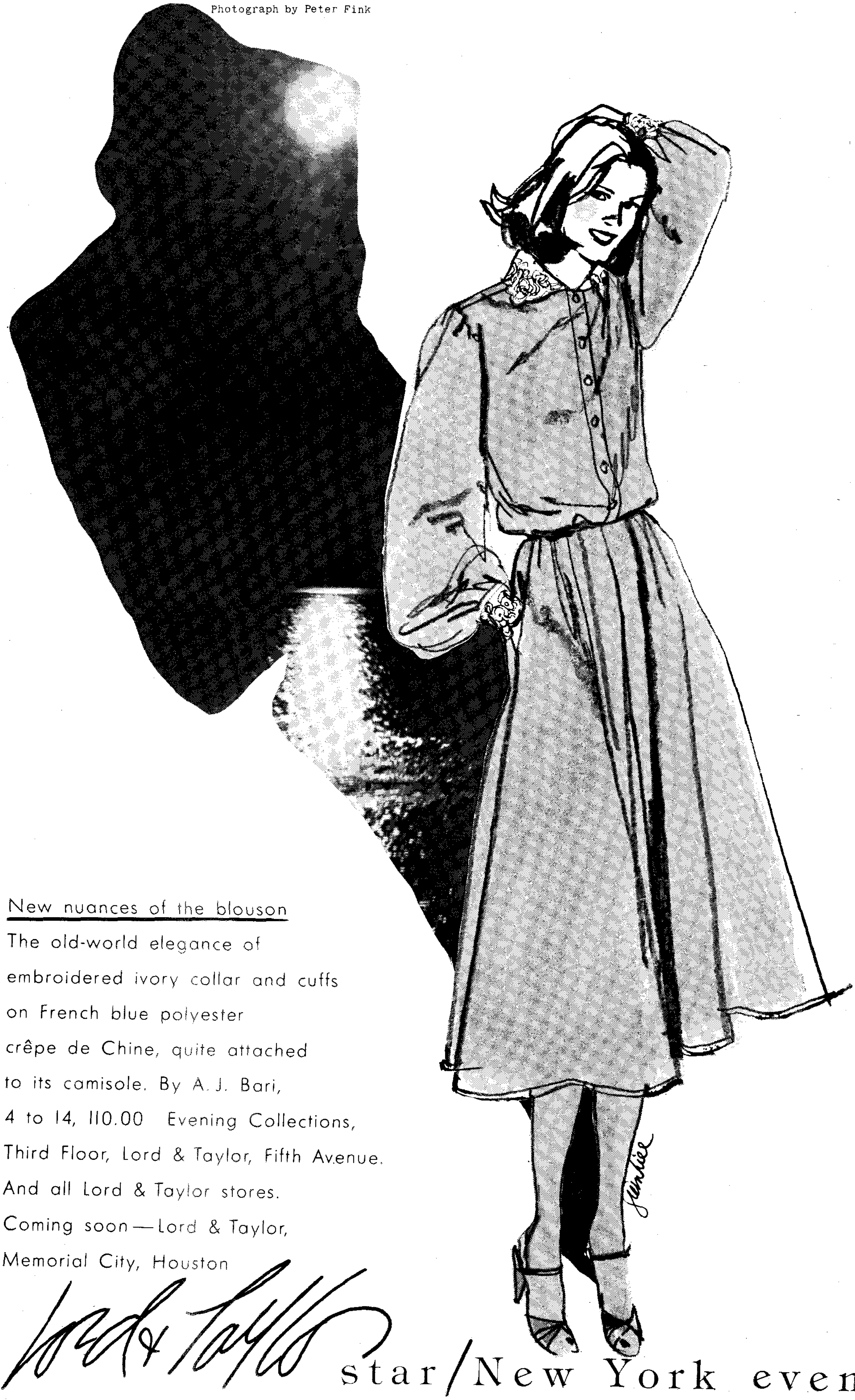

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE ACT—A musical with a book by George Furth, music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and a cast headed by Liza Minnelli and Barry Nelson. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Previews Saturday evening, Oct. 22, through Friday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 29. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

AN ALMOST PERFECT PERSON—Colleen Dewhurst, Rex Robbins, and George Hearn in a comedy by Judith Ross. Zoe Caldwell directed. Previews Saturday through Wednesday, Oct. 22-26. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 27. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ANNIE—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

COCKFIGHT—A play by Elaine Jackson, directed by Woodie King, Jr. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. (247-0393. Tuesdays at 6:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

COMEDY WITH MUSIC—Victor Borge is an amateur philologist and a professional musician, and he makes good jokes with words and with the biggest piano in the world. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

DRACULA—Frank Langella heads the cast in the John Balderston-Hamilton Deane adaptation of Bram Stoker's horror tale, originally produced on Broadway in 1927. Directed by Dennis Rosa. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 20. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revised version by Edward H. Mabley of his 1951 comedy GLAD TIDINGS is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FEEDLOT—A play by Patrick Meyers. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GEMINI—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE GIN GAME—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HAIR—Silver threads among the gold. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HOT GROG—A musical by Jim Wann and Bland Simpson. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 765-1281. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

HOUSEWIFE! SUPERSTAR!!—Barry Humphries in a one-man show. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I LOVE MY WIFE—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LANDSCAPE OF THE BODY—This oddity by John Guare combines wild, original comedy, gruesome melodrama, theatrical inventiveness, and rather cloudy abstract thought to tell the story of a woman in Greenwich Village who is suspected of having killed her fourteen-year-old son. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is all that this gifted dramatist could wish for. Shirley Knight is very good in the leading role, and she is well supported by F. Murray Abraham, Paul McCrane, Peg Murray, and Richard Bauer, among others. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly,

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DRAWINGS: *George Price, Mort Gerberg, Charles Barsotti, Joseph Farris, Arnie Levin, Barney Tobey, Dana Fradon, William Hamilton, Anthony Taber, Tom Funk, Lee Lorenz, Bernard Schoenbaum, Donald Reilly, James Stevenson, Jack Ziegler, Robert Weber, Edward Frascino, Henry Martin*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—A play by David Mamet, with Ellis Rabb, Peter Evans, and Tom Everett. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 20, at 7. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Another admirable revival. Richard Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) is the perfect embodiment of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance in the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical. He is supported by a strong cast, and Howard Bay's sets and costumes are as marvellous as ever. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons is very funny as a mad, despotic schoolteacher in what is virtually a one-woman show, by the Brazilian dramatist Roberto Athayde. Miss Margarida, who employs every conceivable form of tyranny over her helpless pupils, is very entertaining, but the play, clever as it is, is far too long. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Tribades—A cleverly written, semi-documentary play about August Strindberg and a couple of the women he tortured and was tortured by. The cast boasts Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, and Eileen Atkins. The author is Per Olov Enquist. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Night Song—A play by Patricia Lea. Opens Thursday, Oct. 20, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 30. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

Otherwise Engaged—Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland takes over for him on Wednesday afternoons) is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Cavett, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Present Tense—A cheerful little revue, though hardly a memorable one. It is, however, the only place in town to see a very funny new comedian named Lee S. Wilkof. (Park Royal Cabaret Theatre, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-3980. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Rum an Coca Cola—A play by a Trinidadian playwright, Mustapha Matura, for two characters and a three-member steel band. Directed by Donald Howarth. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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The Shadow Box—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable face that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, sung by Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund, Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7.)

Some of My Best Friends—Ted Knight in a comedy by Stanley Hart. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Monday, Oct. 24. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 25. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

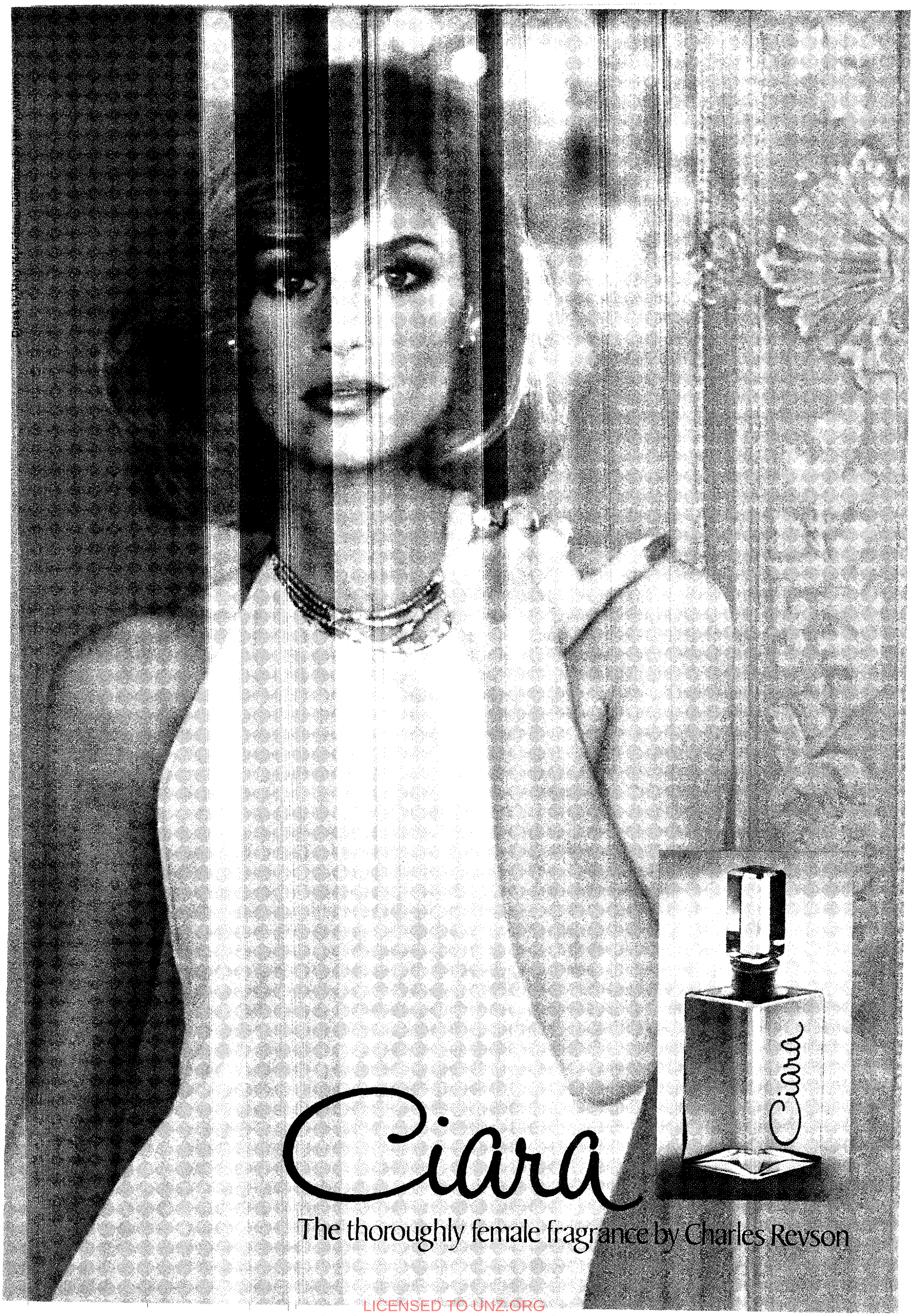
Survival—A stirring import from South Africa that depicts, in words, dances, and songs, the inhumane treatment of the indigenous black population, in prison and out. The words are by the four actors—Fana David Kekana, Themba Ntinga, Selaelo Dan Maredi, and Seth Sibanda—and their director, Mshengu. The music is by Mr. Maredi; Clyde Kuemmerle designed the show and produced it with the Negro Ensemble Company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Tartuffe—Molière's harsh, hilarious comedy about how hypocrites succeed and the rest of us fail. With a strong cast—John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott, Stefan Gierasch, and Mildred Dunnock. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Treats—Christopher Hampton's witty but somehow low-spirited play about the efforts of a domineering journalist, returned to London after a stay abroad, to move back into the flat of the young woman he once lived with, thereby dislodging his current replacement. Kenneth Welsh gives a subtle, accomplished performance in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Suzanne Lederer and John Glover. The production, as a whole, is first-rate. Michael Montel directed. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9800. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

You Never Can Tell—Rachel Gurney heads the cast in a revival of Shaw's comedy. Tony Tanner directed. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,281 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Hope Lange and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. Starting Monday, Oct. 24, Betsy Palmer will replace Miss Lange. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLY FOX:** A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway


Ciara
Ciara
The thoroughly female fragrance by Charles Revson

Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Cacklin' Hen," "Pas de Deux," and "Deuce Coupe II."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Moves," "La Vivandière Pas de Six" (première), "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25-26, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Pas de Deux," "Parade," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Moves," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Orpheus Times Light," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Equinox" (première), and "Interplay."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 27-28, at 8: "Time Passed Summer," "Scotch Symphony," "Rialto," and "Don Quixote Pas de Deux."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "Rialto," and "Don Quixote Pas de Deux." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—A five-week season by a dozen contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 20. **PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Oct. 19-22, and Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 23.... **MINI UMBRELLA,** with Rosalind Newman and Dancers, Marcus Schulkind Dance Company, and Michael Sullivan Dance Company: Saturday matinée, Oct. 22.... **SARA RUDNER PERFORMANCE ENSEMBLE:** Tuesday evening, Oct. 25; Friday evening, Oct. 28; and Sunday evening, Oct. 30.... **DIANE MCINTYRE SOUNDS IN MOTION:** Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 26-27; Saturday evening, Oct. 29; and Sunday matinée, Oct. 30. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

BALLET INTERVIEWS—Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin being interviewed by Walter Terry. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

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ALBERTA HUNTER (Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. OR 4-4450. Weeknights from eight to one.)—Miss Hunter began singing in Chicago around 1907, when she was twelve. Her most important model was Sophie Tucker, who also learned from her, as did Al Jolson. In 1955, after singing everywhere in the world, she retired and took up practical nursing. But *that* career (carried out at the Goldwater Memorial Hospital on Roosevelt Island) ended this year, and she has decided to come out again. Her good contralto remains steady and rich, even at slow speeds, and she can swing, particularly when she rolls into one of her own blues. She is a legato singer, and she sometimes gets off high notes that suggest that Mildred Bailey once listened to her. She looks unbelievably trim with her clear, laughing eyes, her lean handsome face, and her tight, gray-black hair. And she is a peppy performer. Her hands clear the air, she whips her head, she has a beacon eye that seems to search out every face in the room, and yet, a born showoff, she is as relaxed as a bowl of bones. The rest of her act is the pianist **JIMMY ROWLES,** who supports her so beautifully that he quite rightly disappears. But when you turn him up, his harmonic and rhythmic jousts and feints and parries are breathtaking.

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"THE MS. IN MUSIC" (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen.)—An attractive and swinging celebration of women as they have been treated in popular song over the past fifty years. The program is divided into two two-week parts. During the first (which ends on Saturday, Oct. 22), the songs will be from the twenties and thirties (women as chattels), and during the second from the near-present (women as free, feeling beings). The whole thing—it's a miniature review, really—has been put together by the cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER,** who has assembled **MICHAEL RENZI** on piano, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar and banjo, **GEORGE DUVIVIER** on bass, and **FRED STOLL** on drums. The singing is by Grosz, who likes Fats Waller, and by a pair of expert studio hands—**BERNIE KNEE,** who echoes Buddy Clark and Bing Crosby, and **FRANCINE CAROLL,** whose plunging vibrato summons up Judy Garland. Sudhalter's song choices occasionally seem a little arch ("Ten Easy Lessons," "A Little Bird Told Me," "Out-of-Town Gal"), but they also include Cole Porter's "You're the Top," Willard Robison's "A Cottage for Sale," Gordon Jenkins' "When a Woman Loves a Man," and the Gershwins' "Someone to Watch Over Me" and "Love Is Sweeping the Country." Renzi, who is from Providence, is striking. His single-note melodic lines sparkle, and he is a good, if sometimes fussy, accompanist. Sudhalter, of course, rings and shines in his Bix Beiderbecke way.

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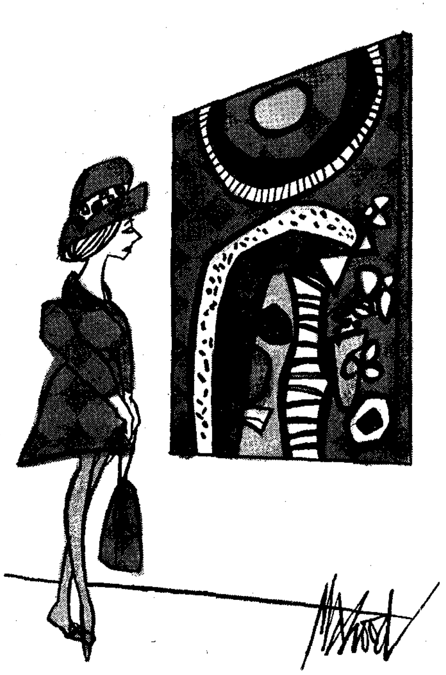
ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a posh SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the most engaging experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Jazz-rock keyboardist and composer **LARRY YOUNG** leads a quintet through Saturday, Oct. 22; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, vocalist **JOE LEE WILSON,** a loose, gutsy, scorching improviser, will return with his band. Mondays are now given over to trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and a fourteen-piece band called Energy, which is occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always robust and accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.



AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Free-form jazz and organic apple juice. Saxophonist Ken McIntyre will lead a quintet on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS,** pianist **DAVE BURRELL,** bassist **CECIL MCBEE,** and baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** will join forces. Sets start after nine and eleven-thirty. On Sundays, **HOWARD JOHNSON,** on tuba and baritone saxophone, guides the five other tuba players and the five-piece rhythm section that make up his band, Gravity, from six to nine.

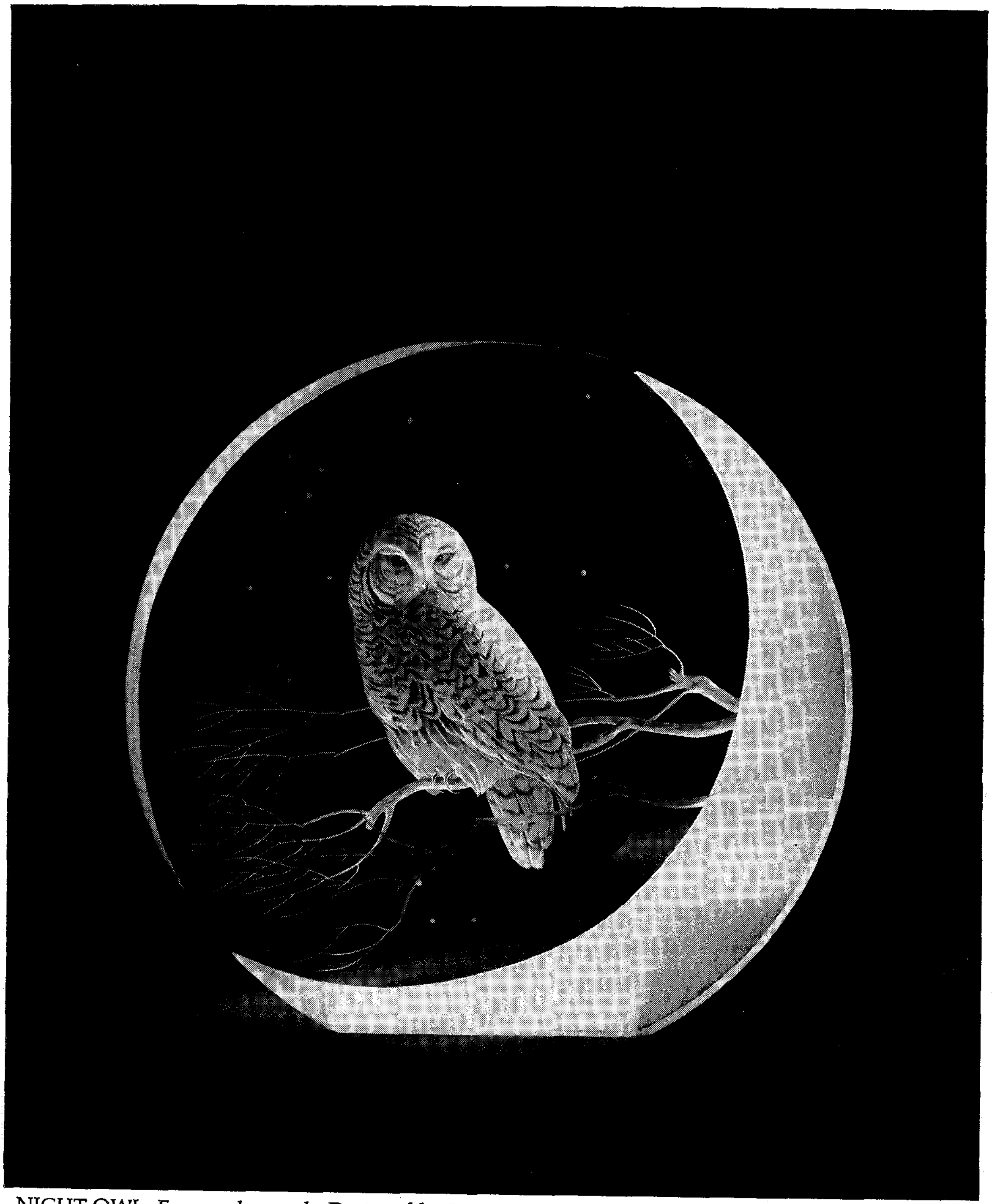
BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—The current attraction is **LEE HORWIN,** who possesses a startling rich, deep voice. She's here Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty are devoted to the "Art of the Accompanist," the management's title for a series of solo performances by pianists who are most often heard in supporting roles. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork: a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, worldly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **DARDANELLE,** and she doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven to midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. The current performers in the picture-window music corner are stalwart alto saxophonist **SONNY STITT** and his pianist; through Saturday, Oct. 22. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 26-29, **ROLAND HANNA,** a fiery pianist, will percussively coerce the music out of the keyboard. Music from nine until two, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Irish and Scottish traditionalist Robin Williamson is here with his folk band on Wednesday, Oct. 19; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22, Rick Nelson, still following in his father's footsteps as a bandleader—one wonders whether he will get his own sit-com series in 1987—will head up the Stone Canyon band; on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 23-24, percussionist and keyboard wizard Stomu Yamashta and his band, Go, will present progressive rock theatre; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25-26, **JOHN HARTFORD,** tall, deep-voiced, and as healthful as granola, will trade sets with the country-and-bluegrass outfit the Dillards; Thursday, Oct. 27, is reserved for Talking Heads, an offbeat artsy-rocksy quartet that was born at the Rhode Island School of Design, came up through the punk-rock ranks at C.B.G.B., and is awaiting AM-radio eminence; and on Friday, Oct. 28, rock guitarist Nils Lofgren will begin a four-night visit. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; and Monday, Oct. 24, at eight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. **DAVE MCKENNA** has taken over the music duties on the new baby grand through Saturday, Oct. 22; on Monday, Oct. 24, pianist **MICHAEL RENZI** will arrive with a bassist. The Sunday



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **TONY MONTE** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. At ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What more is there to say? Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** (see above) and pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** are here weeknights. **ROSE MURPHY,** whose past hits included "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "Button Up Your Overcoat," and who still sings in a little-girl voice, is present on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The twenty-six-year-old trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** has a big, soft tone, excellent agility, and an easy legato attack. His accompanists are **DON COATES,** a pianist who lingers near Earl Hines, and drummer Chuck Riggs. Through Friday, Oct. 21. On Monday, Oct. 24, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** will arrive with his trio. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—The current berth for **ELLIS LARKINS,** the fastidious pianist, and his bassist, **BILLY POPP,** is this East Side bar and restaurant. Wink-of-an-eye-long sets Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Oct. 25, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, leads a quintet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with an admirable sideman, bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **AL HAIG,** and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. Weeknights from five to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Hendricks, Hendricks, Hendricks, and Hendricks, a sort of hip King Family—it's singer Jon Hendricks, his wife, and their kids—perform Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist **BROOKS KERR** is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist **AARON BELL** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and they're both here along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SHELTON GARY** Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**"THE MS. IN MUSIC"** (see above) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** is in charge through Saturday, Oct. 22; on Sunday, Oct. 23, Annie Sutton will sing rock and rhythm-and-blues; on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 24-25, drummer Lenny White and guitarist Hiram Bullock will co-pilot a quintet; on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27, **STUFF,** a wonderful R. & B. group, will perform its jogging, repetitive riffs that, happily, seem to go on forever; on Friday, Oct. 28, Philip Namanworth, a singer and songwriter, will come in for three nights. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Singer Gail Wynters performs Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22. On Wednesday, Oct. 26, folk-rocker Buzzy Linhart will begin alternating with Meisburg and Walters, a country-rooted group from Florida. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the most nicely appointed cabaret in town. Torch singer and female impersonator Holly Woodlawn goes on at nine and midnight through Sunday, Oct. 23; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, Stan Kenton alumna Chris Connor will begin singing here. Earlier in the day—five-thirty until seven—Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 19-22, singer and pianist **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. Drummer **MAX ROACH** and his quartet—trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER,** tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER,** and the fine **REGGIE WORKMAN,** on bass—finish up on Saturday, Oct. 22. Their solos, which are fashionably long and occasionally self-indulgent, are very well received. Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 25-29, **SUN RA** and his **OUTER SPACE WORLD'S CONTINUUM ARKESTRA** will go into orbit around these quarters. Mondays belong to electric pianist David Chesky and thirteen other jazz-rock journeymen. Music from ten.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** plays electric piano and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, heads up a nonet on Tuesdays and a trio on Wednesday, Oct. 26; on Wednesday, Oct. 19, Janet Lawson, a young bebop revivalist, will sing with her trio; Thursdays through Saturdays trumpeter **CHET BAKER** works with his neo-cool apprentices. Music from nine-thirty.

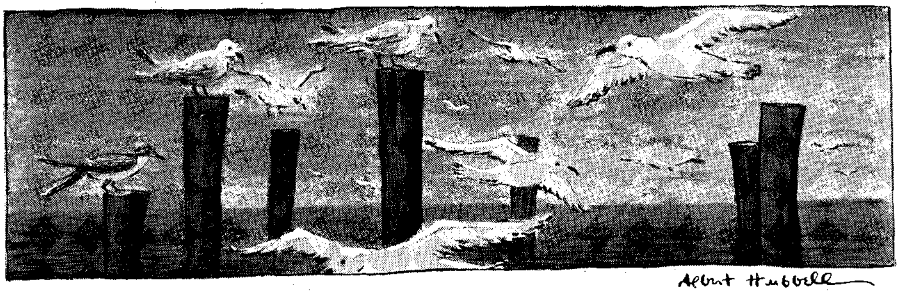
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS,** the brains behind the Chicago avant-garde movement embodied in the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians and a knockout pianist, winds up a stint on Saturday, Oct. 22; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, **JACK WILKINS,** one of the most exciting young guitarists around, will front a quintet and solo in his fast, flashy, and (most important) musical style. Sundays and Mondays belong to the twenty-four-year-old alto dynamo **BOB MOVER** and his quintet—**KENNY BARRON, BEN RILEY, RON MCCLURE,** and **CLAUDIO RODITI.** Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

THIRD PHASE, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four perform through Thursday, Oct. 20; on Fridays and Saturdays, the **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE,** and **JO JONES, JR.**—are onstage; Sunday through Tuesday, Oct. 23-25, clarinettist Art Miller will lead yet another swing ensemble; and trumpeter Ed Lewis and his quintet will play on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27. Sundays through Thursdays, from eight to two; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. Light menu and setups.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** heads up a quintet on Monday, Oct. 24, at eight and ten-thirty in the downstairs, barnlike room. In the ground-floor bar area, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** bassist **LISLE ATKINSON,** and guitarist **EDDIE BERG** collaborate on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist **BILL EVANS,** drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES,** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**—what a trio!—are here through Sunday, Oct. 23; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, tenor saxophonist and composer **JOE HENDERSON** will bring in a quartet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization lets off steam. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet), reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pi-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim claims the keyboard Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Swing music has moved to the Third Phase, a couple of blocks south. Meanwhile, four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** has taken the Tuesday and Wednesday slot, and the rest of the week is given over to fledgling or more experienced groups. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world—in the music and bar area grow on one. The waitresses, who look like severe fashion models, turn out to be just folks. And the piano-bass teams who work here from nine every night but Sunday are superlative. On Mondays and Tuesdays, it's **JUDD WOLDIN** and **FRANK LUTHER.** Wednesdays through Saturdays, **HAROLD DANKO**, the current pianist for the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, is present on his own, dazzling his audience with just about everything from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage." Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 5:45: **MARILYN SOKOL.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 5:45: **JUDITH COHEN.**

Anthony Davis Quintet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.

Rod Stewart and **Air Supply**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, at 8.

Gato Barbieri and **George Duke**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Harry Chapin—Singing "The Harry Chapin Song Book." (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Part I, Friday, Oct. 21, at 8; and Part II, Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Michael Henderson and **Phyllis Hyman**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.

O'Jays, Brick, and **Millie Jackson**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8 and at midnight.

City Boy and **the Dwight Twilley Band**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.

Ted Dunbar Guitar Choir—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Oct. 22, from 2 to 5.

Peter Lemongello—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 7 and 10.

Jerry Jeff Walker—With Asleep at the Wheel. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Thin Lizzy and **Graham Parker & the Rumour**—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Red Clay Ramblers and **Highwoods String Band**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

The Babys and **Piper**—Palladium. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.

Gil Scott-Heron and Brian Jackson, Ramsey Lewis, and **Gary Bartz**—Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.

Be Bop Deluxe, Styx, and **City Boy**—Palladium. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30.

Crusaders, Maynard Ferguson's Orchestra, and **Marlena Shaw**—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.

B. B. King, Bobby Blue Bland, Muddy Waters, and

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Albert King—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.

Chicago—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.

Frank Zappa—Palladium. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday and Monday, Oct. 30-31, at 8.

Linda Ronstadt—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 29-30, at 8.

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.

Note—Film clips and short subjects that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: "Tenor Titans"—the Don Byas quartet, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, Coleman Hawkins, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30: "Jazz on TV"—Red Allen, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, Jimmy Rushing, Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman, and others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Eleanor Antin—A new, eighty-minute color video in which the artist continues her paper-doll fantasy as a nurse. It is shown at 11, 1, and 3. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Arno (1904-68)—Cartoons spanning a thirty-year period and tracing the artist's development from the rather hesitant line and cluttered composition of his earlier work to the powerful draftsmanship and frill-less simplicity of his later drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Large, formal studio paintings of nudes, still-lifes, and landscapes, plus quick pencil or pen-and-ink sketches that reflect this artist's nervous passion for drawing everything he saw around him. Through Nov. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brams—Textural paintings built up of several layers of a plasterlike mixture of marble dust, sand, and mortar, stained here and there with acrylics. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Abstract landscapes simplified down to minimal art—a plain line cut across the canvas serves as the horizon separating the fundamental elements. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alan Davie—Lively abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Twelve oil paintings done this year. Through Nov. 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Richly textured wall hangings. Through Nov. 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

John Hartell—Architectural interiors and Greek ruins are sources for a new group of semi-abstract oils. Through Nov. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Half a dozen paintings executed at various stages of his career. Through Nov. 26. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Richard Jeranian—Stylized landscapes and still-lifes and abstract drawings in colored ink by this Armenian-born artist who now lives in Paris. Through Monday, Oct. 24. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Robert Jordan—Mesas, canyons, and wide stretches of the colorful New Mexican desert, rendered in oils and pastels. Through Nov. 5. (FAR Gallery, in handsome new quarters at 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Lois Lane—A number of stark oil paintings. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Landès Lewitin (1892-1966)—Works on paper. Through Nov. 9. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Leo Lionni—Carved-wood, ivory, and metal representations of, for instance, *Solea casoni* and *Oblona nocturna*—botanical wonders that have eluded science and might well have been classified *Lionni originalis.* Also drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Alice Neel / Miriam Beerman—A new series of paintings, mostly portraits, by this artist, whose relentless honesty is generally rather tough on her subjects. / Outsize drawings of animal heads done in loose brushstrokes of oil and black ink. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ The Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., has a show of fifty of Beerman's paintings, drawings, and collages. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Howard Newman—Smoothly finished cast-bronze sculptures that seem to be a coalescence not only of man and machine but of Cubism and latter-day figurative pieces. Through Nov. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Small pencil drawings of faces—George Bernard Shaw and General Pershing, for instance—with an occasional vegetable thrown in. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Larry Rivers—A selection of paintings and drawings from the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Audrey Shirk—Figure paintings, misty landscapes, and charcoal drawings of nudes. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Wauters, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Raphael Soyer—A new sense of freedom and ease with his medium is manifest in these latest paintings by one of our real old-timers. The works include portraits of fellow-artists (Alex Katz, Mimi Gross Grooms), as well as his perennial seamstresses. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Tallon—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 19. (Flanagan, 22 E. 72nd St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Roland Topor—Color drawings on paper and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Albert York / Gwen John (1876-1939)—Small-scale paintings—almost miniatures—of simple landscapes, cows, dogs, cats, and people. / Winsome little watercolors and pencil drawings by the talented sister of Augustus John. Through Nov. 5. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Dada Artists—Paintings, drawings, photographs, and other works by Marcel Duchamp, Kurt Schwitters, Man Ray, and others at **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Collages and watercolors by Hannah Höch at **CARUS**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Works by George Grosz (1893-1959), including watercolors, drawings, and illustrated postcards, at **GOETHE HOUSE**, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Through Nov. 5. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Two paintings by Sam Francis, and a single painting each by Kline, Louis, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, and Rothko. Through Nov. 17. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, in a new location at 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Americans and Europeans which span two centuries, including works by Benjamin West, Thomas Sully, Charles Demuth, and Picasso. Through Nov. 19. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St.: Works by Braque, Gris, Léger, Chagall, Matisse, and Picasso. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Nov. 30. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty paintings and sculptures by some of the artists (eighteen Europeans, three Americans) who have dominated the twentieth century (Calder, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso). Through Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jane B. Armstrong—Carved-stone representations of horses, salmon, dolphins, and other animals. Through Nov. 4. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Forty monotypes from the fifties. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Enrico Baj / Jeff Hoare—Comic assemblages, usually taking the form of overdecorated noblemen. They are done in a wide range of materials, including metal, ceramic, and fabric. / Abstract seascapes involving swirls of deep reds and blues. Through Nov. 4. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Power Boothe—Abstract paintings that look like Venetian blinds in which each slat is a vivid streak of color. An occasional diagonal relieves all this horizontality. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Early watercolors and pencil sketches, some of them completed while he was still enrolled in art school. Through Nov. 12. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—This artist specializes in New York City scenes, and in this year's crop of paintings and drawings he focusses on the upper West Side, reducing the buildings and the traffic to almost abstract patterns. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Late works (paintings and drawings) including portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes. Through Nov. 12. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Horsehair, linen, and gesso pieces. Through Nov. 18. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Graham—Delicately modelled female figures cast in bronze (complete with their stands) by the lost-wax process, plus several torsos in other mediums. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Low-keyed acrylics plastered onto heavy cardboard along with patches of fabric, which are then slashed and stitched back together in places and gouged sufficiently to give the feeling of a battered wall that all kinds of interesting things have happened to. Through Nov. 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tadaaki Kuwayama—Minimal paintings. Through Nov. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Complicated constructions of vertical and horizontal metal rods welded together and given a golden sheen by one means or another. Collectively, the exhibition is dazzling—as if the brass section of a huge orchestra had suddenly stood up. Through Nov. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—A retrospective of oil paintings by this abstract artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

George McNeil—Abstract Expressionist paintings from which clearly recognizable figurative elements, done in wild swirls of raw color, seem to be fighting their way clear. Through Nov. 8. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—This artist rivets our attention on worthy but otherwise forgettable Old Master reproductions by violating them. He paints a jet-black rectangle in the focal center of the picture plane, which somehow makes us study carefully and appreciate what is left. Through Nov. 5. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sydell Pollack—Large oil paintings of people who are ostensibly living it up in cabarets or at carnivals but who seem individually to be wrapped up in themselves, oblivious of the surrounding merriment. Through Nov. 12. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Riduan Tomkins—Small symbols—a stylized figure on a diving board, two or three waterbirds, a rectangle of contrasting color—are posted at unexpected stations on a rich color field of one predominant shade. The artist is English. Through Nov. 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Constructivist paintings by this Uruguayan artist, who used Indian and Latin-American symbols to form what looked like proclamations in hieroglyphics—fish, boats, trains, clocks all take their parts in these fascinating compositions. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Susan Weil—Mixed inks applied with a brush to multiple sheets of crushed paper. Through Nov. 5. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig—Realist landscapes and interiors, some with figures, by an artist who works in Maine and on the north shore of Long Island. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Works on paper and a few paintings by a pioneer nonobjective artist. Through Nov. 5. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ball, Bat, and Glove—A celebration of the national pastime in painting, sculpture, photographs, and prints, by a group of artists including Lichtenstein, Steinberg, Oldenburg. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Spectrum, a new gallery at 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Samples of student work achieved between 1879 and 1927, including an O'Keeffe still-life done in William Merritt Chase's class, a Speicher portrait of O'Keeffe, and so on. Through Nov. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9:30; Saturdays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures by Douglas Abdell and Hubert Long, oils by Richard Pousette-Dart, a Robert Courtright collage, and other works. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Schoener, Moller, and Etnier. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: "American Geometric Abstract Painting of the 1950's" includes works by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jeanne Miles. Through Saturday, Oct. 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

William Allan—Acrylic paintings of clouds. Through Nov. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

John Altoon (1925-69)—Abstract paintings and drawings on paper from the sixties. Through Nov. 12. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Spectacular murals made up of foot-square steel plates with a baked-on white-enamel finish, on which the artist silkscreens a quarter-inch grid before adding her designs in everyday enamel; some are abstract, and some have a strange representational cast. Through Nov. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Tom Blackwell—Resplendent motorcycles, their chromium reflecting blinding highlights, by this master of the Photo-Realist genre. A couple of slick cars are thrown in for good measure. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Walter De Maria—Two hundred and twenty thousand pounds of earth, tastefully and evenly distributed by this pioneer earth artist over thirty-six hundred square feet of exhibition space. It is visible only through a foyer door. Through Nov. 5. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.) . . . ¶ Thirteen stainless-steel circles, all over six feet in diameter, and thirteen stainless-steel squares, all over six feet across, laid out on the floor in pairs, each encompassing precisely the same area (within an eighth of an inch). Through Jan. 31. (Friedrich, 19 Waverly Pl., east of Washington Square. Opens at noon.)

Bob Duran—New works by this painter who specializes in jagged vertical stripes that seem to march across the canvas in a colorful parade. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Robbie Ehrlich—Grid paintings on pentagon-shaped canvases. Through Nov. 3. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—New works by this Minimalist painter. Through Tuesday, Oct. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Pencil and colored-ink still-lifes on paper. Through Nov. 5. (O.K. Harris, 483 West Broadway.)

Three Installations—One each by Vito Acconci, Mel Bochner, and Barry Le Va. Le Va's is a sort of puzzle; the viewer sees strips of wood laid out on the floor in twenty-six right angles, and, presuming each to be a corner of an uncompleted frame, tries to determine which areas are being circumscribed by which set of corners. Bochner's installation is simply a set of three broad, contiguous stripes, which stretch across two walls of one room and one wall of another. Acconci's is a taped audio performance, entitled "The Gangster Sister from Chicago Visits New York (A Family Piece)," which emanates from one end of a long room. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Reginald Case—Paintings in which a figure is silhouetted against a background of upholstery-and-tile patterns. Also collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Moskowitz—Centered images (a piano, a cane, a house) on a color field. Through Nov. 16. (Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Chauncey Hare / Garry Winogrand—The Museum of Modern Art has on view works by Mr. Hare, a California petroleum engineer for the past twenty years, who is showing interiors of homes and public buildings, and by Mr. Winogrand, who is showing pictures he took between 1969 and 1973, mostly at peace rallies, press conferences, and big-city parties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Berenice Abbott—Close to eighty vintage prints of New York in the thirties. Through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Vintage prints of city life, again centered on New York in the thirties. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Albumen-process prints of abandoned railroad terminals and other architectural subjects, on muslin (some four feet by five) and paper. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—A photographic retrospective. Also memorabilia. Through Dec. 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—A retrospective that covers sixty years of his career, plus his last works, made in his garden in Orgeval, France. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—A retrospective of more than a hundred vintage prints. Through Nov. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5; and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **City University Graduate Center**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: "42nd Street: Theatre and the City" comprises more than eighty photographic enlargements of theatre interiors and façades (many constructed in Italian Renaissance and Georgian styles) as they looked in all their opulence in the late twenties and as they appear today. Through Nov. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Grey Art Gallery** of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: A survey of panoramic photographs (one is twenty feet long) of Civil War battlefields, cityscapes, Martian landscapes, and a 1935 White House luncheon. Through Nov. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **Visual Arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by William Wegman, Jared Bark, Jan Groover, John Baldessari, Jan Dibbets, and Bernd and Hilla Becher. Through Nov. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **Witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Forty-five photographers are represented in a show drawn from the Julien Levy Collection. Through Nov. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A large selection of English and Continental decorative objects, dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, from the Irwin Untermyer Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . **Photography:** Chauncey Hare. Through Sunday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Various aspects of the mythical monster Cronus, by David Hare, whose paintings give enough personification to the rocky devourer of his own young that one can almost feel a dim sympathy for him. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Lucio Fontana (1899-1968), which are distinctive for their perforated and built-up surfaces. Starts Friday, Oct. 21. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 24, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective contains paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"City Life" is a show of paintings and drawings (on loan from the uptown branch) by Raphael Soyer, Kenneth Hays Miller, Howard Kanovitch, and others, dating from 1900 to 1975. Through Monday, Oct. 24. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Gouaches, drawings, and prints by Anni Albers. Through Nov. 11. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Albers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"Utamaro and Hiroshige," an exhibit of prints by these (and other) Japanese printmakers, collected by James A. Michener. Through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A

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retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Monday, Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection, which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new permanent installation that examines methods of transportation (canoe to subway) in New York. It features the society's collection of carriages (one purported to have carried President Washington), stagecoaches, sleighs, and fire trucks. Paintings, drawings, and photographs round out the exhibit. Starts Thursday, Oct. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Reginald Marsh's renderings of popular entertainments (burlesque, amusement parks, the vaudeville acts of Houdini and Ina Claire) make up this show of more than eighty works in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Sundays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Adrienne W. Hoard. . . . ¶ Paintings of Ghanaian scenes by Andrews Ofori Danso. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

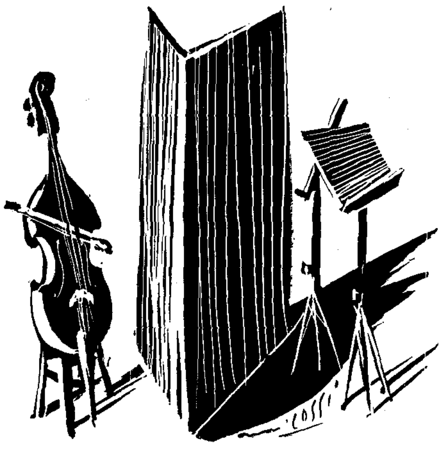
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: “Pelléas et Mélisande,” with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: “Eugene Onegin,” with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: “La Bohème,” with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: “Boris Godunov,” with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: “Pelléas et Mélisande,” with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 24: “Eugene Onegin,” with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 25: “La Bohème,” with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Veriano Luchetti, Ryan Edwards, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 26: “Pelléas et Mélisande,” with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: “Boris Godunov,” with Florence Quivar, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: “Pelléas et Mélisande,” with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: “Eugene Onegin,” with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: “La Bohème,” with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Giacomo Aragall, Ryan Edwards, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: “The Voice of Ariadne,” with Cynthia Clarey, Frances Bible, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Thea Musgrave. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: “The Magic Flute” (in English), with Faye Robinson, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, Charles Roe, and Will Roy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8: “Mefistofele,” with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2: “Manon,” with Beverly Sills, Richard Taylor, Richard Fredricks, Richard T. Gill, Thomas Jamerson, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: “La Fanciulla del West,” with Maralin Niska, Ermanno Mauro, and William Chapman; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 23, at 1: “Die Fledermaus” (in English), with Patti Allison, Gianna Rolandi, David Griffith, Howard Hensel, David Holloway, Harlan Foss, Richard McKee, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7: “L'Incoronazione di Poppea,” with Susan Davenny Wyner, Frances Bible, Charles Roe, Dominic Cossa, and Richard T. Gill; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8: “La Fanciulla del West,” with Maralin Niska, Ermanno Mauro, and William Chapman; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8: “The Voice of Ariadne,” with Cynthia Clarey, Frances Bible, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Thea Musgrave. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8: “L'Incoronazione di Poppea,” with Susan Davenny Wyner, Frances Bible, Charles Roe, Dominic Cossa, and Richard T. Gill; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8: “Rigoletto,” with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Irwin Densen; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2: “The Pirates of Penzance,” with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, James Billings, and William Chapman; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8: “La Traviata,” with Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 21, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30 (all with Mark Zeltser, piano; Roland Kohloff, timpani; and Walter Rosenberger, Elden Bailey, and Morris Lang, percussion). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 (with Jerome Lowenthal, piano, and Rodney Friend, violin). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 27-29, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing—Berlioz' opera “Beatrice and Benedict” in concert form, in the opening performances of the season here. With Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto; Stuart Burrows, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; Douglas Lawrence, bass; actors Rohan McCullough and Raul Julia; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27, at 8.). . . ¶ A Brahms-Gabrieli program, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (St. Paul the Apostle Church, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-6770.)

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn directing, with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Michel Block, piano; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting—Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: With Charles Rosen, piano; Rosalind Rees, soprano; and Priscilla McAfee Rybka, horn. . . . Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: With Heinz Holliger, oboe and English horn, and sopranos Angela Bello, Janis Hardy, and Karen Smith. . . . Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8: With Mr. Holliger and Dwight Peltzer, piano. (Alice Tully Hall.). . . ¶ A Copland-Haydn-Schubert program; no soloists. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Congregation Shaare Zedek, 212 W. 93rd St. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7.) No tickets necessary for either concert.

West Side Orchestral Concerts—Frédérique Petrides conducting, with Eugene Drucker, violin, and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5:30, with the Suk Trio and Michael Wager, narrator.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty-five musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, who perform without a conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at midnight.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of Renaissance and romantic choral music. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia

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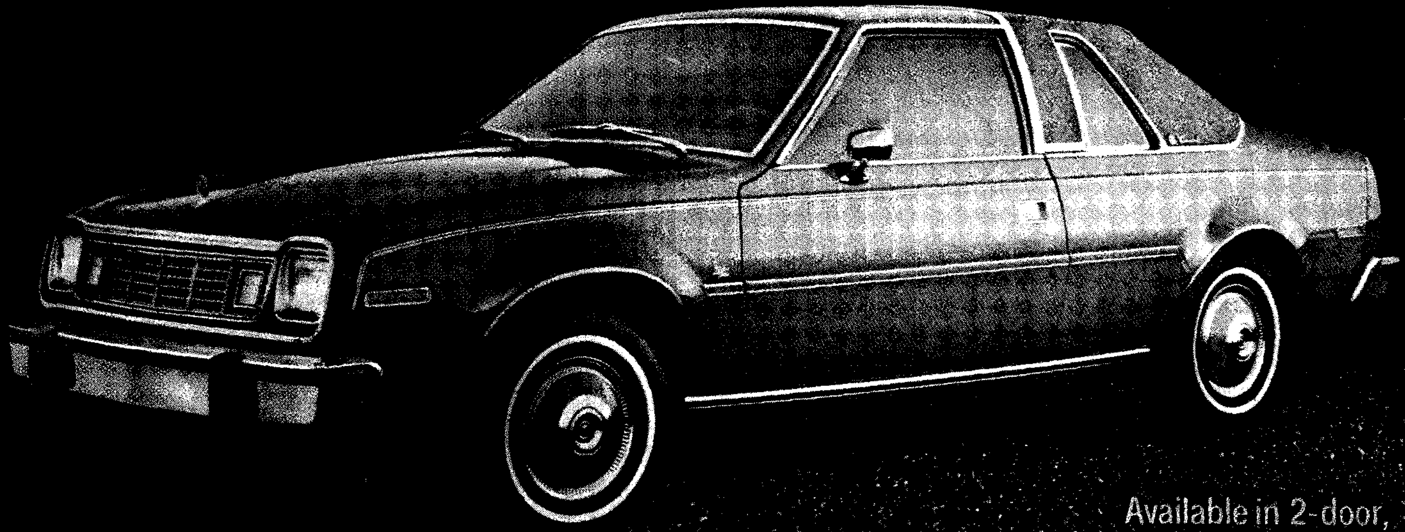

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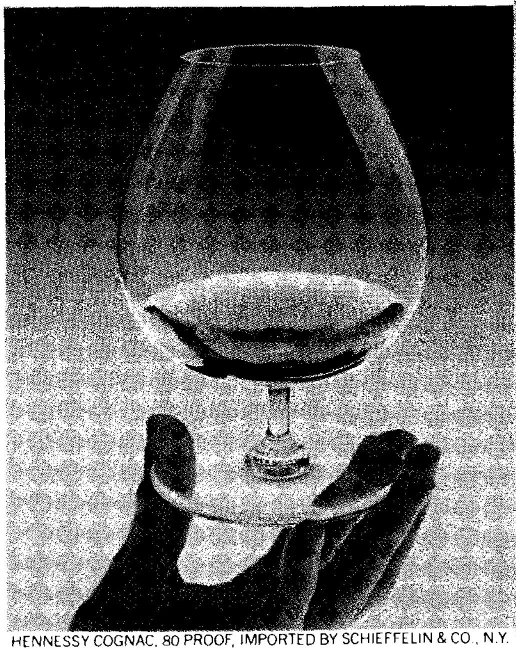

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Smt. M. S. Subbulakshmi—Indian vocalist, in a program of classical South Indian music, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Strasbourg Percussionists—An ensemble of six, in a program of contemporary works. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by George Flynn and Carson Kievman. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Concert-Party—The first in a series of six concerts, this one played by the Panoha String Quartet, with Bert Lucarelli, oboe. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (Metropolitan Club, 1 E. 60th St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call PL 2-4907.)

Gita Karasik—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With John Graham, viola, in the first in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten 'great' quartets and the cycle of quintets. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Alexander Schneider, Stephanie Brown, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, piano, and cello, in a program of Haydn trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

Chamber Music—Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2: The Cleveland Quartet, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2: Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; René Siebert, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Sunday, Oct. 23, at 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30: James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Richard Goode, piano; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5: Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; the Messrs. Buswell, Trampler, Parnas, Glickman, De Peyer, and Goode; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and others.

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Babbitt, Feldman, Lundborg, Melby, and Sessions. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Early Music at the Y—A two-part, one-day program. Part I by Calliope: A Renaissance Band, with Philip Levin, recorder, at 7:30, Tuesday, Oct. 25. Part II by Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Robert White, tenor, at 9, same day. First in a series of such programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Russell Sherman—Piano, in a recital of Beethoven sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Fine Arts Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the second of two concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart viola quintets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Johanna Meier—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Lukas Foss, the Dorian Wind Quintet, and the Virtuosi Strings—Chamber music, with Mr. Foss playing the harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Elizabethan Enterprise—An all-Machaut program, with Peter Becker, countertenor. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

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Les Menestriers—A program of music of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—A program of mostly French music, with Daniel Collins, countertenor. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-7890.)

Stony Brook Concerts—The first in a series of three chamber-music recitals by faculty members of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, this one with Charles Rosen, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Waverly Consort—Two staged productions adapted from medieval manuscripts—Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Le Roman de Fauvel," a program of poetry, music, and visual art, based on the fourteenth-century "Fauvel" collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris. With a narrator and ten singers and instrumentalists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3 and 8: "Las Cantigas de Santa Maria," story and song as performed in the thirteenth-century Castilian court of King Alfonso X. With six singers and instrumentalists and a narrator-troubadour. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—Among those taking part in a benefit concert will be sopranos Mary Costa, Ileana Cotrubas, Mariana Niculescu, and Renata Scotto; tenors Placido Domingo and Nicolai Gedda; baritone Sherrill Milnes; basses Paul Plishka and Martti Talvela; and pianists James Levine and William Vendice. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. New Orleans, Friday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Friday, Oct. 28. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

College Football—**saturday, oct. 22:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, oct. 29** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 23: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 26. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Friday, Dec. 23. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 22; the Long Island Handicap, Monday, Oct. 24; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Nelson, Saturday, Oct. 22, and the Meadowlands Cup, Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Friday, Oct. 21, through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 22; and the Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 29.

Track—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 23, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end near the Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 67th St., at approximately 12:45.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

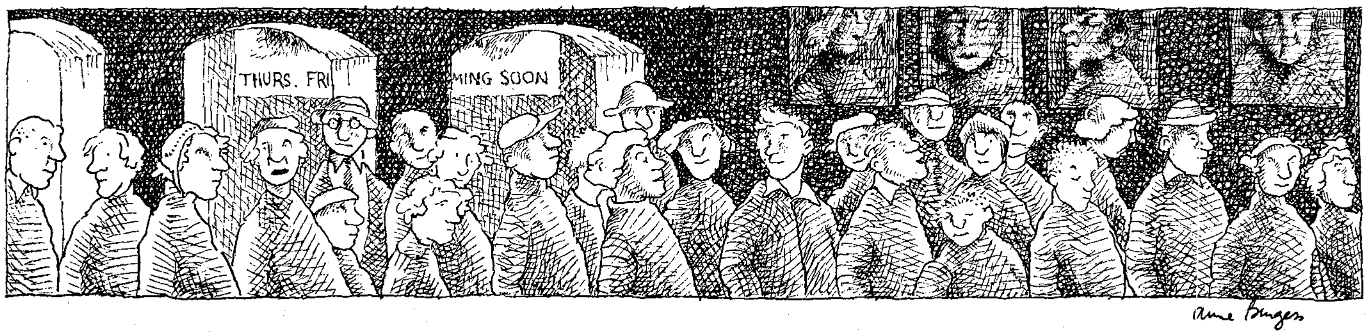
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Richard Eberhart and James Wright reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.). . . ¶ Howard Moss reading from his own works. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union's Engineering Building, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Tess Gallagher and Laura Jensen reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Garden Club of America, the New York Botanical Garden, and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, from 10 to 5:30, and Thursday, Oct. 20, from 10 to noon.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney F. Brody. Following the Brody sale, Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Mrs. Maurice Newton and from other sources. Admission to both sales by card only; for information, call 472-3617. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: Contemporary art, including works by such artists as Hans Hofmann, Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and Claes Oldenburg; from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3617. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 22, at 10:15 and 2: The Kenneth Jay Lane Collection, including European and Oriental works of art, ethnographic art, antiquities, silver, and furniture. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Modern first editions, from the Jonathan Goodwin Collection. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 2: Colorplate and sporting books, from the collection of James Gowen. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 21. . . . **christie's,** 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 10:30: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Archipenko, Buffet, Klee, Picasso, and others; the property of Mrs. William Zeckendorf, Jr., and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 10:30: Presidential autographs, literary manuscripts of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Ernest Hemingway, two illuminated medieval manuscripts, and an autograph letter by Martin Luther; from the estate of Grace Phillips Johnson and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 10:30: Jewels, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 21.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 20: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" and "Man on the Roof."
From Oct. 21: "Black and White in Color."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 25: "The Other Side of Midnight" and "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 25: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Valentino."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Piece of the Action."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Desperate Living."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Roseland."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Valentino."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 25: "The Other Side of Midnight."
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Valentino."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Hills Have Eyes."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Oh, God!"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Piece of the Action."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Rolling Thunder."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 20: "Murder by Death."
From Oct. 21: "Damnation Alley."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"A Piece of the Action."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 19: "J'Accuse."
Oct. 20-26: "The Demise of Father Mouret."
From Oct. 27: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"A Woman's Decision."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 22: "The Wizard of Oz" and "Meet Me in St. Louis." Oct. 23-25: "Waterloo Bridge" and "Camille." From Oct. 26: "An American in Paris" and "Singin' in the Rain."
Theatre 2: "Desperate Living."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 20: "Children of Rage." From Oct. 21: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 25: "The Lincoln Conspiracy." From Oct. 26: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 20: "Murder by Death."
From Oct. 21: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 25: "The Other Side of Midnight."
From Oct. 26: "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Handle with Care."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 20: "Black and White in Color."
From Oct. 21: "The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The American Friend."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 20: "New York, New York."
From Oct. 21: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Rolling Thunder." From Oct. 21: "Damnation Alley."
Theatre 3: "Murder by Death."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 20: "The Other Side of Midnight."
From Oct. 21: "Black and White in Color."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 25: "The Other Side of Midnight."
From Oct. 26: "The Last Remake of Beau Geste" and "The Sting."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Oct. 20: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
Oct. 21: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
Oct. 22: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
Oct. 23-24: "Women in Love" (†) and "The Virgin and the Gypsy." (†)
Oct. 25: "The Other Woman" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse; and "Tokyo Twilight" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Oct. 26-27: "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 19: "New Babylon" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; and "Slave of Love" (1976), in Russian, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov.
Oct. 20: "27 Down" (1973), in Hindi, directed by Awtar Kaul; and "Chomana's Drum" (1975), in Kannada, directed by B. V. Karanth.
Oct. 21: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Salut l'Artiste." (†)
Oct. 22: "The Ruling Class" (†); and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
Oct. 23: "Shanghai Express" (†) and "The Devil Is a Woman." (†)
Oct. 24: "J'Accuse" (†) and "All Quiet on the Western Front." (†)
Oct. 25: "Ivan" (1932), in Russian, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; and "Afonia" (1975), in Russian, directed by Georgy Danelia.
Oct. 26: "Three Songs of Lenin" (1934), in Russian, directed by Dziga Vertov; and "Andrei Roublev" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky.
Oct. 27: "The Married Virgin" (1920), "The Isle of Love" (1920), and "The Eagle" (1925), all silent films, with Rudolph Valentino.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 20: "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.
Oct. 21-22: "Gums" (1977), with Terri Hall and Brother Theodore (X-rated); and "Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers" (1972), directed by Robert J. Kaplan, with Holly Woodlawn.
Oct. 23-24: "Slap Shot" (1977), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman; and

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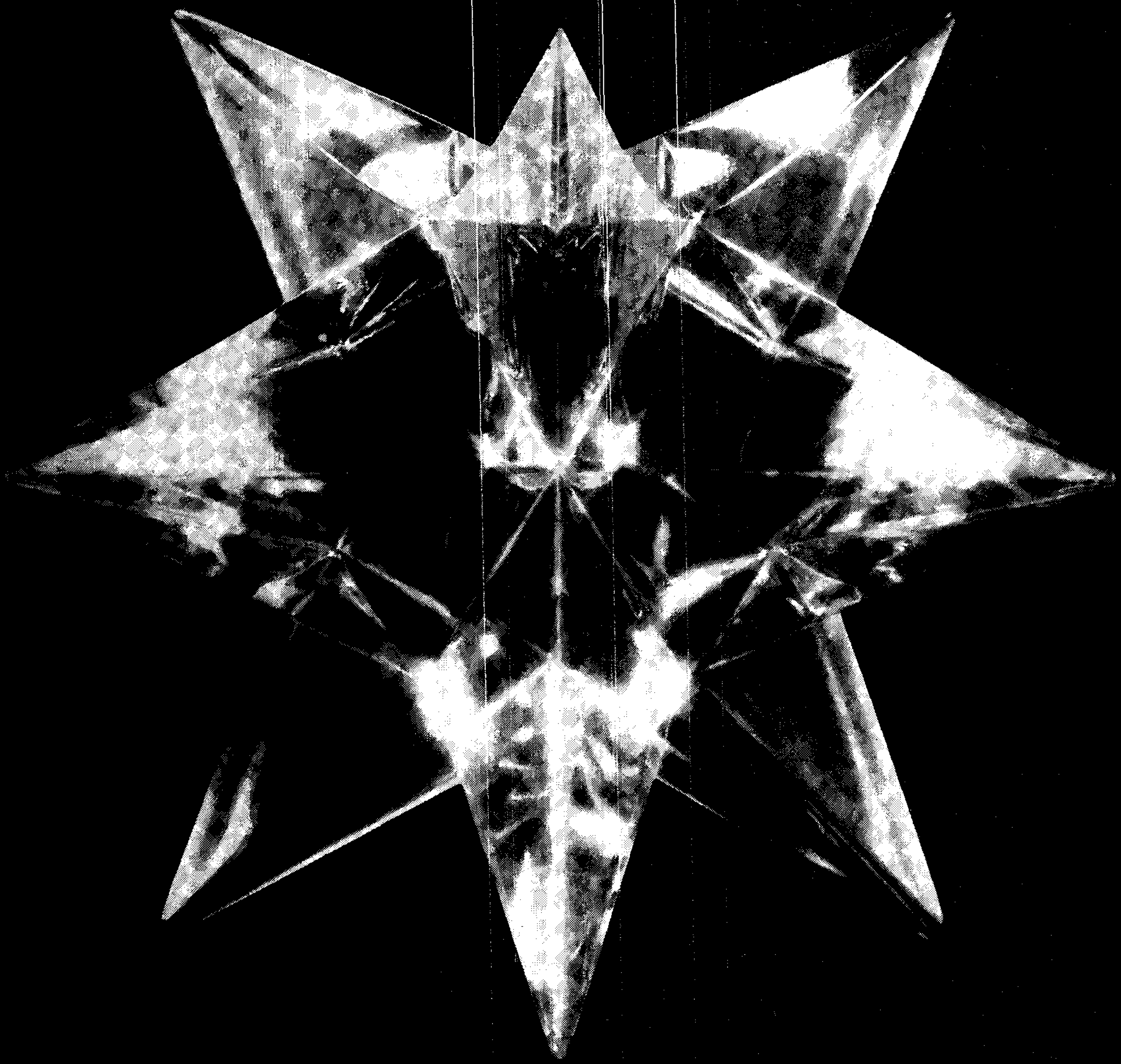

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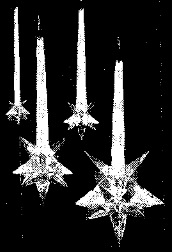

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"Hud" (1963), directed by Martin Ritt, with Paul Newman.

Oct. 25: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "The Trojan Women." (†)

Oct. 26-27: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney and Lily Tomlin; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 22: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Harriet Craig" (1950), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey.

Oct. 23-25: "Jezebel" (†) and "Juarez." (†)

From Oct. 26: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Oct. 20: "Alice in the Cities" (1974) and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

Oct. 21-22: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

Oct. 23-25: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†) and "Bed and Board." (†)

Oct. 26-27: "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975), directed by James Ivory, with James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey; and "The Householder." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Oct. 20: "Easy Living" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jean Arthur, Ray Milland, and Edward Arnold; and *"Street of Chance" (1930), directed by* John Cromwell, with Jean Arthur, William Powell, Regis Toomey, and Kay Francis.

Oct. 21-22: "Palm Beach Story" (†) and "Hail the Conquering Hero." (†)

Oct. 23-24: "Spring Parade" (1940), directed by Henry Koster, with Deanna Durbin and Mischa Auer; and "Mad About Music" (1938), directed by Norman Taurog, with Deanna Durbin, Gail Patrick, and Herbert Marshall.

Oct. 25: "You and Me" (†) and "Jennie Gerhardt." (†)

Oct. 26: "Laughter" (†) and "Honey." (†)

Oct. 27: "Enter Madame" (1935), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Elissa Landi and Cary Grant; and "Fatal Lady" (1936), directed by Edward Ludwig, with Walter Pidgeon, Mary Ellis, Ruth Donnelly, and Norman Foster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 20 at 2:30: "The Imposter" (1944), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Ellen Drew, and Peter Van Eyck. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "Flesh and Fantasy" (1943), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Charles Boyer, Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Betty Field. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8:30: "Calling Dr. Death" (1943), directed by Reginald Le Borg, with Lon Chaney, Jr., and J. Carrol Naish; and "Destiny" (1944), directed by Reginald Le Borg, with Alan Curtis and Gloria Jean. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: "Follow the Boys" (1944), directed by Edward Sutherland, with George Raft, Vera Zorina, W. C. Fields, and Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "America, America" (1963), directed by Elia Kazan, with Stathis Giallelis. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at noon: "Bachelor Daddy" (1941), directed by Harold Young, with Donald Woods, Baby Sandy, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30: "Saboteur" (1942), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5: "Scarlet Street" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at noon: "Bowery to Broadway" (1944), directed by Charles Lamont, with Maria Montez, Jack Oakie, and Donald Cook. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: "The Senator Was Indiscreet" (1947), directed by George S. Kaufman, with William Powell, Ella Raines, and Peter Lind Hayes. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5: "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at noon: "That's Where the Action Is" (1965), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: "The Good Fairy" (1935), directed by William Wyler, with Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: "Boss of Hangtown Mesa" (1942), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Johnny Mack Brown; and "The Mad Doctor of Market Street" (1941), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Una Merkel and Lionel Atwill. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at noon: "That's Where the Action Is." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959), directed by Otto Preminger, with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2:30: "Arabian Nights" (1942), directed by John Rawlins, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Leif Erickson, and Turhan Bey; and "Apache Drums" (1951), directed by Hugo Fregonese, with Stephen McNally and Coleen Gray. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6: "Cobra Woman" (1943), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Maria Montez, Sabu, and Jon Hall. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 8:30: A program of films from the Annecy International Animation Film Festival. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day *of the showing.)*

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 23: "Angel City," directed by Jon Jost, with Robert Glaudini, Winifred Golden, Kathleen Kramer, Pierce del Rue, and Mark Brown. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 28: A video, film, and light installation by Bart Robbett. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Hanoun, Bahia, Moreira, Eisenstein, Jacobs, Gehr, and others. Showings Oct. 19-21 at 7 and 9; Oct. 22 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Oct. 23 at 8; and Oct. 25-27 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Oct. 20-23: "Breaking with Old Ideas" (1975), in Chinese, produced by the People's Republic of China; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 27: "Rapid Eye Movements: Sci-Fi & Fantasy Animation," a program of fourteen short films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadores, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 26.)

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Lewis Milestone's famous film, from Remarque's novel. A bunch of German volunteers in the First World War go from school to the trenches in increasing cynicism and squalor. Eisenstein called the film a good Ph.D. thesis, but in spite of some truth in that, and in spite of the woodenness of Maxwell Anderson's script, the pacifist feeling is piercing enough for the film often to have been banned in politically vulnerable countries. With Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim, and Slim Summerville, and Fred Zinnemann doubled up in two bit parts. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

THE AMERICAN FRIEND—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's *crime novel* "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (10/17/77) (Cinema Studio.)

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 26.)

BED AND BOARD (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Thalia; Oct. 23-25.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. *The hero is a good-looking, decisive* French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Art, and New Yorker; starting Oct. 21.)

BOBBY DEERFIELD—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director, Sydney Pollack, tries for a Lelouch atmosphere but settles for the glitter of cash outlay. From Remarque's "Heaven Has No Favorites," adapted by Alvin Sargent; with Anny Duperey. (10/3/77) (Baronet, and Coronet.)

CAMILLE (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 23-25.)

CHILDREN OF RAGE (1975)—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 20.)

DAMNATION ALLEY—With Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard, *Dominique* Sanda, *Paul* Winfield, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Jack Smight. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 21.)

THE DEMISE OF FATHER MOURET (1975)—Directed by Georges Franju. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 20-26.)

DESPERATE LIVING—With Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce; directed by John Waters. (D.W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to have been one of his favorites. With Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

EQUUS—Based on the Peter Shaffer play, with Richard Burton and Peter Firth. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Trans-Lux East.)

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chan-

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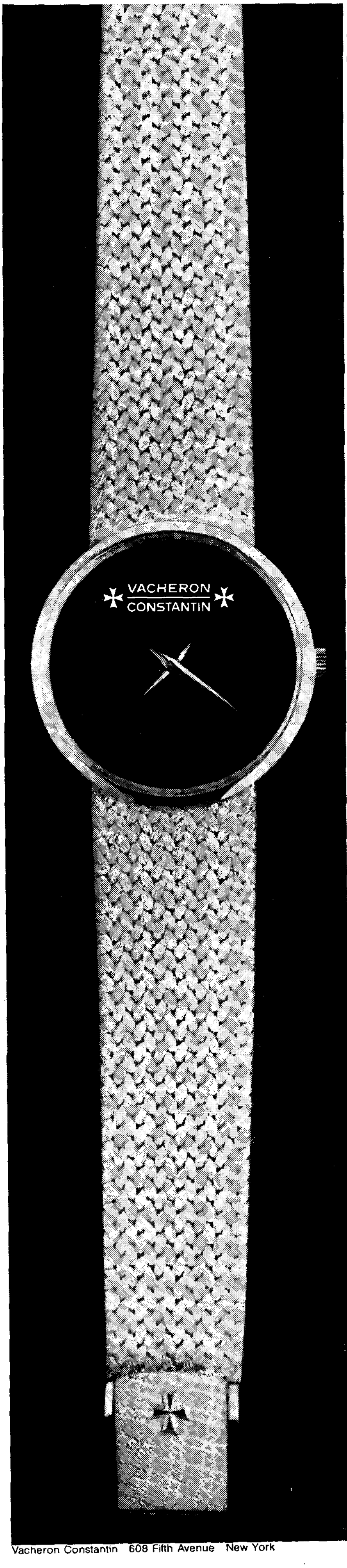

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 25.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Gramercy; through Oct. 25.)

Hail the Conquering Hero (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas, and thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the sergeant agrees, and the upshot is that they drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, once middleweight boxing champion of the world, as Bugsy, and William Demarest as a Marine sergeant. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21-22.)

Handle with Care—With Paul Le Mat and Candy Clark, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

The Hills Have Eyes—With Susan Lanier and Robert Houston, directed by Wes Craven. (U. A. East.)

Honey (1939)—Paramount in its frivolous, popular musical-comedy glory, when it was raiding Broadway and the Algonquin. The original material was by Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas; Herman J. Mankiewicz did the adaptation; and the star is Nancy Carroll, as the aristocratic young Southern girl who rents her family mansion to rich New Yorkers and takes the job of cook, while her brother (Skeets Gallagher) plays butler. A great hit, it was followed by dozens of movies that aped the characters and situations; television sitcoms finally exhausted them, just recently. The cast includes Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts, Harry Green, and Jobyna Howland; Wesley Ruggles directed. The musical numbers include "Sing You Sinners." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (Thalia; Oct. 26-27.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 21.)

J'Accuse (1937)—With Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers; directed by Abel Gance. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

Jennie Gerhardt (1933)—Dull, conscientious version of the Theodore Dreiser novel about a poor Midwestern girl who becomes a rich man's mistress. With Sylvia Sidney in the lead, and Edward Arnold and Donald Cook. Directed by Marion Gering. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 25.)

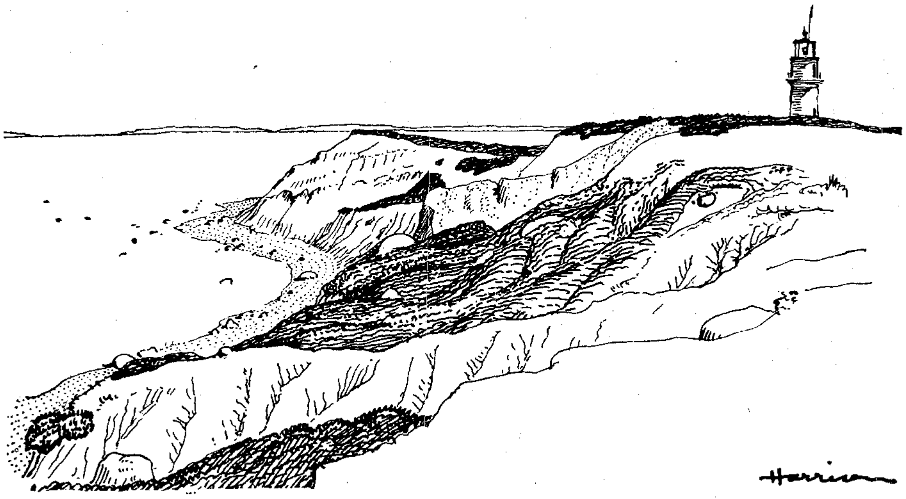
Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Regency; Oct. 23-25.)

Juarez (1939)—The time is the eighteen-sixties. Paul Muni is the straight, stern President of Mexico, with bowed, heavy shoulders and a rigid profile. Brian Aherne, in blond sideburns and chin whiskers, is the gentle, ineffectual Hapsburg Archduke Maximilian, who becomes a puppet Emperor, and Bette Davis, huge eyed and wearing a black wig, is the barren, doomed Empress Carlota. She looks both fragile and tempestuous, and gets a chance to show off her best violent spasms when she pleads for help at the Tuileries and frightens the Empress Eugénie (Gale Sondergaard, who doesn't frighten easy). It's a lumpy big movie; Muni's big-star solemn righteousness is like a dose of medicine. But there are incidental diversions: John Garfield, as Diaz, gives a blue-ribbon bad performance, and Claude Rains, Joseph Calleia, Gilbert Roland, Henry O'Neill, Donald Crisp, and Harry Davenport all stomp around in fancy costumes. William Dieterle directed. (Regency; Oct. 23-25.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slith-



ery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). (7/25/77) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Oct. 26.)

Laughter (1930)—Just before his death, Herman J. Mankiewicz (who produced the film) said that of all the movies he'd worked on, this was his favorite: the message of the movie is that laughter is cleansing. It's a lovely, sophisticated comedy that failed commercially but influenced many of the thirties' screwball comedy hits. Even the famous Bogart exchange with Claude Rains about coming to Casablanca for the waters is paraphrased from "Laughter;" here, it's an exchange between the sculptor-hero Fredric March and Nancy Carroll, the Follies beauty who married her millionaire (Frank Morgan) and lost her gift of laughter. Donald Ogden Stewart wrote the script (which bogs down a bit in melodrama), and Harry D'Arrast directed (somewhat pokily), but the Art Deco sets are elegant, and the enchanting Nancy Carroll wears perhaps the best clothes ever seen on the screen (with the *possible* exception of Garbo's in "A Woman of Affairs"). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit. In French. (9/19/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Lincoln Conspiracy—With Bradford Dillman, John Dehner, and Whit Bissell; directed by James L. Conway. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 25.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—From the novel by Judith Rossner, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, and Richard Kiley. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Art; through Oct. 20.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—The unctuous, sentimental Alexander Woollcott was loved by millions of radio listeners; Woollcott the outrageous master of euphonious insults was loved and hated by a small circle. Two members of this circle, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, made him the hero and the target of a Broadway hit—a cheerful satire on celebrity—in which a family of adoring fans refuses to recognize the truth about him even when he flays them with acrimony and contempt. This film version has the devastatingly adroit Monte Woolley (a former professor of drama at Yale) in the lead, with Bette Davis as his secretary, Reginald Gardiner impersonating Noël Coward, Jimmy Durante impersonating Harpo Marx, Ann Sheridan, Billie Burke, Richard Travis, George Barbier, and Grant Mitchell. William Keighley directed; the script, by the Epstein brothers, changes only a few lines. (Regency; starting Oct. 26.)

The Man Who Loved Women—With Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Paris; starting Oct. 21.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

Murder by Death (1976)—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Guild; through Oct. 20.)

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train him in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his

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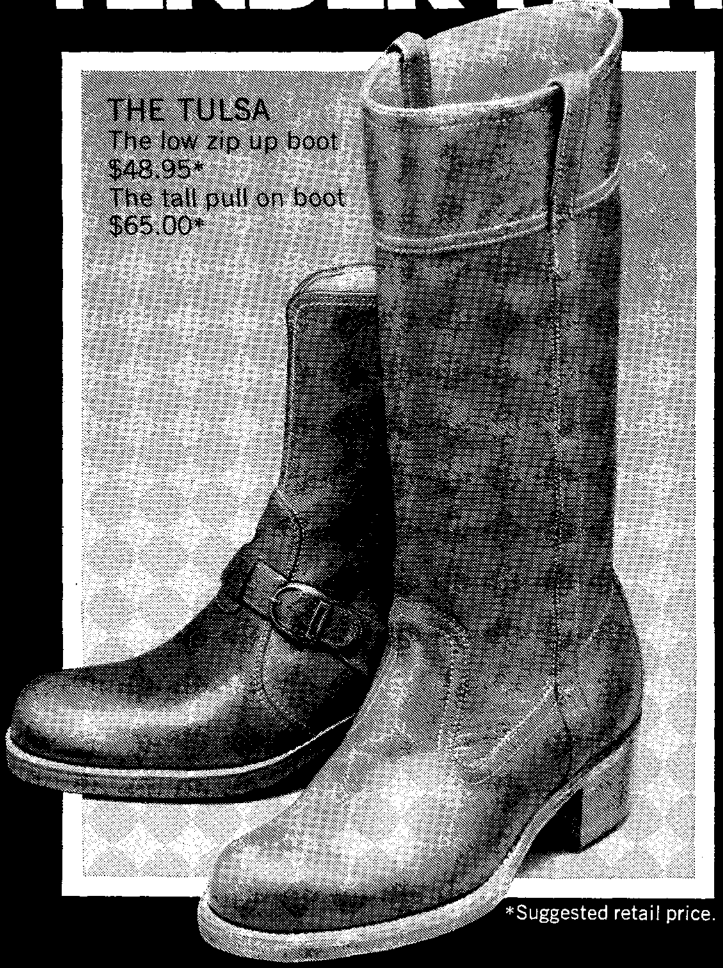

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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newfound pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (10/20/75) (Thalia; Oct. 23-25.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 20.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (Loews Ciné.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Plaza.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (New Yorker; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Oct. 25.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21-22.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Waverly.)

Rolling Thunder—With William Devane, directed by John Flynn. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 20.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Columbia I.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Salò, 120 Days of Sodom—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

Salut l'Artiste (1976)—The creeping mediocrity of the poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes the film a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a non-professional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed, in French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 21.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 26.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (10/17/77) (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Olympia; starting Oct. 26.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Ziegfeld.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Cinema Village; Oct. 25.)

Valentino—With Rudolf Nureyev in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (34th St. East, Columbia II, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 23-24.)

Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry—Written and directed by Donald Brittain with John Kramer, with the actual words of Lowry spoken by Richard Burton. (Cinema 3.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 23-25.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Art; through Oct. 20.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

A Woman's Decision—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hidebound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. In Polish. (9/19/77) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 23-24.)

You and Me (1938)—A paroled convict (Sylvia Sidney) gives a lecture at the blackboard in which she proves to an abashed group of thugs that crime does not pay; damned if they don't reform. The hero of this botched gangster-comedy fairy tale is George Raft, also a paroled convict, and he and Sylvia Sidney get into trouble because they get married. Bertolt Brecht had great influence on the director, Fritz Lang, at the time, and in several episodes, Lang, with the help of the composer Kurt Weill, tried to escape from the pedestrian script (Virginia Van Upp, from Norman Krasna's story) with musical numbers in the pedagogic Brecht vein. Lang later explained that he didn't get to work out his ideas with Weill, and that with Boris Morros on the scoring, he couldn't get what he'd hoped for. With Robert Cummings, Roscoe Karns, Barton MacLane, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Jack Mulhall, Cecil Cunningham, and Carol Paige as the torch singer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 25.)

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MODEL	ENGINE	DISPLACEMENT (CU. IN.)	WHEELBASE (IN.)	OVERALL LENGTH (IN.)	CURB WEIGHT (LBS.)
240D	4 cyl. ohc (fuel injected)	146.7	110.0	190.9	3210
300D	5 cyl. ohc (fuel injected)	183.4	110.0	190.9	3515
280E	6 cyl. dohc (fuel injected)	167.6	110.0	190.9	3530
280SE	6 cyl. dohc (fuel injected)	167.6	112.8	205.5	3905
450SEL	V-8 ohc (fuel injected)	275.8	116.7	209.4	4080
450SL	V-8 ohc (fuel injected)	275.8	96.9	182.3	3815
450SLC	V-8 ohc (fuel injected)	275.8	111.0	196.4	3860
6.9	V-8 ohc (fuel injected)	417.1	116.5	210.0	4390

Mercedes-Benz invented the automobile in 1886—and in 1895 produced the first car ever built on a production line. Over the generations, Mercedes-Benz has perfected one engineering advance after another.

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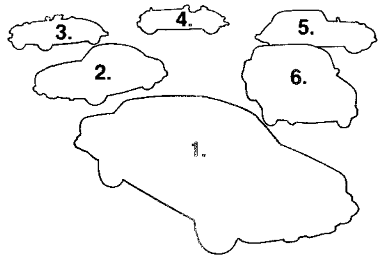

1: 450SEL (1977); 2: 300SL Gullwing (1955); 3: 500K Special Roadster (1935); 4: Super-charged SSK (1929); 5: 540K Cabriolet B (1936); 6: 600 (1969).

Thoughtful evolution in design: a mark of Mercedes-Benz.

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An unbroken line of excellence. Since 1886, Mercedes-Benz has produced one classic automobile after another. Each one a car engineered like no other car in the world.

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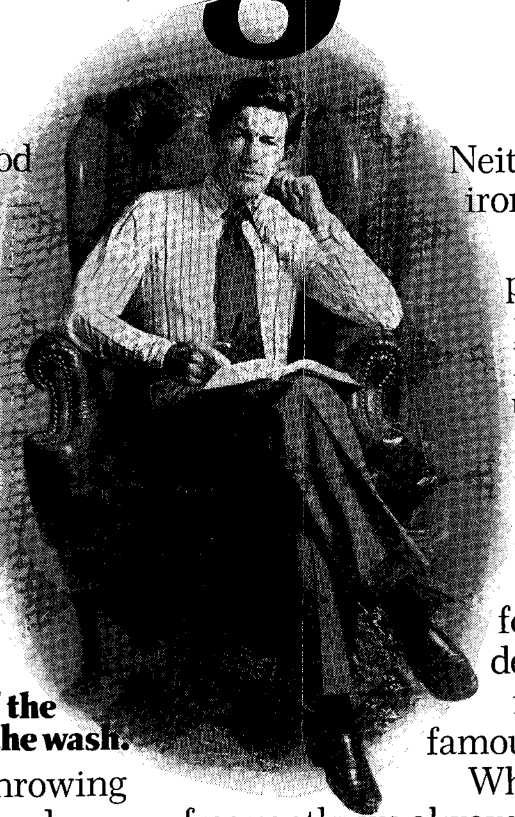


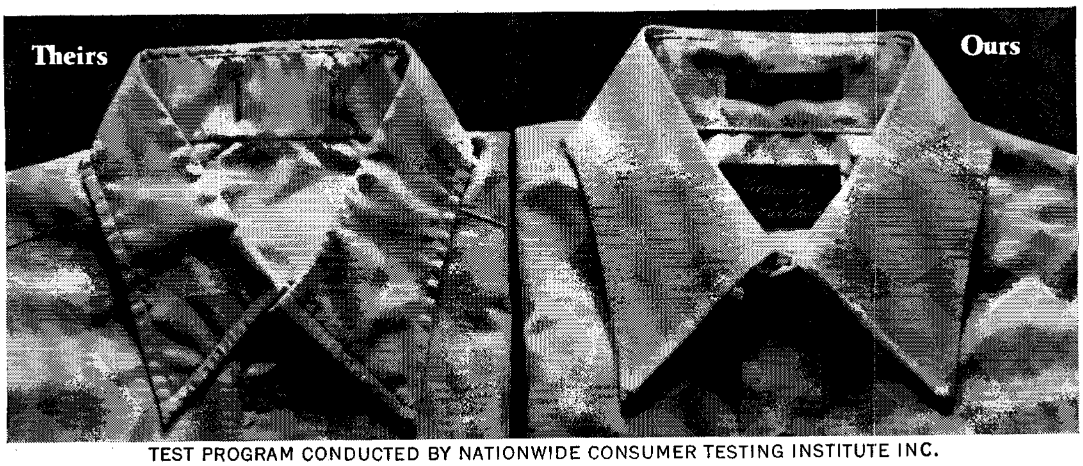
A good shirt only looks good until you compare it to a better one. We have a better one. Van Heusen.

Our shirts don't cost more although they probably should. We labor over them, test them, refine them, more than any other shirt company we know. The result is that after 118 years of making better shirts, we're still making better shirts.

All shirts look great out of the package. Ours look great out of the wash.

One of our many tests is throwing our permanently pressed shirts and our competition's into a washing machine, where they're pounded and scoured.

After *only* 5 launderings, we've got other shirts beat. Look at the 2 collars in this unretouched photograph.



TEST PROGRAM CONDUCTED BY NATIONWIDE CONSUMER TESTING INSTITUTE INC.

Neither one has been ironed.

Yet ours is still permanently pressed. Theirs looks permanently unpressed.

What Paris could learn about shirts from Pottsville.

Paris is famous for fashion. Our development center in Pottsville, Pa. is famous for technology.

While we go to Paris frequently, we always make sure any new fashion ideas we learn there measure up to our standards of quality.

Because Paris doesn't have standards as strict as ours.

When our shirts are still bolts of fabric, we're already inspecting them for flaws.

In fact, we inspect shirts 29 times.

Then when we think they're perfect, we don't send

a good shirt enough.

them right off to the store. We test them again.

To us, looking good is more than a matter of fashion. It's a matter of quality.

"I bought one of your shirts in 1937, and already the collar is fraying."

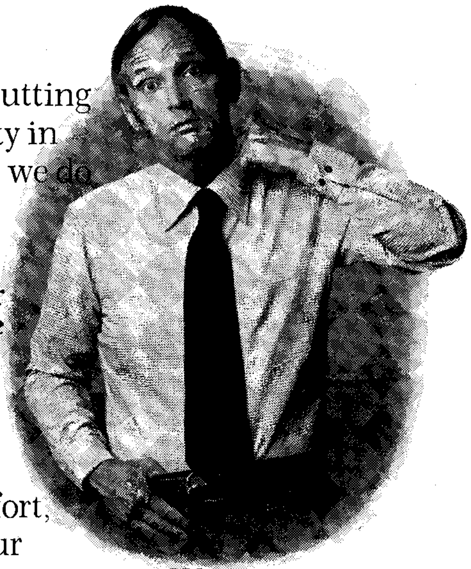
Inevitably, some of the compliments we get from our customers come in the form of complaints.

The reason we had to wait 40 years for this rather exceptional one, is that we test our collars unmercifully against fraying. We brush and sandpaper them for hours.

When you get attached to one of our shirts, we don't want it wearing out on you before its time.

A button seems like a small thing, until it's missing.

That's why we put 25 lbs. of pulling pressure on our buttons to make sure they won't pull off. We also test them against breakage with a hammer.



We believe in putting as much quality in our buttons as we do in our shirts.

The only man who's ever uncomfortable in our shirts is our president.

When we test our shirts for comfort, we don't use our customers as guinea pigs. We use our president. He wears every new model of shirt for a week.

If he doesn't like the fit or the feel or anything else about the shirt, you don't get the shirt.

The reason we put so much into our shirts isn't just pride in our work. It's also common sense.

Because we know once you get a feeling for excellence, you'll never go back to good.

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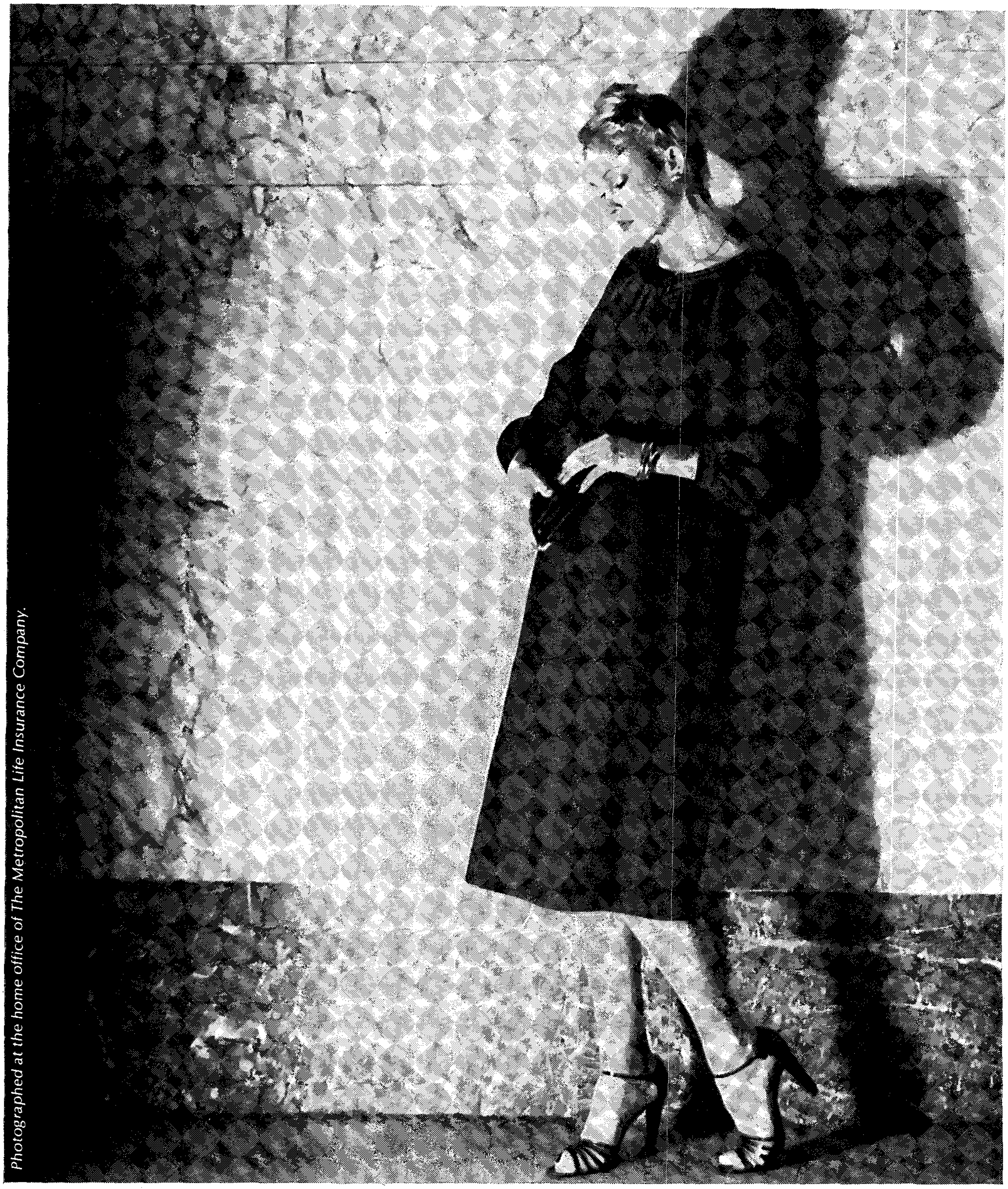

Photographed at the home office of The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Soft black. A dramatic understatement in wool crepe. Scooped from the shoulders, caught with a self belt and one small button in front. The rest, flowing loosely, easily to the hem. By Stanley Sherman, in sizes 6 to 14, $140. Also available in white. Stanley Sherman Corner.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

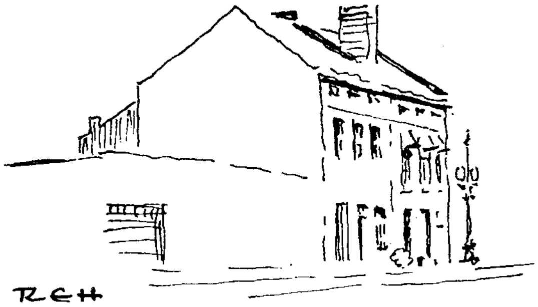
A FRIEND writes:

I have lately noticed that Con Edison is being very nice to me. This is new. A couple of months ago, I found, skittering in nervous computer printout across the bottom of my bill, the words "THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR PROMPT PAYMENT." This was new. Con Ed had never thanked me before—or, indeed, saluted me in any way save for the dull iteration of the bill. In truth, at an earlier point in our generally pleasant relationship Con Ed had demanded a deposit of $98.05 from me, the result of a month or two of woolgathering on my part, when I did not pay its bills but did study, with intense interest, the new views of Nietzsche offered by Haar, Lingis, Deleuze, Granier, Blondel, Derrida, and that crowd. *I was busy!* I paid the $98.05 deposit, after fifteen years of faithful consumption, having no alternative—not even a scream or a yell. ("The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new," Beckett says in the first line of "Murphy.") Since then, all has been peaches and cream between us. I have never said a word to them about having to walk down twenty-six flights in an East Sixty-sixth Street apartment building in the blackout in my cowboy boots. (Cowboy boots in New York are an affectation, as Nietzsche, Beckett, and Charles Luce would be the first to point out.) But today! Today, I got a Con Ed bill with love note attached. Dancing across the bottom of my bill (in lettering similar to that green or red tattooing one finds in the window of a calculator) were the words "YOU HAVE AN EXCELLENT PAYMENT RECORD WITH US. THANK YOU." What satisfaction! What gratification! And what a future for this new, gay science, teaching the machine not only how to be civil but how to pretend it knows us, one and all.

• •

Bipedal Party

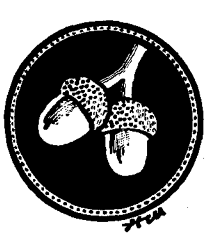
THE first issue of *Human Nature,* a handsome new monthly magazine about the human sciences, which is to have a silver-bordered cover and a wealth of four-color graphs, charts, and illustrations, and which is the product of the exasperation of Dr. Robert Ornstein, will hit the stands in New York and nationally on Tuesday, December 6th. A week or so ago, Dr. Ornstein, who is the "director" of *Human Nature,* and the editors and staff threw a pre-publication party in their offices, which they had moved into just that day—and have since almost outgrown—on the twenty-third floor of the Harcourt Brace Jovanovich building, on Third Avenue. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich is spending four million dollars to develop *Human Nature.*) The food at the party was exceptionally good: pâté and tiny sour cornichons, two whole Scotch salmon with mustard-and-dill sauce, wheels of Brie, and other first-rate items. The human sciences are anthropology, psychology, sociology, health and medicine, linguistics, education, the environmental sciences, theology, human biology, and related fields, and it is the aim of *Human Nature,* in entering an area already represented by *Scientific American, Psychology Today, Smithsonian,* and *Natural History,* to be both authoritative and generally intelligible. The new magazine will be written mainly by scientists close to the most interesting current research in the human sciences, and will be edited and guided by top science-journal veterans: the *Human Nature* editor Elizabeth Hall was managing editor of *Psychology Today* for four years; the *Human Nature* assistant publisher Arthur Sachs was most recently business manager of *Natural History.* A so-called preview issue of *Human Nature,* which was run up last summer, primarily for potential advertisers, was being handed around at the party, and we found it to contain half a dozen articles—or the beginnings of articles—almost all of which suggest that current thinking on various subjects is obsolete.



Dr. Ernest Hilgard, a Stanford psychologist who has been interested in hypnosis for almost fifty years, writes that his own work with hypnosis and that of others in the field have brought him to the idea that the Freudian model of the mind may not be accurate. The hypnosis piece proposes a new picture for the walls of the American mental living room:

> The mind is complex, and there are different ways of looking at it. It can be viewed as a tree, with the conscious part, like the trunk and leaves, visible above ground, while the unconscious, like the roots, draws nourishment from invisible sources beneath the surface. Alternatively, the mind can be seen as a building in which all rooms are on the same level. The mind as a whole has unity but one's acquaintance with it is always partial, just as a person sees different sections of the building depending on which corridor he enters. The tree is analogous to the view of the mind in depth psychologies, in which the mind is divided into levels; the building corresponds to the views that were prominent in classical dissociation theories.
>
> Work with hypnotized people indicates that the building may represent the more accurate model.

Dr. Jerome Kagan, a Harvard professor of human development, starts off an article on "The Baby's Elastic Mind" by noting, "Assumptions about the nature and development of human behavior and the forces that promote psychological change have been transformed during the past 20 years. . . . One assumption, however, remains as vital today as it was years before the American Revolution. Many still believe that most of an infant's experiences have effects that reach many years into the future." The article concludes, with what sounds like another dig at Freud, "I suspect that it is not until a child is five or six years old, when he has begun to crystallize a symbolic conception of his personal qualities and to establish consistent expectations and styles of interacting with friends and family, that we get a more reliable preview of the future. The infant's mind may be more like a sandy beach on a windy day than a reel of recording tape."



A third article, "Carrying and Sharing in Human Evolution," by Dr. Jane B. Lancaster, a University of Oklahoma anthropologist, who is known as "the macaque lady," because she has worked with macaque monkeys in Africa, starts off discussing bipedalism—walking around on two legs—and, after dismissing two explanations of why human beings do this, proposes one of her own: "Some claim that hominids . . . first stood in order to run or to fight, or to free their hands for using tools. But these scenarios are unlikely. The first adventurers on two legs were probably as awkward as infants attempting their first steps. Such clumsiness would hardly be an advantage in combat or in flight. Similarly, the use of tools offers no explanation, because tools can be used as easily while sitting down as while standing up. More likely, the origin of bipedalism lies in the social behavior that characterizes our species: sharing—and carrying things in order to share them." That's as far as Dr. Lancaster gets in the preview issue; the rest of her article consists of what is called Printer's Greek—lines of type that don't say anything reasonable but give you a picture of how the page will look when the publication is ready for sale ("ve no popular problem findink Alicepoa Whorcna a Wttabeedy said. I'm not going out on a social go-round. I'm heading into the mountains ppyryanono catubdes to do my job"). Her complete article will appear in the second issue of *Human Nature.*

Dr. Ornstein, who is the author of "The Psychology of Consciousness," and who when we last heard from him was in town organizing a conference on consciousness at the Commodore Hotel which was sponsored by New York University, took us into his office—a corner one, furnished with a big conference table instead of a desk—and told us that he'd been thinking about a magazine like *Human Nature* for several years. "I like magazines," he said. "They're easy to get, easy to hold. I've always been a big magazine reader, but whenever I picked up a magazine with a science article I didn't find what I wanted. It seemed to me there was much more interesting and important stuff available—on everything from the importance of nutrition in infancy to the function of laughing, how we relate to our origins, even how we experience ourselves—and I kept wishing someone would put together such a magazine. Then there came a point at which it got to be more annoying not to have this magazine out than to do it myself. I got to thinking about it, and it just bothered me so much that this magazine was not around that a year ago last January I wrote to William Jovanovich, of H.B.J., for whom I was already working as a consultant—I was supposed to propose new ideas—and said, 'I think this magazine needs to exist. I'm going to do it, and I hope H.B.J. will be interested.' "

Jovanovich liked the idea and, some months later, over dinner at Lutèce, offered Ornstein the four million dollars to develop it. Ornstein then hired Elizabeth Hall, three other senior editors, and an art director, and, this past January, installed the editors and the art director in apartments in Los Altos, California, near his own house. For two and a half months, they all read articles every day and talked about exactly what kind of magazine they were going to put together. "It was like being back in graduate school," one of the editors said at the party. "The movies changed only every three weeks in Los Altos, and there was no TV in my apartment."

"I'm a great believer in doing things day in and day out," Dr. Ornstein said in a low, even voice. "Going on and on and on. It's the way to get ideas across in depth. And the result was we all knew what we all wanted to do."

Last June, *Human Nature* mailed out about a quarter of a million brochures to potential subscribers on thirty-six different lists—*Smithsonian* subscribers, for instance, and members of the Literary Guild, and members of a cheese-buying society called Cheese Lovers International. They figured that if one and a quarter per cent of these people said yes, they could go ahead. What happened was that five per cent sent in subscription orders. *Human Nature* was off and running. In September, two and a half million more of the brochures went out, to names on a hundred and ten different lists, and as of last week the magazine had signed up some eighty thousand bipeds.

Dr. René Dubos, of Rockefeller University, who is a contributor to *Human Nature* and a member of its advisory board of editors, was at the party. So was Nancy Hechinger, of Zacks & Perrier, which had put together a presentation for *Human Nature* ad salesmen to show to potential advertisers. Zacks & Perrier primarily makes industrial films and multimedia presentations for companies to show their own employees in order to motivate them. Internal industrial motivation is now a four-billion-dollar-a-year business, Nancy Hechinger said. "The director of 'Rocky' worked on several projects with us as a film editor and director," she said. "He edited the shots of 'Rocky' so that every action coincided with the music on the sound track—which is just the way we put together a lot of the industrial films. Sometimes the music is initially the most dynamic part of one of the presentations we're putting together."

Another guest at the party was Ella Speed, a young woman from the mountains of the Southwest, who told us she has been spending a lot of time at publishing parties lately—ever since she began dictating her memoirs, a year ago. She described herself as the composer of "Hot Line to Heaven," a country-and-Western song, and as "a retired expert on human nature." "This is the neatest, cleanest, most low-voiced publishing wingding I've ever been to," she told us. "I like the look of the magazine—it's much easier to handle than human nature first hand. Food, sex, and aggression—that's human nature as far as I'm concerned." She speared a piece of smoked salmon. "Up to this point, they've got the food down O.K. The way I judge magazines is 'Can I read this magazine alone in the bathtub while drinking a Coors?' I enjoyed the first two paragraphs of the article on 'Carrying and Sharing,' but then, of course, it disintegrated into argle-bargle. Just like all my inquiries into human nature. That's why I retired."

Nancy Hechinger joined the group. "I'm really looking forward to *Human Nature,*" she said. "I always found science incomprehensible in school, and when I saw what's on tap for the magazine it was interesting and I could understand it. My head was astonished."

Blast

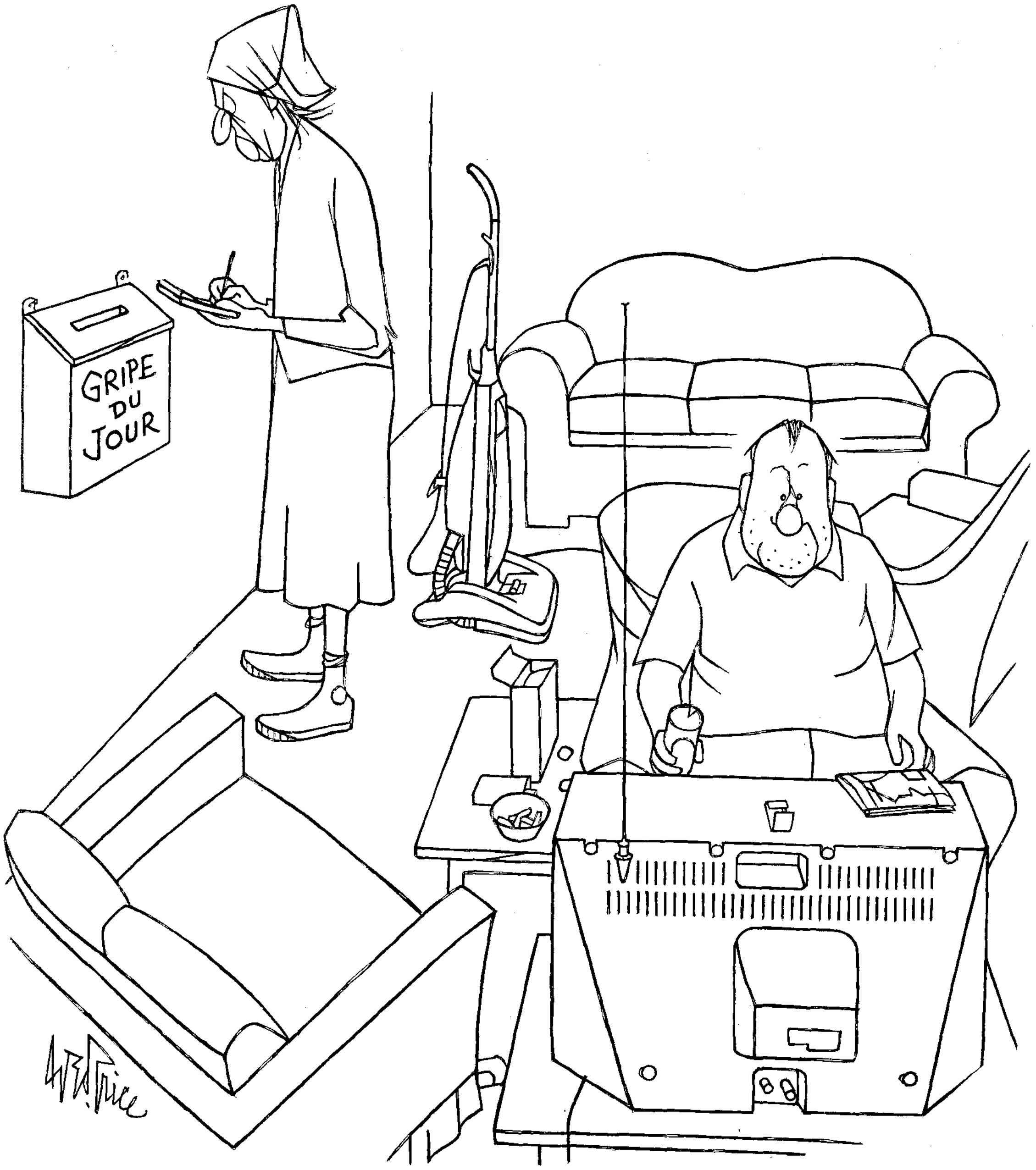
THE city has survived a difficult summer, and it seems to be an indication of our steadily improving urban morale that last week's manifestations of political terrorism were crowded off the front pages of the following day's *Times* and *News* by more upbeat occurrences—primarily, the Yankees' victory in the first game of the World Series. On inside pages of both papers we found reported in almost routine fashion the news of the discovery of an unexploded explosive device in a tree planter outside the General Motors Building, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and the almost harmless explosion of what had apparently been a pipe bomb beside the Fifth Avenue entrance of the New York Public Library, below Forty-second Street.

We didn't hear about the Madison Avenue discovery until later, but the sound of the library explosion reached us in our office, a block away, at three-thirty-five of a warm and sunny afternoon, and we pinned a green press card to our lapel and followed a Fire Department ladder truck down Fifth Avenue to the site of the blast—a niche containing Beauty, one of the pair of matching allegorical figures (the other is Truth) that flank the three huge library doors. Almost miraculously, Beauty had escaped serious damage, even though the stonework around her bore scars, and, we heard later, fragments of the explosive had hit the twenty-third floor of an office building across Fifth Avenue. As we took in the scene, an unmarked car with a red light flashing above its dashboard pulled around the fire truck onto the Fifth Avenue sidewalk. Within seconds, bomb-squad officers (wearing light-blue baseball caps) were scrambling over the two Public Library lions and around the columns bracketing each of the doors, and rooting through nearby trash cans, in a search for possible undetonated explosives. At the same time, a number of police and firemen began herding spectators off the library plaza, where a young woman bearing a press card that identified her as Joan Goodman, a London free-lance writer, was explaining to other reporters that she had been walking up the street when the blast went off. "I thought of the Irish Republican Army for a minute," she said. "I saw one man who must have been sitting close to where it was planted. He got up quite dazed, and the cops are talking to him now."

By this time, reporters, too, were being herded off the plaza. "We have reason to believe that this might be the F.A.L.N.," a plainclothes officer was saying. (We learned later that a typewritten note bearing the initials of the Puerto Rican terrorist group Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación Nacional had been found in a telephone booth at Columbus Avenue and Sixty-first Street.) "Everybody off the plaza till we check. They sometimes plant more than one of these things."

While the search for more explosives continued (no more were found), we ducked around the corner and made our way to the library's side entrance, on Forty-second Street. Business was being carried on pretty much as usual inside the building, it seemed, and we waited for an elevator in the north foyer along with several apparently unruffled library visitors. "I was going down the front steps when it went off," one of them, a young man in a tan jacket, said to nobody in particular as we boarded the elevator. "It sort of lifted me down the steps. Almost like a force picking me up under the arms."

We left the elevator on the second floor and looked into the administra-



tive office, where Walter Zervas, an assistant to the director, was simultaneously taking phone calls and attempting to deal with an impatient woman researcher. "I'm sorry I can't help you now," he was saying to her as we entered the room, "but the building is being evacuated."

"But I only have a few hours in town," she protested. "Isn't there any other library, which isn't being evacuated, where I can locate this information?"

"You might try the mid-Manhattan branch, a block down on Fortieth Street," he said. "And now you'll really have to excuse me—excuse all of us, in fact."

We beat the evacuation order up to the main reading room, on the floor above the administrative office. Nothing extraordinary there: the usual hum of activity. Then a bell began ringing—a sequence of two, one, and five rings, repeated three times. "Everybody out!" several library guards began shouting. Readers put down their books and began lining up at the doorway, where, evacuation or no evacuation, guards carried out their routine checking of briefcases and handbags.

The evacuation of the reading rooms through the single outgoing turnstile on Forty-second Street took about twenty minutes, and by the time we could get back to Fifth Avenue, reporters had been permitted to return to the cordoned-off library plaza, where they were clustering around a young black man with a fringe of beard. He turned out to be the man Miss Goodman had seen on the plaza just after the explosion. His name was Ernest Castiglione, he said, and he was twenty-six years old, and he believed he was unhurt.

A radio reporter asked him what he had been doing up by the statue of Beauty.

"Trying to sleep," the man said. "I've been sleeping out in the open, anywhere in the fifteen blocks around the library, since June, 1976."

Why, he was asked.

Mr. Castiglione shrugged.

A reporter suggested that perhaps he was writing a book about surviving in the city without an income.

"As a matter of fact, I am," the young man said. "This should make a good chapter."

After pointing out that the experience had come close to making a final chapter, another reporter asked whether he had been persuaded now to make other sleeping arrangements.

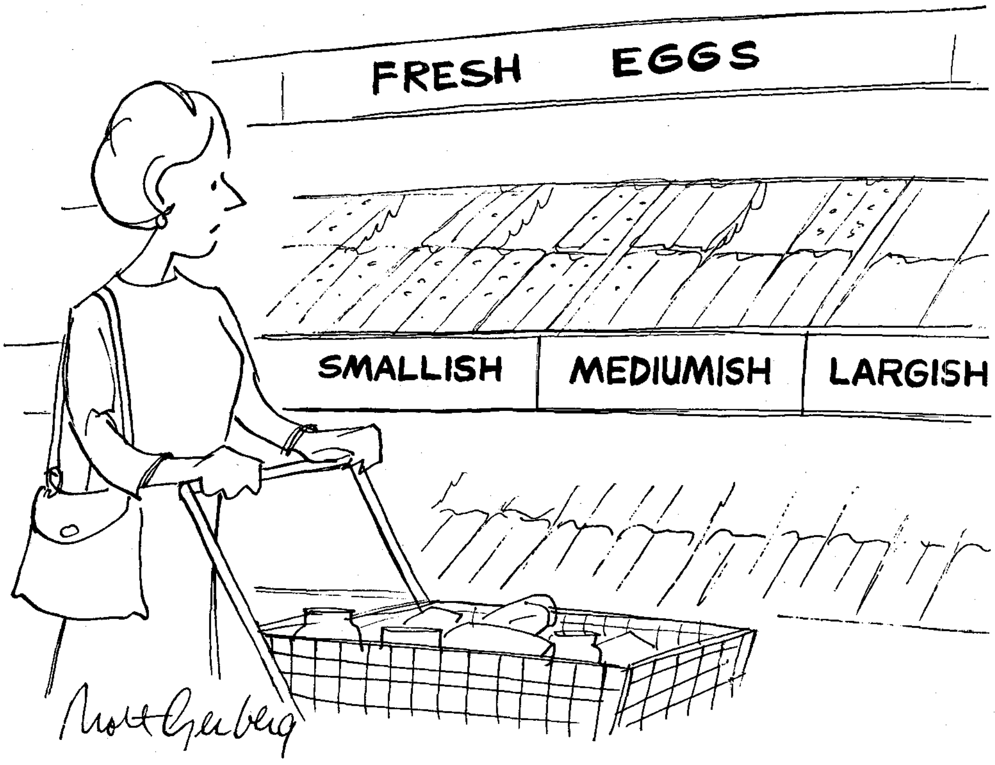
"No, I don't think so," Mr. Castiglione said.

Behind us, the crowd of spectators had begun to disperse. We spotted a middle-aged man who had been evacuated from the library's third floor with us. "I heard the explosion even inside the manuscript room," he was telling a stocky man in a brown suit. "It sounded like a sonic boom, but it lasted too long to be just that."

The man in the brown suit asked what he had been studying.

"The Isaacs collection of Edwin Arlington Robinson manuscripts," he said. "It's the largest in the country. My name's Vail Foy, and I came here from Moscow, Idaho, to go through it, and I'm not about to let a lousy little bombing stop me."

His companion congratulated Mr. Foy and pointed to the library façade. "You might notice," he said, "that a chip or two has been knocked out of Beauty but Truth is intact."



The Cards

FOR anyone who sits close enough to the stage, there are some revelatory moments during "The Gin Game," the new play by D.L. Coburn, at the John Golden Theatre. These moments occur when Hume Cronyn, in the role of Weller Martin, speaking to his real-life wife, Jessica Tandy, who portrays a character named Fonsia Dorsey, says things like "I'm stuck with the eight and nine of hearts" or "Goddammit, I *knew* you were keeping kings!" At one point during the first act, Weller, who has been suffering a run of miserable luck at the card table, appears to be on the brink of getting a winning hand. His chances are enhanced by the percentages and by the fact that Fonsia, a novice at the card table, has dared to divide her attention among the gin-rummy game that they are playing, a piece of candy that she is eating, and a John Philip Sousa march that she is humming. Still, she wins. Then, at a critical moment in the second act, Fonsia has just made a discard, and Weller has picked it up.

WELLER: You're not paying any mind to what you're doing.

FONSIA: Yes, I am, too.

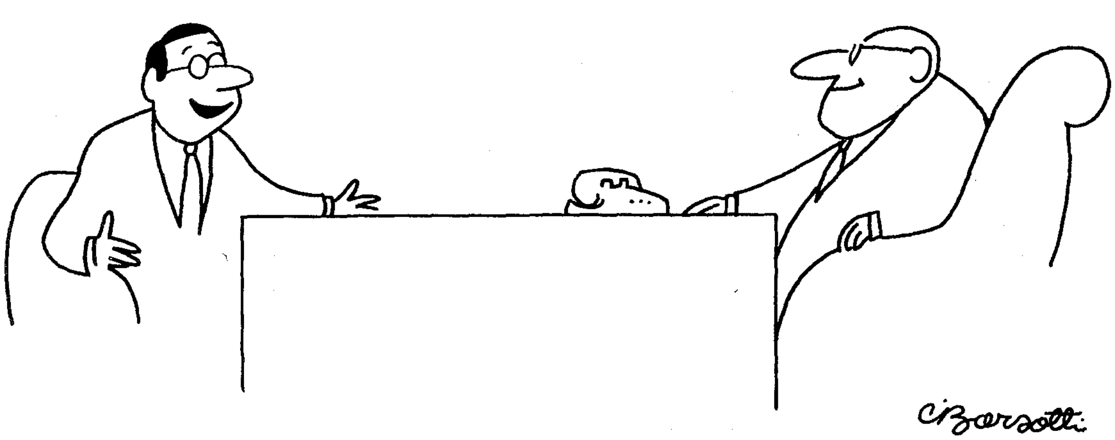
WELLER: You just gave me the seven of clubs.

FONSIA: Well, I couldn't use it.

WELLER: I know. . . . But I just picked up a seven not more than thirty seconds ago. You *knew* I was keeping sevens. Why did you give me another one?

FONSIA: Because I'm not keeping sevens.

Well. During the performance that we went to, we *were* paying attention, and from our seat, in the fifth row, it was possible to see that Mr. Cronyn had indeed picked up the seven of clubs from the discard pile. (It also looked to us—although this couldn't be verified—as if he were holding runs of nines and queens.) As drama criticism, this sort of extreme and unnecessary scrutinizing of petty details commonly falls under the heading "Extreme and Unnecessary Scrutinizing of Petty Details." We are, with some prodding, willing to go along with the common-sense exegetical view of "The Gin Game," which holds that (a) notwithstanding a steady flow of funny dialogue, Mr. Coburn, the playwright, and Mike Nichols, the director, are up to serious



"Well, damn it, E.W., don't you get tired of always being right?"

business, and (b) although the Cronyns play fourteen hands in the course of a performance, Mr. Coburn's dramatic purpose is not to reveal transcendent truths about the nature of gin rummy. Nevertheless, we did see that seven of clubs in Mr. Cronyn's left hand, so, not really being accustomed to such stark realism in the theatre, we resolved to pay a visit backstage in the hope of gathering a few facts about "The Gin Game" 's gin games.

When we got there, the first person we met was Mel Saltzman, the property man, and he immediately confirmed our worst fear: the deck is stacked. "Here, I'll show you," said Mr. Saltzman. He picked up a cardboard box containing several packs of cards. "We use Bicycle-brand rider backs or fan backs, and each deck is loaded with a preponderance of face cards, so it can at least look like a hand of gin up there. We've taken out all the threes, fours, and fives, and made up a deck that consists of four aces, four deuces, two sixes, five sevens, five eights, six nines, six tens, and twenty face cards. Fifty-two in all, naturally." Removing a rubber band from one pack of cards, he said, "In theory, with this deck you can pretty easily get gin within four or five discards. Here, let's see what we get." He dealt two hands, face up: 8-6-2-7-Q-K-9-10-K-6 to himself and 9-Q-J-J-K-2-10-10-2-8-9 to us. Ours looked more promising than his, but, inasmuch as we'd seen his cards and he'd seen ours, we didn't insist upon playing out the hand.

A few minutes later, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy came down from their dressing rooms—he had on a navy-blue jacket, gray slacks, and a navy-blue turtleneck, and she a light-turquoise suit and blouse. When we said we were interested in their stage card games, they invited us to accompany them to the Oyster Bar at the Plaza.

On the way there in a taxi, we asked Mr. Cronyn about his telltale seven of clubs.

"Well, I don't know what it says at that point in the original script, but we play that card as it falls," he said. "Obviously, it's not always a seven. Jessie has to pick up the cue from me. As you can imagine, learning this play was murder. At times, I get some awfully good hands up there, and it can be very disconcerting. You see a card, you really want it, but the script won't let you pick it up. Let's say you've got two sevens—a spade and a heart—and the eight of hearts to boot, and suddenly the nine of hearts turns up. Do you discard the other seven? The deck has an extra seven, you know. Questions like that. The game can get, let's say, overinvolving. I have to fight the tendency toward split concentration. There's a fine line between the play and the game."

We had arrived at the restaurant, and while Mr. Cronyn inquired about a table, Miss Tandy elaborated. "There's one time when I'm supposed to pick up a queen off the discard pile, because I'm already holding a pair of queens in my hand," she said. "We first did this play together at the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, and it was in the round, so I assumed that the audience could see every move. He takes the card off the deck and I pick it up from the discard pile very quickly—*very quickly*—and call it a queen, because it's my gin card."

At a table near a window now, Mr. Cronyn shifted his thoughts from gin to solitaire. "Good luck is bad," he said. "Those solitaire hands that I play in the opening scene are supposed to be lousy—so bad that I have to resort to cheating. But sometimes I get a good run at the opening. There's a black king here and a red queen there and, oh, here's a jack, and I've got a ten on that pile—and before I know it I'm playing the hand. And don't forget that there are fourteen hands of gin to keep straight. After about three weeks of rehearsal, we were having an awful time distinguishing among them. I was getting panicky, but Mike Nichols was very reasonable. He said, 'You two need to stop playing this with clenched heads.' Clenched heads—that was so right." Mr. Cronyn nodded his unclenched head and recalled another of Mr. Nichols' suggestions. "Before rehearsals began here, Nichols told me, 'I think you ought to be able to do some card tricks.' So they found some guy who is an expert, and we had a couple of sessions together. He started me on a couple of very simple moves—like dividing the deck into two piles, fanning each pile in one hand, and then bringing them back. I thought, Great—it's not bad enough that I've got to learn the lines, I've got to perform a little magic, too. Then there was the thing where, with the hands apart, you quickly feed the entire deck from one hand to the other, so it looks like an accordion. I can't imagine how that can be done without a trick deck—you know, one in which all the cards are actually attached. So I got a few of those decks and started playing with them, and I realized that by the time I learned to do the tricks the theatre season would be over. Finally, I showed Nichols what little I could do, and he said, 'Uh, I don't think you should do that after all.' "

There was one question left to ask: Do the Cronyns ever play cards together when they're not working?

"He just doesn't like to play cards," said Miss Tandy. "Occasionally, backstage, I play a bit with my dresser."

"You're forgetting something, Jessie—when we were courting, we used to play six-pack bezique," said Mr. Cronyn, casting his mind back thirty-five years or so.

"Oh, yes, we did," Miss Tandy recalled. "It's a complicated Chinese game, and it was especially complicated to play with you. You weren't very sporting."

"It's actually a *boring* game," said Mr. Cronyn.

"Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho." She began to laugh—the drawn-out, mildly sardonic laugh that Fonsia Dorsey utters when it occurs to her that Weller Martin is probably infinitely beatable at gin rummy.

SCRAM! YOU MADE THE PANTS TOO SHORT

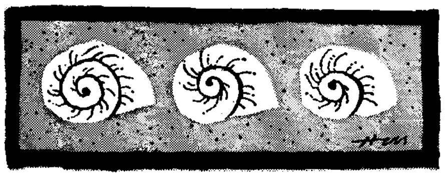
WHEN an Englishwoman named Victoria Glendinning—whom I somehow conceive of as a tall, radiant beauty clad in a Laura Ashley dress, and with that marvellous complexion they have over there, no matter how grasping the unions are—sat down a while ago to review a book of photographs called "Lady Ottoline's Album" for *The Times Literary Supplement*, she little dreamt that her first sentence would take the words *right out of my mouth*. Those words, already masticated to the consistency of Wheatena, read, "Bloomsbury has been over-exposed in the past few years, as the biographies, memoirs and collected letters have rolled off the presses." Man, was that ever British understatement. Nothing, but nothing, has been left unsaid about Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Lytton Strachey, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Duncan Grant, Henry Lamb, Dora Carrington, u.s.w. Every reader, chick or child, knew by now what fantasies had stoked their neuroses and tickled their libidos, what subterranean fires lay banked under their imperishable works, who had frolicked with whom in what daisy chains. It was high time, in short, that the gossips stopped beating their gums.

Nonetheless, Mrs. Glendinning saw in "Lady Ottoline's Album" a chance to wring a few more drops of elixir out of these talents and the hostess under whose roof they congregated, and she rolled up her sleeves. A good many of the male celebrities snapped by Lady Ottoline at Garsington, her country house, were apparently chosen as much for their dimples as for their brain power, and there is more than an imputation that she cavorted in the supercales with machos like Bertrand Russell and Augustus John. Mrs. Glendinning girlishly admits to being turned on by Siegfried Sassoon's "dark, nervy, attractive face," Lord David Cecil's "elegant profile," and as for T. S. Eliot, "a sweetness in his face for which one was not prepared." In contrast, she disparages André Gide's "sharp, narrowed eyes . . . long, rather cruel mouth" and shafts him with the icy comment "Besides, he was bald, and one bald intellectual looks much like another." Mrs. Glendinning is nobody to talk about cruelty in mouths, having taken the words out of mine, but such naked prejudice against naked pates verges dangerously on Fascism. Let one whose hair is thinning on top urge restraint, lest she start burning books instead of reviewing them.

As for the chatelaine of Garsington herself, the reviewer's tone alternates between the syrupy and the astringent. "Plain at sixteen, Lady Ottoline was magnificent at twenty," she says in one breath, only to sear her in the next with an allusion to "the jutting chin and what Augustus John called her 'bold baronial nose.'" (Still, this is kinder than if he had called it a bald baronial nose.) An insipid marine view of the noble lady later in life does excite her compassion, but she exculpates her: "There is another surprising picture of Lady Ottoline at the seaside, in a bathing suit, in much the same pose as she assumed in bed [in Venice], but vertical; if it is less alluring, it is probably the bathing suit's fault. Those woolly garments which gave no support to the bosom and terminated at the cruellest point, just above the knee, would have been too much even for Aphrodite." Cruelty in mouths, cruelty in bathing suits—what *is* this with Mrs. Glendinning? I started to get all shivery, like the first time I read the Marquis de Sade.

Truth to tell, not one jot or tittle of the foregoing could possibly be deemed momentous except for a throwaway line near the end of the review. Smack on the heels of a discontinuity about men's wide-brimmed hats, some alterations in W. B. Yeats' physique, and similar trivia comes the sudden pettish demand "And why did E. M. Forster wear his trousers three inches too short?" I fell back into my Barcalounger, utterly flummoxed. For whom were the trousers too short? The elegant company at Garsington? For Mrs. Glendinning? Or for E. M. Forster himself? The longer I thought about it, the more convinced I grew that here was an enigma that hungered for explication. The belletristic role of pants, after all, could not be minimized. It was through a member of this very Bloomsbury circle that they had achieved poetic significance: T. S. Eliot's "I grow old . . . I grow old . . . I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled." And, more recently, what about James Joyce's legal involvement with a pair of pants in Tom Stoppard's "Travesties"? Yes, by George, this was literary research tailor-made, you might say, for me, but it posed a dilemma. Where could I promote the funds to back me in such a work of scholarship?

The answer—a dismal one—was speedily forthcoming. Replying to my application, an official of the National Endowment for the Humanities wrote that he remembered me as the recipient of a Litt.D. he had conferred when president of Brown University. "As I recall, however, you still lack three points in the freshman trigonometry you flunked in 1921," he reminded me. "You ought to do something about that—people are talking. . . . *Re* your inquiry into Forster's pants, wd. say that chances for a handout don't seem hopeful. We have a Mt. Holyoke grad overseas sifting Thomas Hood's 'The Song of the Shirt' and a Yalie here digging into Senator Vest's 'Tribute to a Dog.' Consensus is your project wd. put too much emphasis on matters sartorial." The National Institute of Arts and Letters took a stronger line. "A fine one you are to beg for a subsidy," snarled the Award Committee for Literature in its letter. "Investigate your own pants, you schnorrer. Your pockets are full of the stamps you peel off from our prepaid envelopes. A trolley car should grow in your stomach." The situation, in a word, was bleak. There was no patroness like Joyce's Harriet Shaw Weaver to put the bite on, and whatever rich society woman I approached would, I knew, inevitably exact payment too horrid to contemplate. The prospect of fluttering like a tiny wounded bird in their boudoirs sickened me, so I chose the only other alternative. I put up my passbook as collateral with the Usurers & Defalcators National and bought myself an economy flight to London.



THE first order of business, clearly, was to determine what had become of Forster's wardrobe after his demise, and I hastened to King's college at Cambridge, where he had resided. Though most gracious, the warden was unable to aid me, but I did elicit that the writer's former servitor, one Fred Pauncefoot, was still extant and working at a fruiterer's in Petty Cury street. Thither I repaired and found him, a wrinkled oldster, polishing a tray of pippins. Over a pint of bitter at the corner pub, I conveyed the nature of my quest.

"Aye, his bags," Pauncefoot quavered. "Well, now, that's easier said than done. All his cronies and relations were in there at the finish, jabbering away and snatching up mementos. I remember Coleridge took the spoons and Cavafy stole a quilt—"

"Are you quite certain of that, sir? Coleridge died in 1834 and Cavafy left England almost a hundred years ago."

"Ach, who can remember their names, the spongers," he said fretfully. "Anyhow, there wasn't a drop of port left when they cleared off. The carpets and andirons—let me see—oh, yes, they went to Sledgehammer's, the furniture people."

"But his clothes, his suits," I said impatiently. "What happened to them? Did he leave them to anyone?"

Pauncefoot stared at me. "How could he? He was dead at the time."

"No, no, *before*." I signalled for another pint of bitter to jog his memory. "Try to think—when was the last time you saw them?"

"Why, when Goldberg put them in the van. . . . Goldberg. You mean to say you don't know Goldberg?"

His incredulity that I didn't stunned him, or maybe it was the bitter, but I finally wormed out the information that the aforesaid's gentlemen's resale shop had acquired the clothing.

Half an hour later, thanks to my powers of persuasion, Goldberg and I were seated in a café next to his store. Actually, my powers of persuasion had little to do with it. Business, he confided to me, was rotten.

"Sure I remember what I bought from the estate," he said, sipping his glass of lemon tea. "Two sports coats, a herringbone and a pin-check, and three pairs of slacks. The rest they gave to charity. The coats and two pants I sold to a student from Nigeria."

"Did you get his address?"

"In Nigeria? Why should I get his address in Nigeria? He paid cash."

"O.K., then what about the third pair of slacks? You wouldn't still have them, by any chance?"

"What do you think I have there—a museum? No, those a lady took. A couple in an Aston Martin—tourists."

"You mean a woman bought the garment for herself?"

"Of course. We sell girls, old ladies, everybody. She tried them on and they were too short, but she said she would make alterations."

JOSEPH FARRIS

"Who is it? It's Midge Costanza. Who'd you think it was?"

• •

I reacted as if to a blow in the solar plexus. Could the purchaser have been a certain reviewer for *The Times Literary Supplement*—a tall, radiant beauty in a Laura Ashley dress? "Look, Mr. Goldberg, this is important. I'm a detective—a private eye—and this may be a vital clue. What did she look like?"

"Who knows?" He shrugged. "A young woman, pale, in a Victorian schmotta. With long hair and those aviator glasses they all wear."

Victoria—that was Glendinning's Christian name. I was on the right track. "Was she tall, would you say? With that marvellous English skin?"

"Tall, yes. The skin—I didn't notice where it came from. The man with her, the driver of the Aston Martin, had a red beard."

I nodded. "I know—the kind that conceals a weak chin. Did you have the feeling they were from London? I don't suppose you copied down their license number?"

"Listen, my friend," he said with dignity. "That only happens in 'Kojak,' on the telly. I'm conducting here a gents' resale business."

"To be sure, Mr. Goldberg," I soothed him. "I wasn't implying you were snoopy. Er—one more thing. Did the jackets contain a label of any kind—some bespoke tailor's in Savile Row—whereby they could be traced?"

"No, strictly off-the-peg merchandise—Austin Reed, or one of those other chains." He tapped his forehead. "A brilliant head, Mr. Forster, but a Beau Brummell he was not."

Checkmate. I had reached a dead end, and, what was worse, had plainly aroused the dealer's suspicion. For all I knew, he might tattle to the police and create untold embarrassment, so I decided to transfer my search to London. Someone at Forster's publisher's there, Edward Arnold, was bound to recall details of his attire. In any case, they would certainly welcome an effort to restore lustre to his image. The very next morning, over elevenses outside a snack shop in South Kensington's Bute Street, I hit on a better scheme: the agony column of the London *Times*. Unfolding a serviette, I began constructing an advert for the purchaser of the third set of slacks. "Information Wanted. Will tall, smashing bird owning trousers acquired Cambridge circa 1970 please contact . . ." No, that

JUST ONE CINEMA
NOW PLAYING
MONSTRO
Levin

was too static. I must galvanize readers, excite public attention. "Missing—E. M. Forster's Pants!" I trumpeted. "American collector, scholar, Litt.D., urgently requires whereabouts—"

The screech of automobile tires braking to a halt petrified me, and I spun around. A scant twenty yards away, in the Old Brompton Road, a silvery Aston Martin piloted by a girl in aviator goggles had paused at a light. So striking was her resemblance to the person I had imagined that I shot out of my chair and raced toward the intersection. Just as I neared it, the traffic surged onward, but, blessedly, a cab headed in the same direction materialized, and, shouting "Follow that car!," I leaped inside. Away we whizzed, past the V. & A. and the Brompton Oratory, into the turbulence of Knightsbridge, through the underpass at Hyde Park Corner, and along Piccadilly, alternately sighting and losing the fair scorcher. When her vehicle swept north from Leicester Square up the Charing Cross Road, I was ready to abandon the chase, but by then my jehu had concluded I was a member of the Special Branch and held to the trail like a bulldog. Careering wildly around St. Pancras Station, we hurtled through Camden Town and within minutes were ascending the hilltop maze of streets in N.W. 5. Finally, in the upper reaches of the Dartmouth Park Road, the Aston Martin pulled up at a semi-detached villa, rich in curlicues, of the type immortalized by Osbert Lancaster. From a discreet vantage point, I saw with exultation that my quarry, clad in trousers and roll-neck sweater, was seemingly unaware of our presence. The moment she was indoors, I paid off my cabby and rang the bell.

A bulky, fortyish party whose red beard obviously concealed a weak chin answered the door.

"Look here, do forgive this unwarranted intrusion, but I'd appreciate a word with the young lady who just came in here. It's a matter of the highest importance, I assure you."

"Oh?" He was definitely a hollow man; I knew who wore the pants in this household. "May I ask who you are?"

"Professor Gideon Titmarsh, of Rexall College, in Ohio."

He hesitated, motioned me in. "She's changing, but she'll be down in a minute."

I followed him into a tiny, disordered living room.

"Join me in a sherry?"

I declined, and while he busied himself with his drink studied my plan of action. Useless to employ subterfuge or duplicity; I would be open, forthright, gusty, a contrast to this shuttered room.

After a few moments, footsteps sounded on the stair and the lady appeared. She was a lulu, a peachamaroot, and if her figure was less opulent than the Jersey Lily's, my standards were less rigorous than the late monarch's. And whoever had designed the dress, Laura Ashley or Pablo Picasso, sure knew how to make women look willowy.

I arose and sprang to the attack at once. "Pray, let us dispense with formalities, Madam. The trousers you had on a moment ago—are you aware they belonged to E. M. Forster?"

"Indeed." Not a trace of emotion ruffled her perfect composure. "I was under the impression they had no previous history."

"Didn't Goldberg tell you?"

"Alas, Goldberg tells me nothing."

"He never intimated that they were used by the author of 'Howards End,' 'A Passage to India,' 'Two Cheers for Democracy,' and 'Aspects of the Novel'?"

"Not even by word or gesture."

"Yet knowing you were in a gentlemen's resale shop, a stone's throw from where he had composed those works, the idea never occurred to you?"

"I suppose I was a blind little fool."

"Excuse me," I said coldly. "I did

not come here to discuss your deficiencies. Perhaps it would save time if you handed over the pants."

"For what purpose?"

"So I can measure them. I quite realize they were altered, but the old stitch marks should reveal their original length."

"And if I were to refuse?"

"I should be compelled to demand of the authorities that you submit forcibly."

"Just one moment, please." She drew herself up. "Do you imply that I'm harboring or otherwise withholding someone else's property?"

"You and Victoria Glendinning," I said aggrievedly. "You put words in my mouth and she takes them out. All I meant was, if you haven't got the pants, where are they?"

Her answer was as upsetting as it was unexpected. She turned to her red-bearded companion. "He's the one, all right, Vivyan. I'd recognize his voice anywhere."

"Well done, Gillian." He stepped forward, his fists doubled menacingly. "So you're the blackguard who's been making obscene phone calls to my wife and pursuing her in cabs."

"Hold on, my dear sir—"

"And now you have the impudence to storm in here and accuse her of being a transvestite. I ought to thrash you within an inch of your life. What do you have to say for yourself before I hand you over to the police?"

Well, dog my cats, I don't mind telling you I was pretty frightened, but I said it as best I could—told them the whole story—and you know what happened? By the time I finished, they were nodding sympathetically and circulating the sherry. And all of a sudden the most extraordinary coincidence emerged. It turned out that Vivyan's uncle, who'd been a don at Cambridge in Forster's time, was at White's Club at that very moment. They rang him up, roused him out of his drunken stupor, and we all met for lunch at the Connaught. And he told us that once, during the May Bumps, he had borrowed a pair of trousers from Forster, since the two men were the same size, and they fitted him perfectly, breaking just over the shoes—which, I hope, forever disposes of that balderdash about their being three inches too short. So then, to round things off, we signed Victoria Glendinning's name to the luncheon check, in care of *The Times Literary Supplement*. Perhaps that will teach her to keep mum on matters she knows nothing about.

—S. J. PERELMAN

NOTES FROM GREECE

(The Reliquary of Mt. Athos)

Today was Pentecost:

Bells began, the courtyard cool as alcohol
a full moon bathing it The wooden bells
rang hollow up and down a complex scale
like bones repetitive and echoing
The monks came
Church was dark Just visible,
one raised his arms hand over hand, an iron
wheel chandelier clanked down a chain, a firewick
on a long pole lit the quarter-candles, raised
again and suddenly the goldwork tracery
and halos in the painted dome glowed
sea-fire round the room
Robed monks appeared
in wooden thrones
The censer sparked, they prayed
The candled icon of a horseman flashed gold,
a hero and a dark form prone lance-pierced

Was this Byzantium? A holy monk
in hightop sneakers carved the cruciform
treads off your Vibram bootsoles with a gelding
knife at Lavra to appease his mongrel
sense of sacrilege you guessed A creased
old monk with bread in his beard and gold
mouth gripped my hand the dark shaft-lit sacristy
someplace, showed an icon brought from St. Sophia
long ago, he showed a chest of human bones
like precious driftwood, arms with silver wristlets,
silver casings
That monk grabbed me by the femur,
an astonishing and fervent pounce
arthritic silvery pigeon-banding perch,
as though I were a relic of the church.

Chryselephantine dragon-hoard, old lucre
of the saints Think what a din those well-saved
bones might make, old clatterings sack-stored
five centuries: the sound of Mahomet the Conqueror
on horseback on the altar-dais of St. Sophia,
mosaic tiles scraped down like fishscales, Lords
of the Morea doomed
This reliquary
of Mt. Athos like a last bone-fingered
reach of its Imperium, an angry reach
and yet imperfectly corrupt:
Lost high on the wooded mountain I drank
raki with a hermit monk while dawn crept
over limestone cliffs, he'd lived there fifty
years, he looked enough like God to satisfy me

—RICHARD KENNEY

THE CRISIS

ON the dedication page of the rebellion, we see the words "To Clementine." A fine sentiment, miscellaneous organ music next, and, turning several pages, massed orange flags at the head of the column. This will not be easy, but neither will it be hard. Good will is everywhere, and the lighthearted song of the gondoliers is heard in the distance.

—Yes, success is everything. Morally important as well as useful in a practical way.

—What have the rebels captured thus far? One zoo, not our best zoo, and a cemetery. The rebels have entered the cages of the tamer animals and are playing with them, gently.

—Things can get better, and in my opinion will.

—Their Graves Registration procedures are scrupulous—accurate and fair.

—There's more to it than playing guitars and clapping along. Although that frequently gets people in the mood.

—Their methods are direct, not subtle. Dissolution, leaching, sandblasting, cracking and melting of fireproof doors, condemnation, water damage, slide presentations, clamps and buckles.

—And skepticism, although absolutely necessary, leads to not very much.

—The rebels have eaten all the grass on the spacious lawns surrounding the President's heart. That vast organ, the President's heart, beats now on a bald plain.

—It depends on what you want to do. Sometimes people don't know. I mean, don't know even that.

—Clementine is thought to be one of the great rebel leaders of the half-century. Her hat has four cockades.

—I loved her for a while. Then, it stopped.

—Rebel T-shirts, camouflaged as ordinary T-shirts by an intense whiteness no eye can pierce, are worn everywhere.

—I don't know why it stopped, it just stopped. That's happened several times. Is something wrong with me?

—Closely supervised voting in the other cantons produced results clearly favorable to neither faction, but rather a sort of generalized approbation which could be appropriated by anyone who had need of it.

—A greater concentration on one person than you normally find. Then, zip.

—Three or four photographs of the rebel generals, tinted glasses, blond locks blowing in the wind, have been released to the world press, in billboard size.

—Whenever I go there, on the Metroliner, I begin quietly thinking about how to help: better planning, more careful management, a more equal distribution of income, education. Or something new.

—There have been mistakes. No attempt was made to seize Broadcasting House—a fundamental error. The Household Cavalry was not subverted, discontented junior officers of the regular forces were not sought out and offered promotions, or money. . . .

—Yes, an afternoon on the links! I'd never been out there before—so green and full of holes and flags. I'm afraid we got in the way, people were shouting at us to get out of the way. We had thought they'd let us just stand there and look or walk around and look, but apparently that's not done. So we went to the pro shop and rented some clubs and bags, and put the bags on our shoulders, and that got us by for a while. We walked around with our clubs and bags, enjoying the cool green and the bright, attractive sportswear of the other participants. That helped some, but we were still under some mysterious system of rules we didn't understand, always in the wrong place at the wrong time, it seemed, yelled at and bumping into people. So finally we said to hell with it and left the links; we didn't want to spoil anybody's fun, so we took the bus back to town, first returning the clubs and bags to the pro shop. Next, we will try the jai-alai courts and soccer fields, of which we have heard the most encouraging things.

—Blocking forces were not provided to isolate the Residence. Diversions were not created to draw off key units. The airports were not invested nor were the security services neutralized. Important civilians were not cultivated and won over, and propaganda was neglected. Photographs of the rebel leaders were distributed but these "leaders" were actors, selected for their immense foreheads and chins and blond, flowing locks.

—Yes, they pulled some pretty cute tricks. I had to laugh, sometimes, wondering: What has this to do with you and me? Our frontiers are the marble lobbies of these buildings. True, mortar pits ring the elevator banks but these must be seen as friendly, helpful gestures toward certification of the crisis.

—The present goal of the individual in group enterprises is to avoid dominance; leadership is felt to be a character disorder. Clementine has not heard this news, and thus invariably falls forward, into the thickets of closure.

—Well, maybe so. When I knew her she was just an ordinary woman—wonderful, of course, but not transfigured.

—The black population has steered clear of taking sides, sits home and plays, over and over, the sexy part of "Tristan and Isolde."

—We feel only twenty-five per cent of what we ought to feel, according to recent findings. I know that "ought" is a loaded word, in this context.

—Are the great bells of the cathedrals an impoverishment of the folk (on one level) or an enrichment of the folk (on another level), and how are these values to be weighted, how reconciled?

—They won't do anything for the poor people, no matter who gets in, and that's a fact. I wonder if they can.

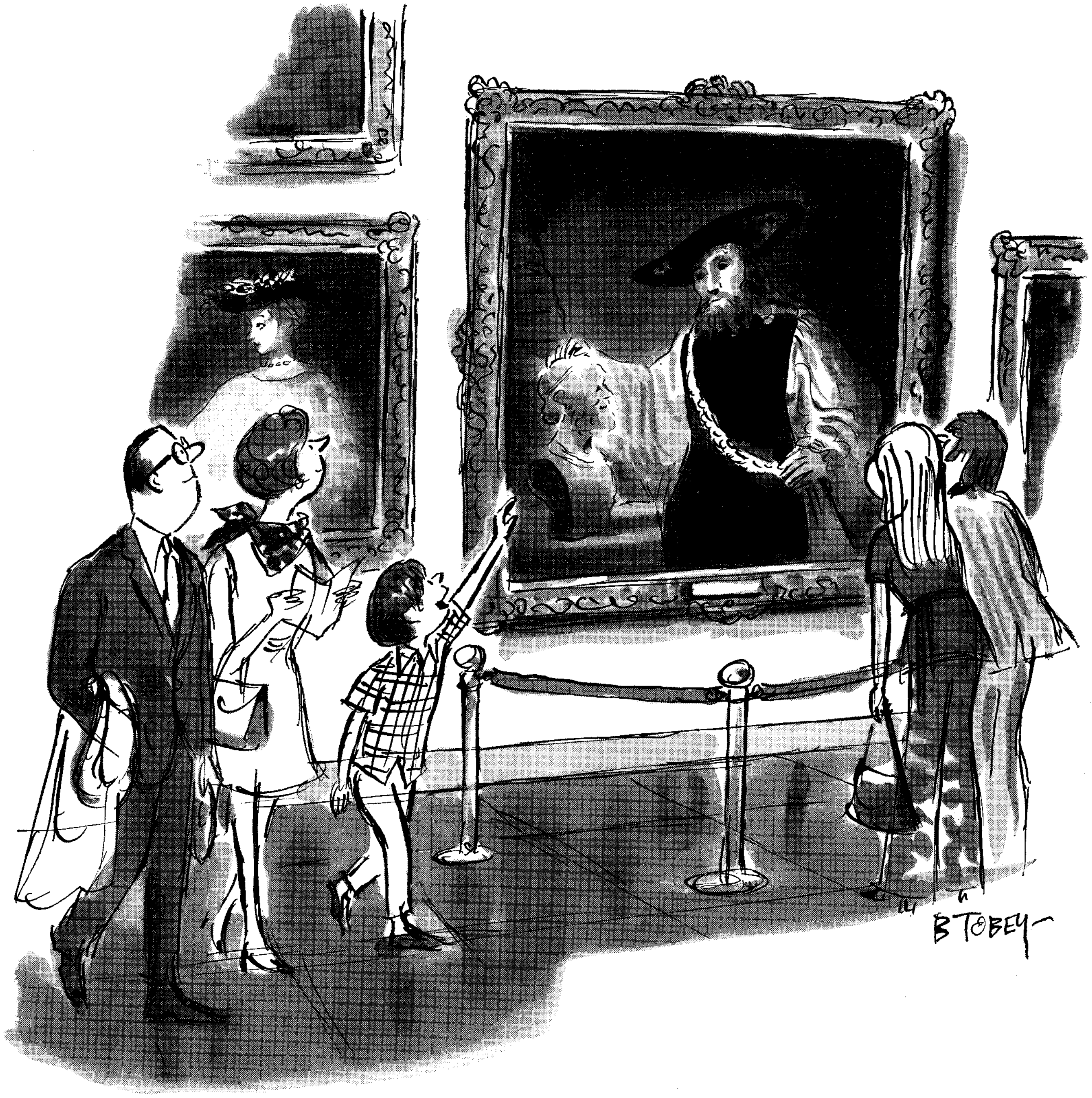
—The raid on the okra fields was not a success; the rebel answering service just whistles.

—There's such a thing as a flash point. But sometimes you can't find it, even when you know how.

—Our pride in having a rebellion of our own, even a faint, rather ill-organized one, has turned us once again toward the kinds of questions that deserve serious attention.

—Is something wrong with me? I'm not complaining, just asking. We all have our work, it's the small scale that disturbs. Maybe twenty-five per cent is high. They say he's one of the best, but most people don't need his specialty very often. Of course, I admit that when they need it they need it. Cattle too dream of death, and are afraid of it. I don't mean that as an excuse. I did love her for a while; I remember. His strategy is to be cheerful without being optimistic; I'll go along with that. Maybe we ought to have another election. The police are never happier than on Election Day, when their relation to the citizens assumes a calm, even jokey tone. They are allowed to take off their hats. Fetching coffee in paper cups for the poll watchers, or being fetched coffee by them, they stand chest out not too close to the voting machines in fresh-pressed uniforms, spit-polished boots. Bold sergeants arrive and depart in patrol cars, or dash about making arrangements, and only the plainclothesmen are lonely.

—As a magician works with the unique compressibility of doves, finding some, losing others in the same silk



"*Hey, look! That jigsaw puzzle you gave me last Christmas!*"

• •

foulard, so the rebels fold scratchy, relaxed meanings into their smallest actions.

—I don't quarrel with their right to do it. It's the means I'm worried about.

—Self-criticism sessions were held, but these produced more criticism than could usefully be absorbed or accommodated.

—I decided that something is not wrong with me.

—The rebels have failed to make promises. Promises are, perhaps, the nut of the matter. Had they promised everyone free groceries, for example, or one night of love, then their efforts might have—

—Yes, success is everything. Failure is more common. Most achieve a sort of middling thing, but fortunately one's situation is always blurred, you never know absolutely quite where you are. This allows, if not peace of mind, ongoing attention to other aspects of existence.

—But even a poor rebellion has its glorious moments. Let me list some of them. When the flag fell over, and Clem picked it up. When the high priest smeared himself all over with hare's fat and was attacked by red dogs, and Clem scared them off with her bomb. When it was discovered that all of the drumsticks had been left back at the base, and Clem fashioned new ones from ordinary dowels, bought at the hardware store. When gluttons made the line break and waver, and Clem stopped it by stamping her foot, again and again and again.

—When she gets back from the hills, I intend to call her up. It's worth a try.

—Distant fingers from the rebel forces are raised in fond salute.

—The rebel brigades are reading Leskov's "Why Are Books Expensive in Kiev?"

—Three rebellions ago, the air was fresher. The soft pasting noises of the rebel billposters remind us of Oklahoma, where everything is still the same. —DONALD BARTHELME

OSAGE ORANGE

THE lecture had decidedly not gone well. It was about form, but the lecture itself had no form. And it seemed to him now, in his room at the faculty club, that his present life was formless, too. It didn't coalesce around any point. It had no nucleus, no core. It seemed ready to fall apart. And he wanted it to cohere, to cohere the way an Osage orange cohered—so tight you could hardly nick it with your fingernail. He had once picked one from a tree along the edge of a road in Indiana, and what a beauty it was. Nothing was more compact. The urge to cohere was in him—which was something—but he had nothing to cling to.

"What about your family?" he asked himself. He was married. He had three children, a house on the coast of New England. He had been away three weeks and was to be away four more, teaching, giving lectures. They felt so loose, his family ties. To test them, he picked up the telephone. Its wire seemed something that might reconnect him. He dialled his home number collect. Michael, his little boy, ten, answered. "Hi, Dad," he said, after accepting the call. "Is there any snow there?"

"Yes, about a foot."

"Here it's almost all melted."

He remembered phoning home long distance a year or two ago, and Michael had shouted so the whole house would hear him, "It's Daddy, it's Daddy. Hey, Daddy's on the phone," a response that alone was worth the call. Today conversation was a little difficult. Perhaps he wanted to return to his TV program. "Get me Mama, will you?" he said to Michael.

"Mama, Daddy's on the phone," he heard him say, and soon his wife was on the line.

"Hello."

"Ha, hello, how are you?" he asked warmly.

"I'm all right, how are you?" she replied.

How matter-of-fact her voice was, he couldn't help thinking—as if he were calling from a mile away. He was a thousand miles away, and he hadn't called in at least a week.

"Well, how are things?"

"They are all right. How are the lectures?"

"Oh, so-so. Any mail?"

"No."

"I never got those three letters you said you mailed me. Are you sure you sent them?"

"Yes, of course I'm sure. I sent them with a book. You must have thrown them away with the wrapping. Of course I sent them. Don't blame me."

Even on the telephone, he thought. He had hoped it might serve to bring him nearer, but he felt still farther away, and he wished he hadn't called. The telephone itself irked him. He looked at its little cord distrustfully. It wasn't his sort of instrument—the intermittent, interrupting ring, and the way one tended to avoid, lest they be taken for a poor connection, the silent pauses that he liked so much and were perhaps the best part of conversation. It was worse than talking in the dark, because the dark at least allowed for touch, whereas the telephone didn't let you either see or touch the other party and made him feel bereft of two of his senses.

Then she said, "I didn't know you *bought* the painting."

"Yes," he said. She was talking about a small, inexpensive painting that he had brought home just before leaving. He had bought it from a woman, a painter he knew, because he liked it but also because he liked her. In fact, after meeting her a few times, he felt committed to buy it. He had wanted to pay for it in cash, so his wife wouldn't see the cancelled check, and he had gone to her studio with a hundred-dollar bill. But she wanted a check, which, with some misgiving, he wrote out for her. To his wife, he said that the painting had been given to him.

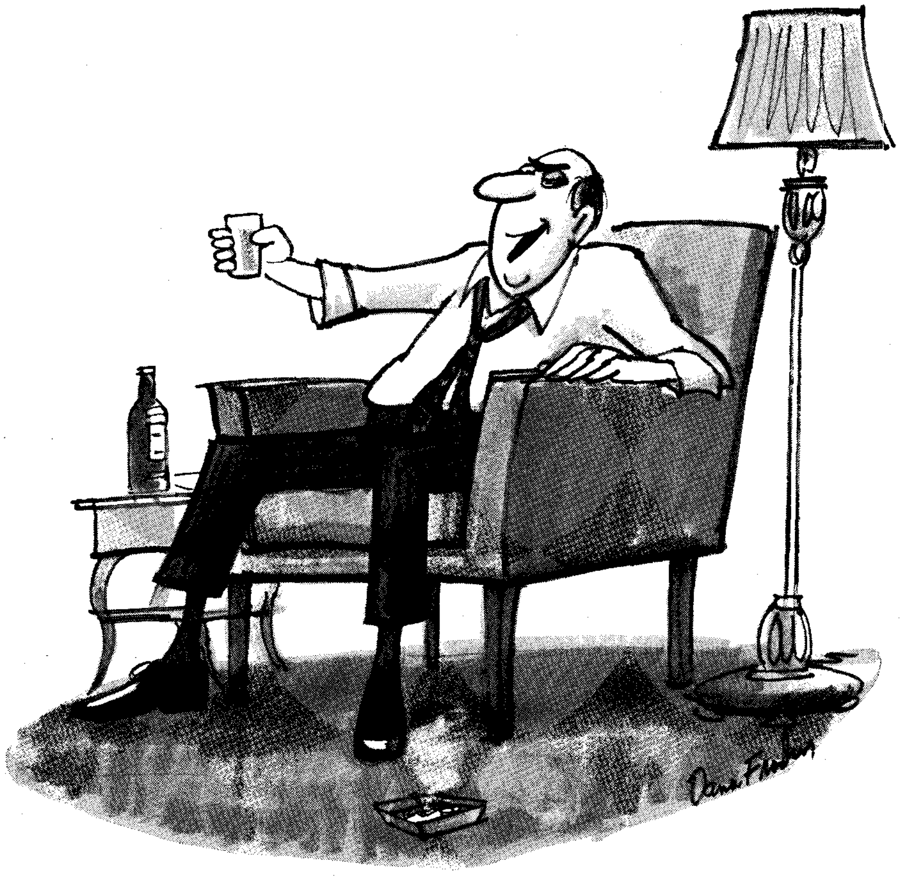
"Lies have short legs," they say in Italy, and his was soon uncovered—not through the check, however. "She came here to pick it up," his wife told him. " 'The painting your husband bought' was how she described it. She's going to take a picture of it for a slide. Couldn't you have chosen a different one? All those grays. I don't like it," she added. She had liked it well enough, though, when he had brought it home.

To see color in gray—that was being a painter, he thought. "I liked it," he said.

"Oh," she said, and dropped the matter. But it reminded him of a similar conversation he had gone through before, in which another painting and another woman were involved. And the repetitiousness of life, the feeling that nothing really new happened to him anymore, vexed him.

Then his wife said, "Bill is coming to dinner tomorrow night."

Her letting him know that she also had a friend, was, he knew, an indirect answer to his purchase. But he was



"To paperback rights, movie rights, TV rights, and human rights."

glad to hear it. If only she had an affair, then he might feel less guilty, but she wasn't likely to, nor was Bill.

"Oh," he said to make her feel happy, and there the conversation ended. He felt spent.

FOR dinner that night he went to a restaurant that catered mainly to students, on a busy street near the faculty club. The waitresses were what drew him there—a German girl, in particular, who had come to America to improve her English and was due to go back home in a few months. Sometimes, before going in, he would look for her through the restaurant's large picture window, but, often, even if he didn't see her he would enter, thinking she might be in the kitchen, temporarily out of sight. He who was supposed to be thinking about Form. Yet she was form personified, so agile as she moved between the tables, always walking at a cheerful pace, as if to a tune, and smiling with such genuine pleasure when she saw him.

"This is a nice place," he had said the first time he went there. "There's life here. Not like the coffee shop across the street."

"Yes, but the owner is no good," she said.

"Why?"

"He shouts; he yells at me. He doesn't like me."

"Maybe he likes you too much."

"Oh, no," she said after a moment in which she didn't seem to have understood, and laughed and hurried away.

Sometimes she lingered at his table, leaning against a chair.

"I wish you could sit down," he said one night.

"I wish I could, too," she said, and ran, adding something about the owner "catching" her.

He didn't even know her name. He tried to avoid what he considered passport questions, and he wouldn't have known that she was German if he hadn't overheard her talking to a man at the next table; her accent was almost nonexistent. No, his conversation was made up mainly of compliments, all of which were quite sincere. Each time she came to his table, he had a new one for her: "Your presence comes to me as a blessing;" or, since she told him she had studied art history in Berlin, in praise of the pleated blouse she wore, "That's the kind of blouse that Botticelli dressed his angels in;" or, "I wish I could wait on you and not the other way around;" or, "When you left, it was as if the moon had set."

"He came back from Colorado all quilted."

He felt self-conscious—self-conscious, and ridiculous sometimes—usually the oldest man in the place, his hair graying, talking like that to this young woman. As if he had a chance. But even if he had been younger, nothing would have come of it, he thought, and an incident from the past came to his mind. At Babbington's tearoom, in Rome, when he was in his mid-twenties, how many times he had gone in, just to talk to the waitress who worked there. She was Danish, he remembered, a dreamy Ophelia, and there had been little more than an exchange of glances. Less even than now. And yet how easily some succeeded. The last time he had been to this restaurant, for instance, a student had stood with the German girl in the passage just a few feet from his table, and they had whispered to each other, their lips so close they seemed almost to touch.

Tonight, on his way to the restaurant again, he was thinking of a colleague who had made a face when he had mentioned that he ate there. "That's awful," someone else had said. But to him it was the best in town, and he would much rather go there than be invited to the most sumptuous dinner. In fact, when he was invited and he accepted, as he usually did, he swore to himself and wished he had the ability or quickness to make up a plausible excuse. Unfortunately, when he arrived at the restaurant she wasn't there. Another girl came with a menu, one with whom he had also spoken before, a girl who had a very graceful way about her, though she was quite different from the other. She didn't walk at a cheerful pace but at a quiet, slow one, and when she stood her head leaned gently sideways, like a Sienese madonna or a long-stemmed flower weary of the sun's heat. With one arm akimbo and her legs crossed so only one foot rested squarely on the floor, she stood and talked with him. She was very articulate, had studied six languages, and had a degree in botany, yet she could find no better job than this.

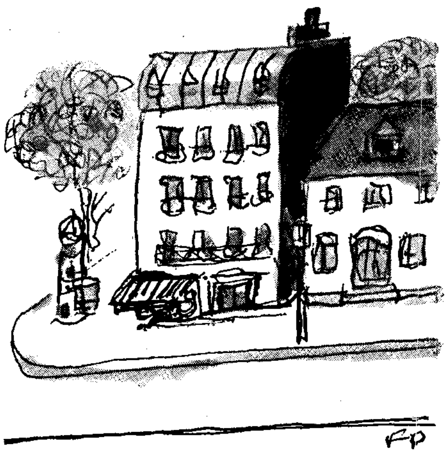
He spotted two of his students at nearby tables and remembered their essays. They wrote admirably. He often read in the newspapers that young people now couldn't write a sentence. He didn't agree. He felt lucky to be sipping one cup of coffee after another in such gracious company. For a moment, he felt part of it, but soon he was out again, wandering about the town, seeing solitude, his faithful companion, in his own shadow under the street lights, before returning to his room or to his office at the university.

In the office opposite his, on certain weekday mornings, there was a young woman with a melodious voice and laugh. She usually kept her door open, and he kept his open—to hear her. It was so different, her laugh, from the cackle of some people he knew, or the repressed nasal outburst, or the nervous giggle, or guffaw. No, her laugh was joy, pure, glowing. Her speaking voice, too, had an unusual richness. At his desk, he listened or waited to listen. "Most musical of women, speak again," he urged. She also reminded him of someone he had known, and loved, long ago. She laughed like that, the girl of long ago, and to hear her laugh he had taken her out, only to find that she laughed less and less when she was with him. Had he, by pointing out the beauty of her laugh, made her self-conscious, or had he just bored her? This one, too, he had taken out to supper, and she also laughed in his company less well, with less abandon, not with the pure note of joy that he had overheard.

Must he, then, be content with brief glances, with voices overheard? He recalled a passage in a novel: "I've never had anything approaching a successful love affair." It had made him smile, it was so candid. It also seemed to him that the narrator was a little proud of what she said. Sometimes he felt the same way. Successful affairs weren't for him. A middle-aged man having a successful love affair! How ridiculous. When he was young, he might have had one, but he had missed his chance, and now he was trying to make up for his lost youth and flirted with girls half, or almost half, his age. Perhaps when he got to be an old man he might find someone his own age; perhaps then he might even fall in love with his wife again, and she with him, and they might become one of those sweet old couples who die within days of each other, one out of grief for the other's passing. But not now! He was in the middle of the journey, and tired because he had come so far and had still such a long way to go.

"I've never had anything approaching a successful love affair," said the intelligent woman in the novel, and the sentence made him smile again. Perhaps it was simply that one expected too much of the other person's, and one's own, body. The body had its wisdom and didn't want to be dictated to. Yet how one tried to dictate to it. Not just one's self but magazines, books, doctors, psychologists all tried, and the mess they made! It was better not to insist, to dwell on brief bright moments, he thought, and, even as he thought this, desire overrode him, and he gave himself up to the most passionate thoughts of the German girl, and the other girl, and the other. No, passion could not be dismissed so lightly. It was the one thing that might pull his life together, the one thing around which it might cohere. And he surveyed his life, not for what would never be but for what was and might be again. One night emerged.

It had been no affair. It had been merely a night—not even a whole night—three or four months ago, in October or November, a week after sitting next to her at a poetry reading near his town. She was slender, with a clear expressive face framed by jet black hair cut straight above her neck. At the reading, the poems stirred her, visibly. She moved her head, her torso, and a few times she smiled or laughed or sighed. She looked young, but later someone who knew her told him—though he hadn't asked (how he hated such gratuitous information)—that she was several years older than he was. Anyway, as he sat there next to her, he experienced the strangest feeling of being linked to her; though they didn't touch, he felt as though currents were passing between them, trying to bind them. So intense was the sensation it prevented words. He searched for them in vain. It wasn't shyness—shyness was only the symptom of something deeper. He didn't speak to her that evening, but a party followed the next reading, a week later, and he went and somehow, by chance, not by design, he found himself sitting next to her on a sofa. He told her about the experience of the week before. She told him she had had the same feeling. It was impossible now not to hold her hand. At a certain point, she said, or warned him, that she was very passionate. It seemed like an invitation. He asked if she would like to go for a walk with him. They left the party. She told him it was her last night in town and that she had been renting an apartment all summer but had given it up and was staying at a friend's house.



"We could go for a drive," he said.

"No," she said. Her friend was a nurse on duty at the hospital that night, she explained, and in the apartment there was only the friend's child, asleep.

At the apartment, she offered him a drink, which he declined. She went into the bedroom and returned in a nightgown. A record played soft music. Magically she swayed in the half-darkness of the living room. Magically she came toward him. Later, in the extreme moment of passion, she gave a cry that seemed to him to fill not just the room and house but the whole town, and to go out like a wave against the waves of the sea that bathed the town, and to the sky.

It echoed, that cry of joy, through the months that passed; it seemed to reach into eternity, even as it had reached into the universe. It would not die. It was a cry, he thought, "such as made the world in the beginning," primeval, belonging to no time and to all time. He had seen her again, very briefly, for a few minutes in New York. She was going away for the winter, south, to the Caribbean, to work in a hotel shop, but in the spring she would be back. "And we could go to Italy together," she said. "Seriously, we could. Think about it."

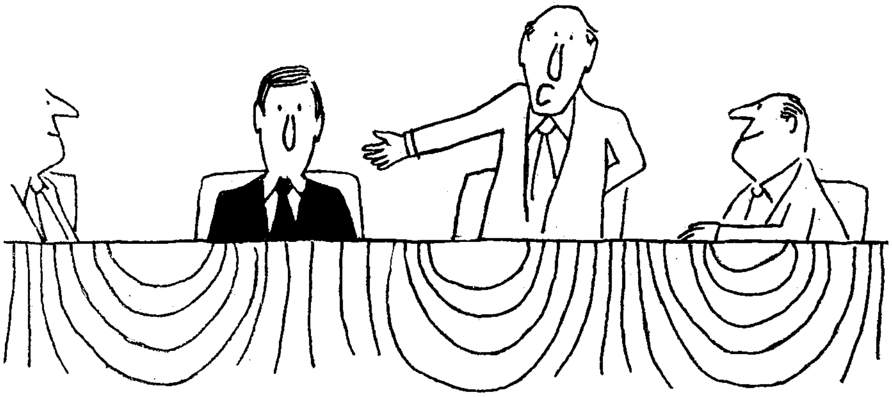
He thought about it. Sometimes he thought about it. But it wasn't like thinking of that cry. No, rather, thinking of going with her brought up all sorts of problems, worries that would stay with him throughout the journey, if they ever undertook it. And—apart from the problems and worries, were he able to brush them aside for a moment—could he ever be as happy with her as he had been that night? Could that experience ever be renewed in all its wonder? Or did it depend on newness, on their being almost strangers, on its having been her last night in town—on conditions or circumstances that could not be repeated? Perhaps not. Perhaps he could be happy with her. "Go with her, then," he told himself. "Go on! Why don't you?"

HE remembered posing himself a similar question when he was in his early twenties, soon after the war. He was sitting on the garden wall of his home in Italy, and a woman was sitting next to him—an American correspondent for a news magazine. She had come by jeep with a friend, a man a good deal older, a professor, a clever fellow whom his family had known for years. The man had left them alone in the garden. She and the man no doubt were, or had been, lovers, but now she seemed to prefer him. She was very pretty, he recalled, with bright dark eyes and an oval face, and bangs. Her hair blew in the wind. Her skirt, too. And she looked at him with a wistful eye. At one point, she said, "Why don't you come with me to Florence?" Just like that. Yes, she was all set to leave the other man, leave him cold, without a word, and take off with him. And why hadn't he gone? Why hadn't he? What kept him?

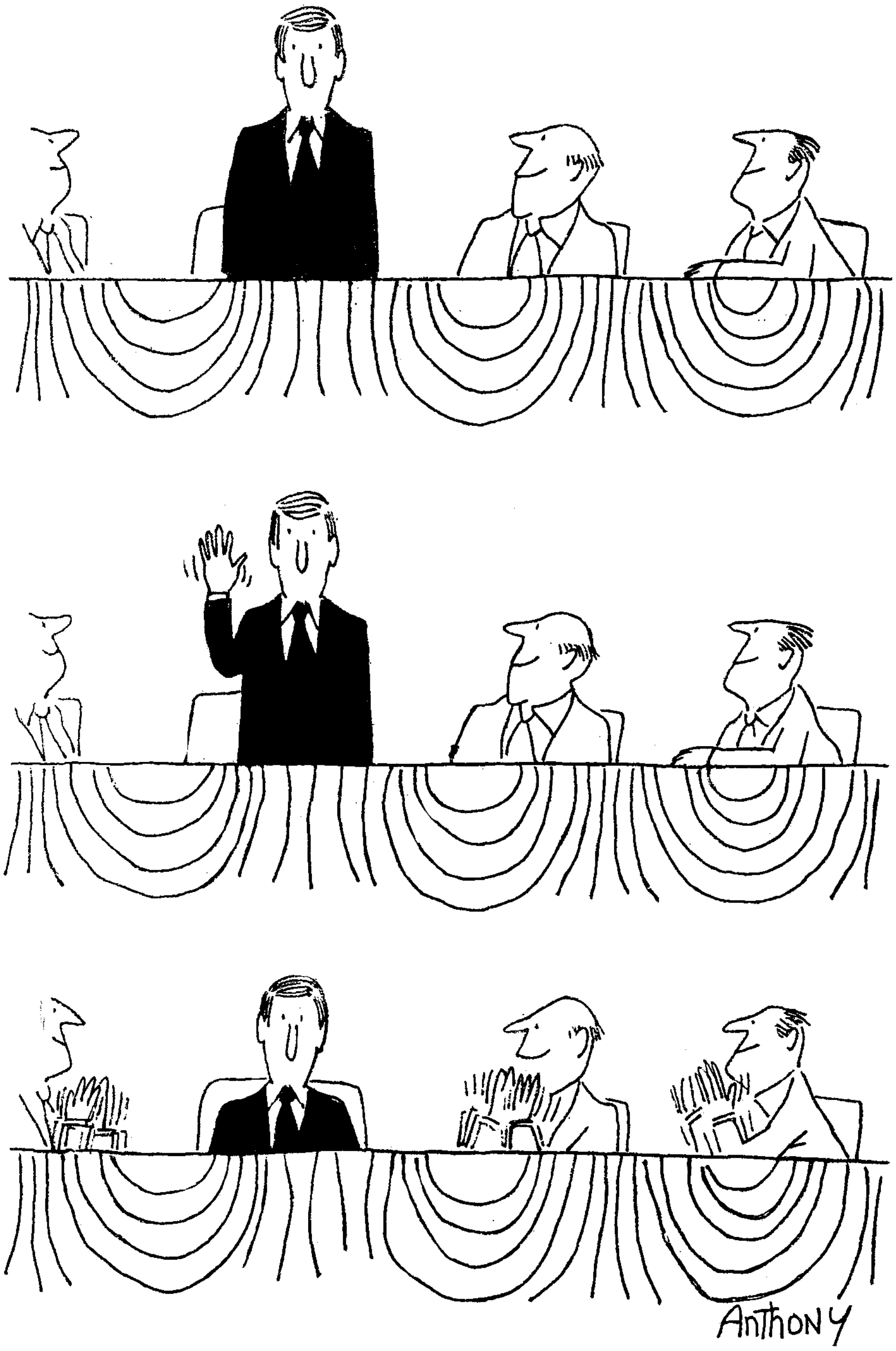
And what throughout his school years had kept him going to classes every day, to the odious lessons, the gym periods, the military drill? Why had he attended them all so dutifully? Why hadn't he followed his heart, his inclination, instead of doing what was expected of him? It seemed to him now that that was all he had ever done. Only once, in those days, did he remember doing what his heart told him: it was snowing, and he just forgot to go to school. The snow, the rarity of a snowfall in his town, the wonder of it, had made him literally forget that there was school, and he had gone into the park instead, and played, and only become aware that he was missing school when it had become too late to go.

Tomorrow he had another lecture. He felt as if he were a student all over again. That he was giving the lectures instead of hearing them didn't really matter. The strain was greater, if anything, and the students sometimes seemed to him like professors, whom he had to please, stern judges sitting there without a word. In the end, they would write a report about him: Course or Teacher Evaluation, they called it. A few students had dropped the course, dropped him, already given their judgment. He wondered what they all said to each other, what they wrote home, about him. "Good"? "No good"? What did they say? Some looked at him with a kindly eye, tenderly. But even they probably sensed the strain, sensed his difficulties. And he wished he could cut loose, give up, go away. But he couldn't, any more than when he was a student. To truly change, one had to fall into a state of oblivion. He had managed it once, during a snowfall. But here it snowed again and again, throughout the winter, sometimes even in the fall and in the spring. He had got used to snow.

—Arturo Vivante



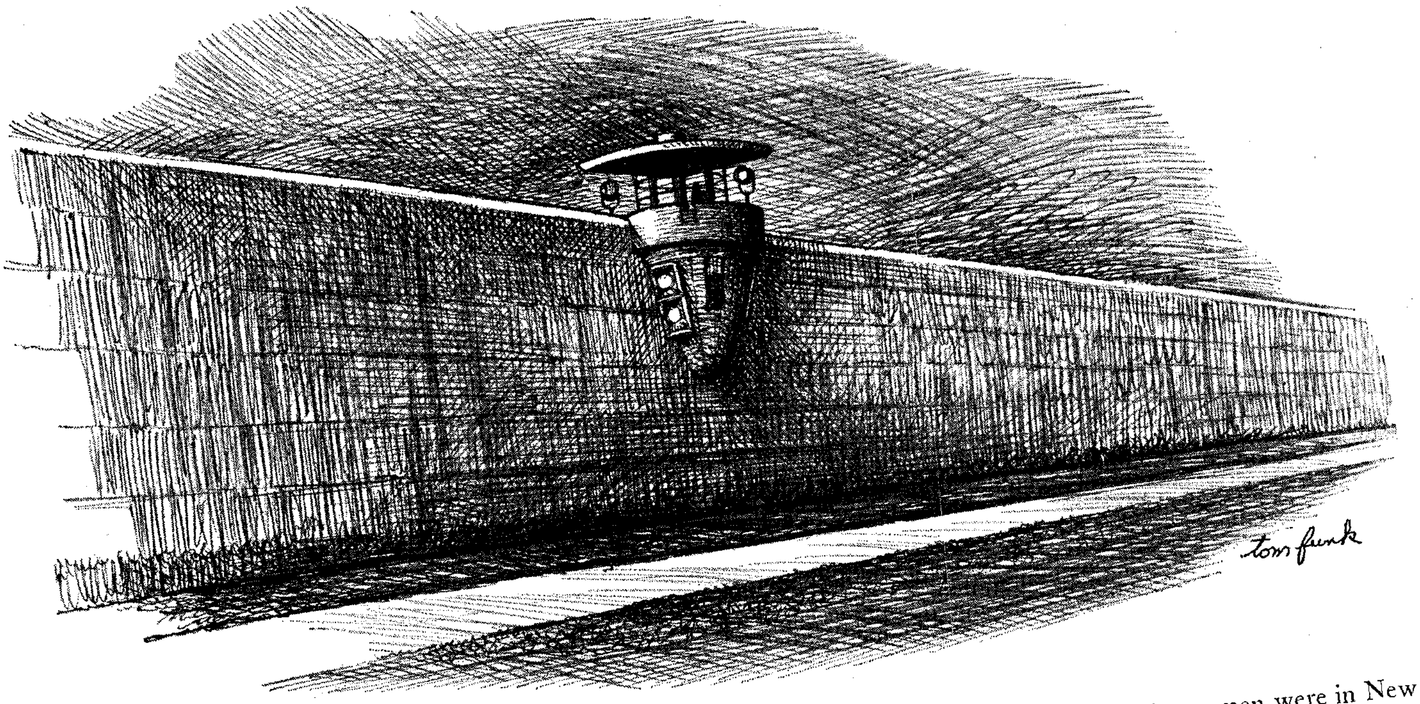
"And now, ladies and gentlemen, a leader who needs no introduction. A direct, down-to-earth, honest man. No dazzling smiles, pious platitudes, or simplistic solutions. No extravagant promises, ambiguous positions, or empty rhetoric. A man whose integrity and sincerity speak for themselves."



ANNALS OF CRIME

A PRISON AND A PRISONER

I—MAXIMUM SECURITY



GEORGE MALINOW is a pleasant-looking man of fifty-seven with wavy gray hair and light-blue eyes. Most of his friends are twenty or thirty years younger than he is, and once, when he tried dyeing his hair black, he was gratified by the compliments that his friends paid him upon his youthful appearance. Sometimes it amuses him to grow a mustache, but he rarely keeps it for long; he tries to bring as much variety into his life as possible. Malinow has a soft spot in his heart for children. He refers to his friends' daughters as "princesses," and always advises his friends against spanking them. The accent in which Malinow gives this advice testifies to his Brooklyn upbringing. "You better don't be hitting dem two princesses of yours," he recently told a friend, with an admonitory shake of the head.

Although Malinow left Brooklyn almost forty years ago and has rarely been back, much of Brooklyn remains in him. He dropped out of school at the age of fifteen, shortly after completing the eighth grade at Public School 126. He has an I.Q. that is above average, and a few years ago he took and passed his high-school-equivalency examination. While most of his acquaintances watch television in the evening, Malinow prefers painting pictures on glass, or letter writing, or reading. When Malinow is asked his occupation, he replies that he is a professional criminal. Like most professional criminals, he might be said to be a specialist; his specialty is payroll robbery.

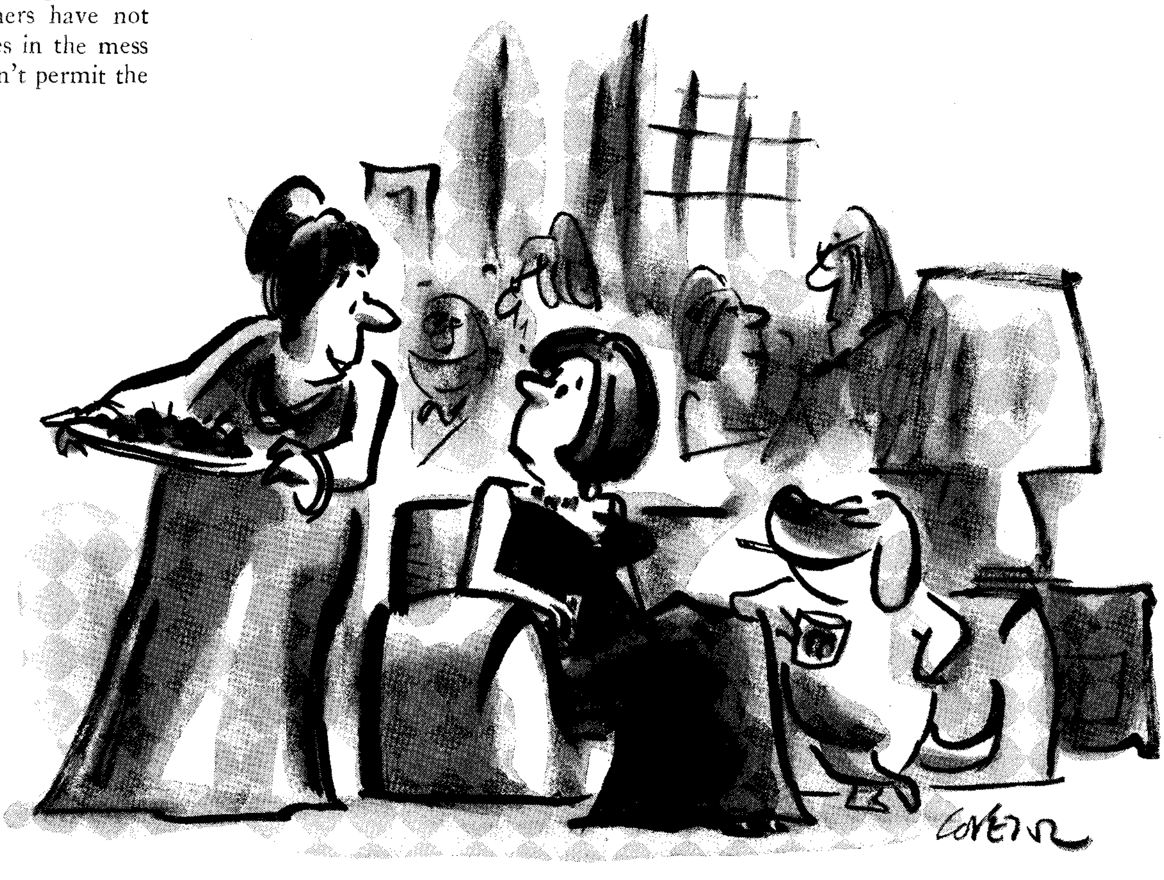
Malinow is telling the truth as he perceives it when he describes himself as a professional criminal, but it would probably be more accurate to describe him as a professional prisoner. He has been behind bars for all but three of the last thirty-nine years. He was first sent to prison in 1938; he was released in 1942 and remained at liberty for almost twenty months. When he was next released from prison, in 1952, after serving nine years, he stayed out for about sixteen months. He was arrested again in October, 1953, convicted some months later, and eventually sent back to prison for thirteen years. When he was last released, in 1966, he stayed out seven weeks to the day.

Malinow has been locked up in the jails of three of New York City's five boroughs—Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx. He has done time in five New York State prisons—Wallkill, Ossining (it was still called Sing Sing on the four occasions he was there), Clinton, Attica, and Green Haven. He is currently a prisoner at Green Haven, in Beekman—one of New York State's five maximum-security prisons.

THERE were 17,790 other people in prison in New York State along with George Malinow on January 1, 1977. All but 479 of the 17,791 were men. Most of the women were in New York's only large prison for women—Bedford Hills, in Westchester County. The men were confined in an assortment of thirty prisons scattered around the state. New York has several reception-and-classification centers, where men are sent from local jails and courts immediately after they have been sentenced, to be evaluated and then sent on to other prisons to serve their time; a good-sized prison primarily for young men (Elmira, population 1,129 on January 1st, all but two of whom were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-nine); a number of medium-sized, medium-security, general-confinement prisons (such as Eastern, Coxsackie, and Wallkill); and an increasing number of small, minimum-security conservation camps in rural areas and community-based facilities in and around New York City, for prisoners who are within a year or so of being released. The majority of the men in prison in New York, however, are confined in the state's five maximum-security prisons, which hold between fourteen hundred and two thousand prisoners each. They are Attica, in the northwestern part of the state, best known for the riot of September, 1971, in which thirty-two prisoners and eleven prison employees lost their lives; Auburn, in central New York, between Syracuse and Rochester, where all the state's license plates are produced; Clinton, in northeastern New York, sixteen miles from the Canadian border, which is celebrated for its endless winters (there is a ski jump and sometimes a bobsled run in the prison yard); Great Meadow, in Comstock, seventy miles north of Albany, long known as "the garbage dump" of the maximum-security prisons; and Green Haven, in Dutchess County, eighty miles north of New York City, the newest and supposedly the most innovative of the lot. Ossining, formerly Sing Sing, is still designated a maximum-security prison but is now primarily used to hold prisoners in reception status and parole violators awaiting parole-revocation hearings. It has only a small maintenance cadre of about a hundred regular state prisoners.

New York's five maximum-security prisons differ from maximum-security prisons in other states and, in minor ways, from one another. Nightsticks, once carried by every guard at every one of the state's maximum-security prisons, became optional a few years ago. At Green Haven in 1976, all but two or three guards chose not to carry them; at Great Meadow, all the guards still carry sticks. Green Haven went through a time of trouble after the Attica riot. In December, 1972, the prison was shut down and searched. Hundreds of sharpened mess-hall knives were found throughout the prison. Since then, prisoners have not been allowed to use knives in the mess hall. Great Meadow doesn't permit the use of knives in the mess hall, either, but Clinton, Auburn, and Attica do. Green Haven and Great Meadow have shut down their bathhouses, which prisoners once had to walk to for weekly showers, and have built showers in all the cellblocks; the bathhouses at Attica, Auburn, and Clinton are still in use. When the New York State Special Commission on Attica studied that prison in the months following the riot, it found Attica sufficiently representative of the prisons in New York State and elsewhere to justify generalization, concluding, "Attica is every prison; and every prison is Attica." Six years later, one might paraphrase the commission and say that Green Haven is every prison, and every prison is Green Haven. Or one might say, as Malinow does, in unknowing imitation of Gertrude Stein, "A prison is a prison is a prison."

Like all of New York State's maximum-security prisons, Green Haven is surrounded by a wall. Green Haven's wall, which is made of steel-reinforced concrete, is a mile long and thirty feet high. At its base, it is twenty-eight inches thick. Midway up, it is twenty-four inches thick. At the top, it is eighteen inches thick, and is rounded, so that no one can walk on it or throw a rope with a grappling hook up and shinny over. There are twelve guard towers spaced evenly around the top of the wall. Guards, armed with an array of shotguns, rifles, and tear-gas guns, occupy eight of the twelve towers around the clock. (Four towers have been closed in an economy move over the past few years.) No one has escaped over the wall of Green Haven since it was opened as a state prison, in 1949. This is not to say, however, that there have been no escapes from Green Haven in the last twenty-eight years. "Maximum," according to one dictionary, is "the greatest quantity or amount possible, assignable." Green Haven may seem to have maximum-security possibilities—sturdy steel-barred cells for most prisoners, in sturdy red brick cellblock buildings behind the formidable wall—but it is debatable whether Green Haven meets this definition of maximum security. There are fifty acres inside Green Haven's wall. It would presumably be possible to keep all of Green Haven's prisoners confined to these fifty walled acres, but this is not the practice. About a hundred of its prisoners are assigned to spend the day working outside the wall. A few men work on the outside-grounds gang, a few work in the prison garage, one man drives the prison's fire truck around the grounds, but most of the hundred or so work on the prison's farm, milking cows, driving tractors, and cleaning barns. Here they are supervised by nine or ten guards and civilians, but the farm occupies four hundred and forty acres, and the guards and civilians cannot keep their eyes on all their charges all the time. The prisoners assigned to the farm and to the other outside jobs must meet certain criteria. They must, for example, be within three years of appearing before the Parole Board, the theory being that these men will have less incentive to flee than, say, a man just beginning a life sentence, who would have no hope of appearing before the Parole Board for fifteen or twenty years. The theory is probably sound, but nowadays one or two men take off from the



"I hope you don't mind. He doesn't know he's a dog."

farm just about every year anyway.

On July 29, 1976, a rainy Thursday, Duane Nelson and Earl Franklin, two farm workers, were seen at the farm mess hall between 12:15 P.M. and 12:30 P.M. Around 12:45 P.M., when a guard was told to round up his men, he couldn't find Nelson and Franklin. A search was made of all the farm buildings. No Nelson, no Franklin. About forty-five minutes later, they were declared missing. The state police were notified. Green Haven's prisoners, who ordinarily were not confined to their cells to be counted between the 6:30 A.M. count and the 5:30 P.M. count, were locked up at two o'clock for a count. The prison's powerhouse whistle was blown three times—the signal that an escape had taken place. Prisoners who knew the missing men were questioned, roadblocks were set up, photos of Nelson and Franklin were sent out. Prison guards, state policemen, and state-police bloodhounds, which were given clothing from the missing men's cells to sniff, searched the farm and the surrounding area for Nelson and Franklin for hours. They didn't find them. The search—except for eight cars—was called off at 7:10 P.M. Franklin was caught several days later at a tavern in New York City, Nelson shortly thereafter in New Jersey. When Franklin was brought back to Green Haven, he said that he and Nelson had hidden in the woods while the men and dogs looked for them. They had worn plastic bread wrappers over their shoes and had previously washed the clothes they were wearing and those they had left in their cells with spices from the mess hall, in the hope of confusing the bloodhounds. They had waited quietly until the search was called off, had stayed in the woods all night, and then had made their way to a local dump, where they came upon an old man in a pickup truck. They had got him to drive them into New York City that morning. When they were apprehended, they were charged not only with escape but also with kidnapping the driver of the pickup. They were found guilty of escape and not guilty of kidnapping. Donald Baden, the last man to walk away from the farm before Nelson and Franklin, had enjoyed his freedom a little longer. He was last seen at Green Haven around eight o'clock on the morning of Sunday, December 14, 1975, near the dairy barn. He turned himself in on January 22, 1977, in Oregon—he said he was "tired of running"—and was brought back to Green Haven.

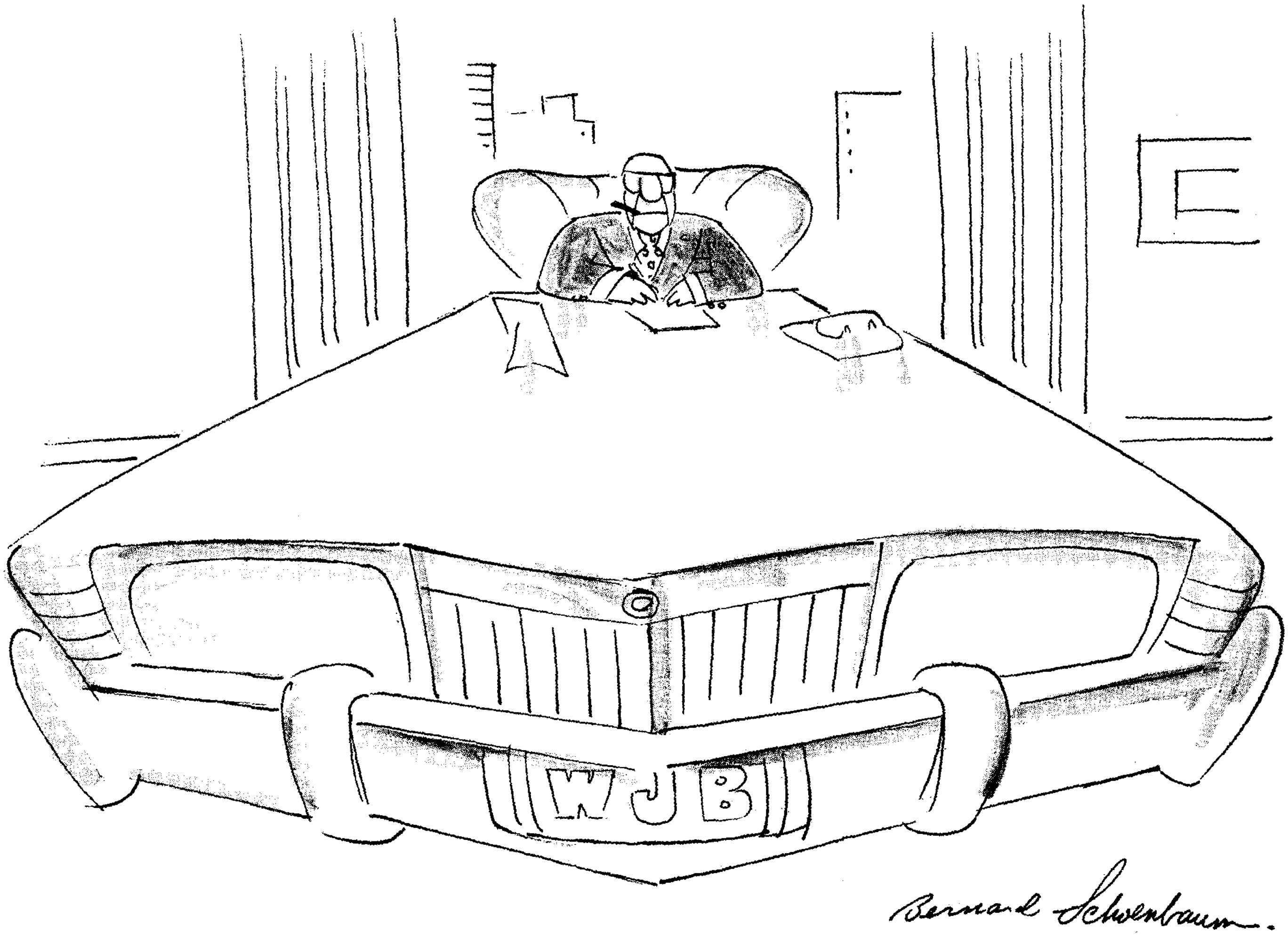
COLOR-PEAK WEEKEND

Things have moved closer together again. Every red
In the spectrum rankles one *Acer rubrum* branch: rose,
Copper, scarlet, rose, tipping each other red for red.
Alone, which of them wouldn't be simply red?
So much is pressed in its sufficient scale, fired
By what seem opposites but aren't. The kames, warmed up
Through evening, are cool green. The colder kettles
Are burning maple red. If Wyman ("Trees for American Gardens")
Could know it, he'd rest his theory in Mount Hope: sugar
And tannin trapped by frost, a boil of waste, a stew
(Jambalaya)—*what makes things come together when they fall?*
Or when they come up again, for that matter? The children
Are at the door for caramels, apples, dressed in sheets.
They are ghostly but full of luminous spark, their own.
Or is it shared, passed around like the gas off the marshes
At night? Like the haystacks of Martin Johnson Heade,
What would one of them be alone? Trick or treat: the haystacks
Are at the door. Time (no time) to answer. A student
Has arrived in town. "The perfect replacement," you said,
"For So-and-So, right down to his accent, right down
To his place of birth." But of course he isn't. So-and-So
Is gone, a graduate to an income (how do we say it now?)
Upscale. Well, we have the new one for four years,
To teach him—of all things—what we teach them:
Difference. A pumpkin looks much like a squash, but isn't.
Because the goldfinch fades as the goldenrods fade
You cannot assume they are same. Though each is
Pale sumac, a cardinal (female) is not a pin oak leaf.
How can we tend such knowledge, flung as it is in the face
Of things? This week, wasn't Monday on Monday again?
Next week, won't we elect a President? No matter
How you define it, when you sit down to the piano
You can't move middle C. The sun is the center of seasons
And they are one, though fired within by opposites, one
With the year the sun makes. And if the sun
Is not the center of the universe it will still be found
The sun belongs, and the seasons around it belong,
And the students who fill with tannin belong: rose,
Copper, scarlet, rose, tipping each other red for red.
Alone, what isn't the universe? Don't pages
Turn in the hymnal, *Duke Street*, *Nun Danket*,
Old Hundred Twenty-Fourth, each with its own first line
Much like the rest? The Puerto Rican kids dress up
As the Druid dead. Salt hay is mown in the marshes
And the cardinals turn to the feeder, male as sumac,
Female as a fallen pin oak leaf. The sharps
Are bunched up on the keyboard looking like flats
Though with practice they separate.

—Douglas Crase

• •

Most people might assume that if a prisoner is sentenced to serve time in a maximum-security prison like Green Haven he is kept on the premises—whether inside the wall or outside the wall—for the duration of his stay. This is no longer the case. A few years ago, New York State (like most other states) began a program called Temporary Release, whereby certain prisoners are selected to be let out on furloughs of up to seven days for various purposes, among them seeking post-prison employment, maintaining family ties, and solving family problems. Although the prisoners selected for furloughs must be within a year of meeting with the Parole Board or completing their sentences, and the return rate from furloughs is high—it was 98.9 per cent for the state last year—it is never a hundred per cent. In 1976, there were a hundred and ninety-nine furloughs from Green Haven. Five men failed to return on time. One man simply returned nine hours late. One came back after six and a half weeks, attributing his late return to "family pressures." One was arrested while he was on furlough, and was charged with several new crimes,



including burglary. Two are still at large.

In recent years, four men who were not eligible to work on the farm or to be given furloughs have also succeeded in escaping from Green Haven.

In the early spring of 1974, Neil Shea and Lee Gregory were working in the prison kitchen. Shea, a fifty-five-year-old man with a silver tongue and a long record—his most recent conviction was for killing a state trooper—and Gregory, a thirty-eight-year-old robber, passed part of their time watching the trucks that entered the prison's rear gate, unloaded supplies at a platform near the kitchen, and then left the prison by the rear gate. They had noticed that one truck was different from all the others: the delivery truck that brought cans of milk in from the prison farm had no window between the cab and the body. If the two men could get their hands on a piece of plywood, cut it to approximately the same size, paint it the same color as the inside of the body, and sneak into the truck, they could conceal themselves behind their false partition. Neither the driver of the milk truck nor the Green Haven guard whose job it was to look inside the truck before it went out the rear gate would be likely to detect them. Shea and Gregory had also observed that security in the loading-platform area was lax, especially on weekends. The truck driver, a civilian, didn't stay with the truck while it was parked—he usually went into the kitchen to pick up empty milk cans or food for the farm workers—and the storehouse clerk, a prisoner, whose desk overlooked the loading platform, was off on weekends and holidays. In May, 1974, Shea, whose sentence was thirty years to life, went before the Parole Board. He had already been denied parole once, and in May he was denied parole a second time. "They ain't never going to let me out," he later admitted saying to himself, and he decided to let himself out in the windowless truck, which struck him as an opportunity that might never come along again. Gregory didn't have much time left to do at Green Haven, but because he faced some federal bank-robbery charges later he also decided to escape.

The two men were able to scrounge up, in the vicinity of the kitchen, all the materials they needed to make their partition: a piece of plywood, paint, some hinges and handles, and some cardboard in case the plywood was too small. They hid the finished partition, which folded up neatly, on top of a refrigerator in the nearby prison flour room. They were ready to leave in June, but didn't want to mess up such traditional big visiting days as July Fourth and Labor Day for their fellow-prisoners, so they bided their time, worrying as they waited for an opportune moment to depart that the milk truck might break down and be replaced by a truck with windows. On the morning of Saturday, October 4, 1974, while no one was looking, they carried their partition into the milk truck, stood behind the cab, pulled their false partition up in front of them, and rode out the rear gate undetected. After the truck had been parked at the farm for a while, they got out, hid the partition in the hay barn, where, they hoped, it wouldn't be found for at least a day, and walked a short distance to the Stormville Airport, where they phoned for a cab. Shea and Gregory were wearing green prison uniforms, which they had bleached a little yellow, and old blue prison coats with fur collars. The coats had "Green Haven" stamped on them, but the men had covered the name of the prison with shoe polish. "If you looked real close, you could see it," Shea said later. No one looked close. They asked the cab company for a cab to take them to Poughkeepsie, eighteen miles away. When the cab arrived, they asked the driver to take them to New York City instead, and he did.

Shea had plenty of money to pay the fare. Over the years in prison, he had accumulated a lot of cash (which is contraband at Green Haven but is always around) by wheeling and dealing in liquor (also contraband, also always available) and cigarettes. He had buried the cash in the garbage area in back of the kitchen. Shortly before he left, he dug up his savings, which amounted to about twelve hundred dollars, and concealed the money—it was mostly in hundred-dollar bills—in the hollowed-out heel of one of his shoes. Shea also had some identification, which he later found useful for registering at motels. Three years earlier, a civilian in the kitchen had given some of the prisoners a hard time. To settle the score, someone had stolen his wallet, put it behind a loose tile in the kitchen bathroom, and plastered over the wall. The wallet, which contained a driver's license, stayed there until Shea was ready to use it. The license had expired, but Shea correctly surmised that no motel clerk would check its expiration date. Shea and Gregory were already in New York City when their absence was discovered, during the five-thirty count. On Saturday evening, the prison authorities believed that the two men were still hiding on the Green Haven grounds. They were actually at a topless go-go joint in Times Square. Late Saturday and all day Sunday, prison guards and state police went out looking for them. They didn't find them or the partition, and had no idea how the two men had got out. On Monday evening, October 6th, Shea and Gregory were sitting in a "gin mill" getting "bombed," Shea later said. They got drunk enough to decide to return to Green Haven and retrieve the partition, so that the prison personnel would never discover how they had escaped. They drove Gregory's father's car from New York City to the Stormville Airport, parked, walked to the prison hay barn, picked up the partition, carried it to the airport, and put it on the roof of the car. Gregory drove, holding the steering wheel with his right hand, the partition with his left; Shea sat next to him, holding the partition with his right hand. After about three miles, they dropped the partition along the side of the road. The men then returned to the city.

Gregory was arrested in New York City a short while later, as a result of a tip from a woman. Shea went south after Gregory's arrest, figuring that New York City was too "hot." He took a Greyhound bus to Philadelphia and travelled around awhile—to Baltimore, Washington, and parts of Virginia. In December, he drove through a red light in Pennsylvania and, after a high-speed chase, was picked up by police in what proved to be a stolen car. He was brought back to Green Haven, where he agreed to discuss the escape, on tape, at a long, friendly session with one of the sergeants and one of the lieutenants he had temporarily outwitted. After Shea had described the Monday-night return-to-Green Haven caper—the way he and Gregory, both "stoned," were staggering around, falling down, dropping the partition, getting lost on the roads, and arguing which way to go—the sergeant said, "I wouldn't believe that in a movie." Shea replied, "I know it." Shea was transferred to Clinton; Gregory was sent to Attica; the cab of the milk truck was immediately provided with a rear window. Green Haven officials say they have tightened up their security procedures at the rear gate since October, 1974.

On June 22, 1975, Michael Gaynor and Floyd Wilkes, two Black Muslims who were serving life sentences for murder, went to the visiting room to receive visits. One went on a genuine visiting-room pass, one on a forged pass. Among the people in the visiting room were some women dressed in long Muslim robes. Apparently, the women were wearing street clothes under their long robes. Apparently, the women were able to slip off their robes. Apparently, Wilkes and Gaynor were able to put on the long robes, and to discard their green prison pants, unobserved by the visiting-room guard. Ap-

"Did you really like it? I call it 'Grain-Drying in Kwangtung Province.'"

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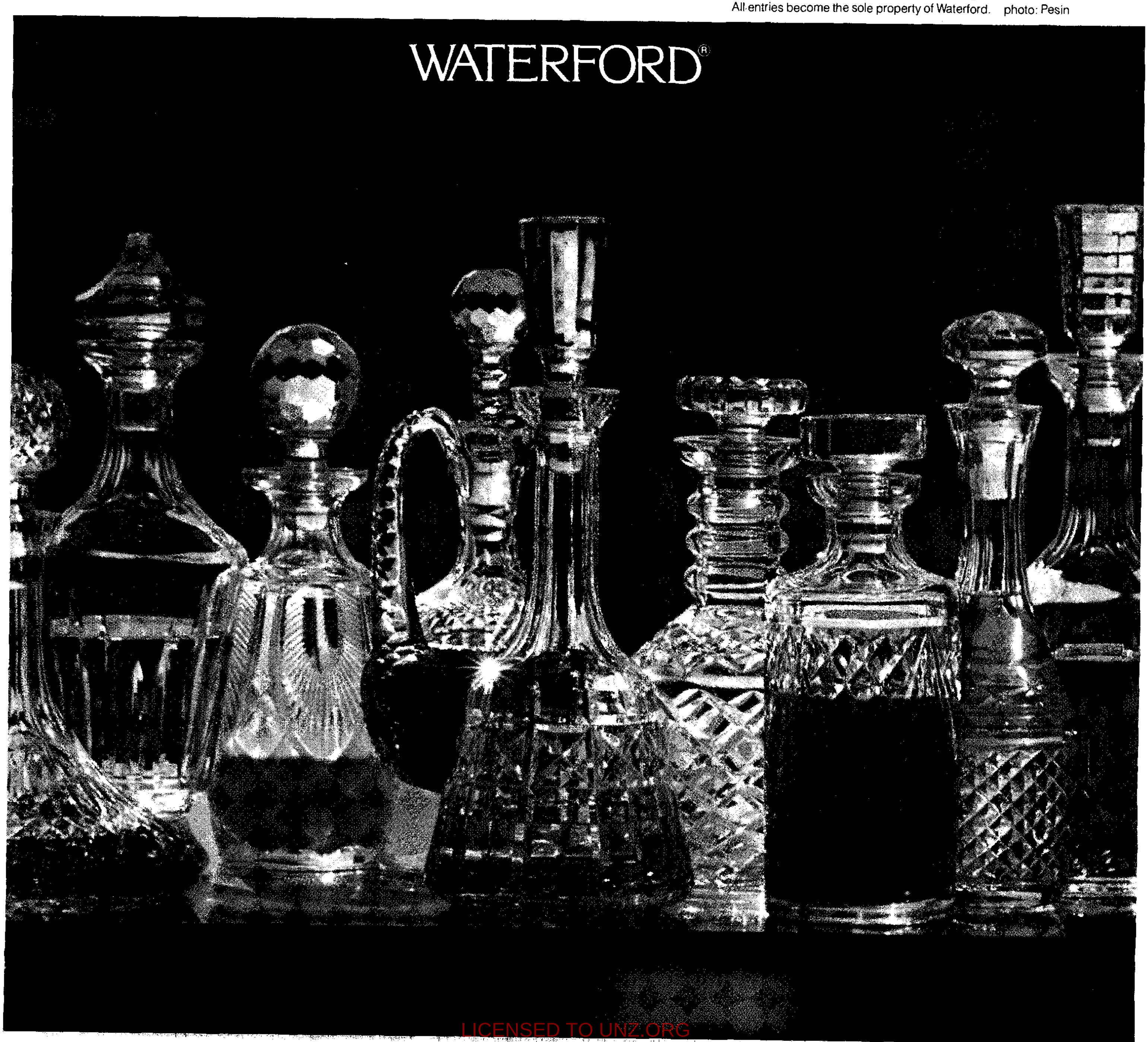

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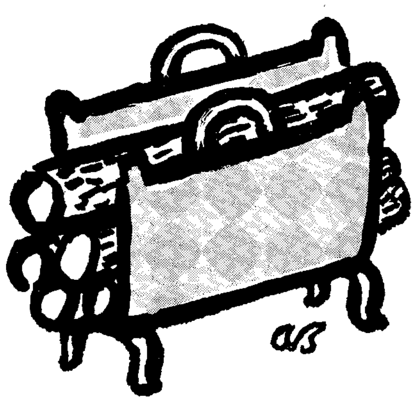
parently, they walked out the front gate a short while after their visitors left. The adverb "apparently" is necessary because Gaynor and Wilkes are still at large. Green Haven officials say they have tightened up their visiting-room and front-gate security procedures since June, 1975.

George Malinow was pleased that four fellow-prisoners made it out the front and rear gates of Green Haven in a period of less than a year. "The guards and officials are arrogant," he says. "They seem to think they have a monopoly on intelligence. I take the position that where there's a will there's a way. It's good to see them being outsmarted. Escapes give me a great deal of vicarious pleasure."

THE guards at Green Haven like to tell visitors—especially visitors they suspect of having pro-prisoner sympathies—"No one is in here for taking candy from a baby." A booklet published annually by New York State's Department of Correctional Services, called "Characteristics of Inmates Under Custody," confirms the accuracy of this saying. Almost every person in state prison is a convicted felon; the few who are not are "youthful offenders." The latest year for which complete facts and figures are available for New York State's prisoners in general and Green Haven's in particular is 1975. There have been no dramatic changes in these figures in 1976 and 1977, nor do Green Haven's figures differ significantly from the figures for the state's other prisons. On December 31, 1975, there were 1,626 men at Green Haven. Of those, 556 were there for robbery, 213 for homicide, 193 for murder, 153 for drugs, 142 for burglary, 89 for felonious assault, 70 for possession of dangerous weapons, 38 for grand larceny, 64 for rape, 25 for sex offenses other than rape, and 10 for forgery; 24 were youthful offenders, and 49 fell into the "all others" category, which includes kidnapping, arson, and criminal possession of stolen property. By December 31, 1976, the number of prisoners at Green Haven had increased by 229 men, bringing the total to 1,855, but the distribution as to categories of crime remained approximately the same. Professional criminals like Malinow frequently express their disdain for rapists and child molesters and will not associate with them, but since there are not very many rapists and other sex offenders at Green Haven, the disdain is perhaps out of proportion to the numbers. Although Malinow is a robber, the charge for which he is currently serving time at Green Haven is attempted felonious possession of a loaded gun, which puts him in the dangerous-weapons group. On October 25, 1966, he was picked up by the police with a loaded revolver in his pocket, several blocks from a factory whose payroll he had planned to rob that day but had, at the last minute, because of unforeseen circumstances, decided against robbing.

The violent crimes for which most men are sent to prison in New York State are the sort that, if they occur in New York City, get a one-day splash in the *News* or a line or two in the *Times*' "Police Blotter" listings. A grocery-store owner in the Bronx was killed during a holdup. A man was stabbed by another man on a street in upper Manhattan as a result of an argument. A night gas-station attendant in Brooklyn was robbed and shot. Between 1949 and 1977, only a few men whose names would be recognized by a substantial percentage of newspaper readers have served time at Green Haven. Joey Gallo, who was convicted of attempted extortion and conspiracy, was at Green Haven from October, 1966, until May, 1970; some oil paintings he did to pass the time there can still be seen in the homes of several of Green Haven's guards and former officials. Ted Gross, Youth Services Commissioner in Mayor John Lindsay's administration, who was convicted of bribery, was at Green Haven from September, 1973, to June, 1974. In June, 1976, he was murdered. Gross had met Kenneth Gilmore, the man subsequently convicted of his murder, at Green Haven. Mark Fein, a rich young man who was convicted of murdering his bookmaker in 1964, served the last nine years of his sentence at Green Haven; he was paroled in July, 1976. H. Rap Brown, once the chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, served the last part of a five-to-fifteen-year sentence, for robbery and assault, at Green Haven, where he played quarterback on the prison football team; he was paroled in the fall of 1976. The names of the overwhelming majority of Green Haven's inmates would be familiar only to their friends and relatives, to their victims (if they survived) and the victims' families, and perhaps to members of the specific communities in which the crimes occurred. (The names of most of the current or former prisoners have been changed in this article, including George Malinow's. The names of most of the prison personnel have also been changed.)



Of all the men in prison in New York State, 69.1 per cent are from New York City. An even higher percentage of Green Haven's prisoners—about seventy-five per cent—are from the city, as Malinow is, because Green Haven is the maximum-security prison closest to New York City, and the Department of Correctional Services attempts to house prisoners close to their homes, especially toward the end of their sentences. Many men begin their sentences at upstate prisons, like Clinton and Attica, and work their way downstate to Green Haven.

Fifteen per cent of New York State's prisoners are between the ages of sixteen and twenty; 72.7 per cent are between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-nine; and only 12.4 per cent are forty or over. Just as young men outgrow reckless driving, young men outgrow crime. Thus, automobile-insurance rates for men over the age of twenty-five go down, and prison is a young men's place. When Malinow is asked why he is one of only forty-seven Green Haven prisoners over the age of fifty-five, he makes no apologies for his recidivism. Instead, he compares himself to a mustang. "I'm like a wild horse that you'll kill before you'll break it," he says with pride.

Of the state's male prisoners, 52.5 per cent are single, 23.1 per cent are married, and 11.4 per cent have a common-law marriage; as for the remaining 12.7 per cent, either they are divorced or separated or widowed or their marriages have been annulled. Malinow was married in a Catholic church in July, 1953, thirteen months after he was released from his second prison term. He has a son, Arthur, who was born in April, 1954, when Malinow was back in jail and awaiting sentence for his third crime. Malinow saw his wife a few times during the seven weeks he was next out, in 1966, and also saw his son, then twelve years old, for the first time. His wife, whom he has described as "a nice, loving, religious woman," hadn't divorced him. He hasn't been in touch with her since

"One thing I'll say for us, Meyer—we never stooped to popularizing science."

he was arrested for his fourth crime, and has no idea whether he belongs among the married men or the divorced men, but he has certainly been separated a lot from his wife since three months after their marriage.

Fifty-eight per cent of the men imprisoned in New York are users of drugs. Of the drug users, 80.9 per cent have committed major crimes other than drug-law violations—usually robberies or burglaries to get money to support their drug habits. Malinow has never used drugs and has contempt for drug users. "When I'm robbing a joint, I'm not desperate for a fix, like dem young addicts," he says. "I can take a place or I can leave it if it don't look right. I won't be hopped up, so I won't do nothing foolish." He has no such contempt for drug pushers. "They're businessmen," he says.

Like Malinow, over seventy-eight per cent of the men in prison in New York did not graduate from high school. Fewer than seven per cent went to college or received special vocational training. Over half listed their occupation as "unskilled laborer" upon commitment. State prison has traditionally been a place for the uneducated working-class street criminal rather than for the college-educated white-collar criminal. Green Haven's prisoners are resentful of the long sentences they receive—for stealing five hundred dollars from a supermarket cashier in an armed robbery, say—in comparison to the short sentences stockbrokers receive for stealing millions of dollars from old ladies who have put their savings in mutual funds. "Look at Bernard Bergman, the nursing-home operator, who was responsible for more human misery than I've ever caused," Malinow says. "His sentence for running all those terrible nursing homes was four months. And look at Nixon. He tried to steal the Bill of Rights and he got a pardon. I only wish to God that when I was younger I'd had someone to teach me economics and banking. Then I could have stolen millions of bucks with a few strokes of the pen and maybe been sent away only once for a couple of years."

Of the men in Green Haven, 1,119 have been in prison before; 507 have no prior institutional commitment. Many of these 507—like Malinow when he was first sent away, in 1938—had committed crimes before but had received probation or suspended sentences the first couple of times before they were caught. Most genuine first offenders at Green Haven are there for crimes of passion, like murdering a wife or an in-law. Malinow doesn't look down on murderers as he does on sex offenders—he readily admits that he "might have had to kill someone" in the course of a robbery—but he regards the wife killers as amateurs and says they are apt to have a harder time in prison than the professionals, who are streetwise and find it easier to become prisonwise.

All the men in prison in New York State are serving indeterminate sentences (two to four years, say, or five to ten) rather than flat sentences (say, seven years). More than half have maximum sentences of over five years, but few men serve their maximums. The median time a man spends in prison in New York is twenty months. Fifty-seven per cent of the men get out on parole, for which they first become eligible after serving two-thirds of their minimum sentence (if, like Malinow, they were sentenced for crimes committed before September, 1967) or after serving their entire minimum sentence (if they were sentenced for crimes committed after September 1, 1967). Twenty-six per cent get out on conditional release; in prison language, they "C.R." Every man in New York receives ten days' "good time" for each thirty days served in prison. If he does nothing in prison to forfeit his good time (Nelson and Franklin each lost a hundred and eighty days of good time for their escape), he gets out on conditional release after serving two-thirds of his maximum sentence. In New York State, men who C.R. are required to do the balance of their sentences on parole. The prisoners consider this unfair. They believe that good time should be genuine good time, for behaving well in prison, as it is in many other states. Only 2.8 per cent "max out"—serve until the maximum expiration dates of their sentences. Malinow is among 11.7 per cent of New York

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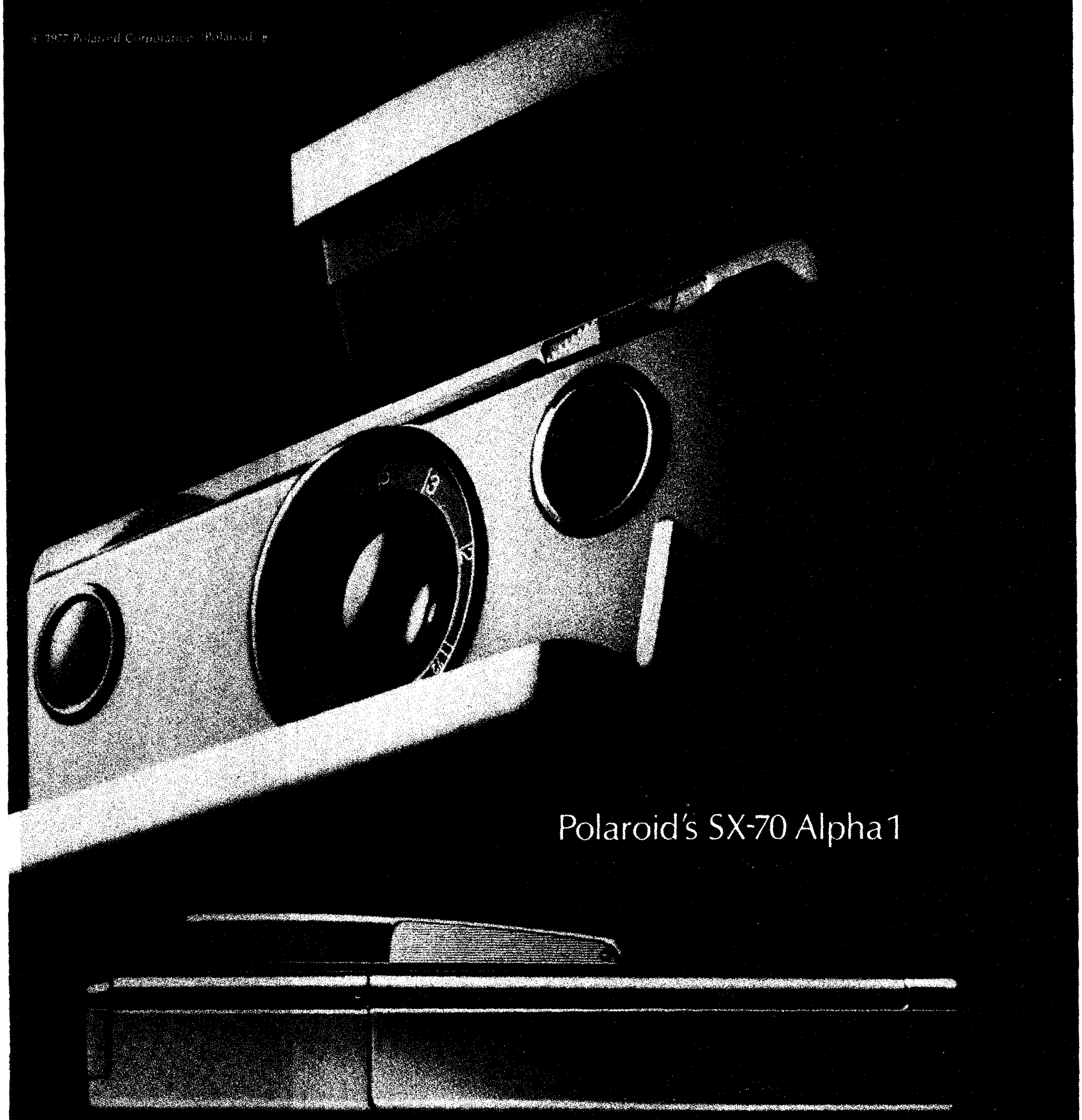

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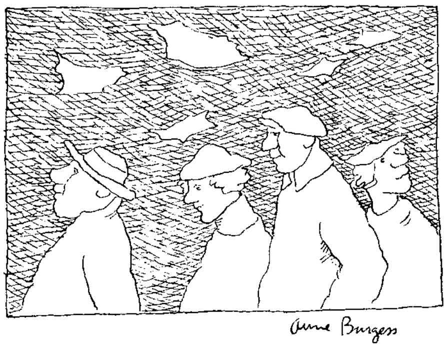
State's male prisoners who have life sentences. He is doing fifteen years to life for attempted felonious possession of a gun because when he was last arrested, in October, 1966, he had previously been convicted of three felonies. In 1966, the law mandated that all fourth-felony offenders be given life sentences. A year after Malinow's last arrest, a new penal code went into effect, and all felonies committed before 1967 were counted as one felony. If Malinow had been arrested in October, 1967, he might have received the same sentence that Patrick Halloran, the man he was arrested with in 1966, got then as a third-felony offender—three and a half to seven years—and, like Halloran, been long out of prison.

In 1970, the state's only electric chair was moved from Ossining (where it had last been used in 1963) to Green Haven. In 1974, the New York State Legislature passed a law making the death penalty mandatory for those convicted of intentionally killing police officers or prison guards, or for prisoners already sentenced to life who murdered anyone. In 1976, a New York State Supreme Court justice ruled that the law was unconstitutional, but until the state has exhausted all appeals of his ruling (it went before the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, on September 7, 1977) the two men in New York who have been convicted under the law and have received the death penalty remain on Green Haven's Death Row.

New York's prison population is 56.6 per cent black, 26.7 per cent white, 16.3 per cent Puerto Rican, and four-tenths of one per cent other (Asian, American Indian, Eskimo). Except for four of the state's smallest prisons, blacks are in the majority in every prison in New York, including Green Haven. In 1938, when Malinow first went to prison, whites—especially Italians and Irish—were a sizable majority. The white majority dwindled during the nineteen-forties and fifties. In 1963, blacks outnumbered whites (by a hundred and sixty-seven men) for the first time. Since 1972, there have been more than twice as many blacks as whites in the prisons. In recent years, the number of Puerto Ricans imprisoned in New York has also been increasing steadily. Racial segregation was never an official policy in the state, but until the nineteen-sixties most of New York's prisons were segregated de facto: there were black ball teams and white ball teams, black cheering sections and white cheering sections for the ball teams, black barbers to cut blacks' hair and white barbers to cut whites' hair. Malinow admits that being white was formerly an advantage in prison: the guards were overwhelmingly white and often gave whites better jobs. To some extent, they still are and still do, but Malinow is increasingly conscious of being a member of a minority group—one that he feels is being discriminated against. He often sounds like a longtime Irish resident of South Boston talking about how nice the neighborhood used to be. Two prisoners were murdered at Green Haven in 1976. One victim was black, one was white. The whites are bitter when they compare the immediate aftermaths of the two murders.

At about ten-fifteen on the morning of August 23, 1976, a fight broke out between two white prisoners and several black prisoners in one of Green Haven's four large yards. A day earlier, Cyril Kolesar, a white man, had lost his wristwatch. He suspected a black man of stealing it and asked if he could search him. The black man consented to the search. Kolesar didn't find the watch on him. The black man's friends were upset that he had allowed Kolesar to shake him down, and vowed revenge. Kolesar must have suspected he was in for trouble, because he went to the yard on the twenty-third prepared for a fight; he was armed with a knife and was wearing a homemade chest-and-stomach shield fashioned out of cardboard. Several guards assigned to the yard saw the fight. They saw a man lunging at Kolesar with a sharpened broomstick handle, but they didn't see the man who hit Kolesar over the head with a two-by-four before they could break up the fight. Kolesar was taken by ambulance to a hospital in Poughkeepsie, where he died three days later of brain injuries. Months went by, and no one was charged with the crime.

At about ten-fifteen on the morning of October 30, 1976, a black man, Eli Walker, was stabbed in the chest and abdomen in his cellblock. He was taken by ambulance to a hospital in Poughkeepsie, where he was pronounced dead at 12:13 P.M. Two black prisoners who had witnessed the stabbing identified Walker's killer as Roger Filippi, a white man to whom Walker had possibly made homosexual advances. Soon afterward, Filippi was indicted by a Dutchess County grand jury for first-degree murder. Bruce Serafino and Adam Caldera, two white men who had accompanied Filippi to Walker's block and who were identified by the black prisoners as witnesses to the stabbing, refused to testify before the grand jury, even though they had been granted immunity; they were also indicted. Serafino and Caldera, who are acquaintances of Malinow's, could have had many years added to their sentences if they had gone to trial and been found guilty. One of Malinow's friends served as the head of a group that raised money for a defense fund for Serafino and Caldera, to which many white prisoners contributed. The two men eventually pleaded guilty to contempt. Caldera received a one-and-a-half-to-three-year concurrent sentence, Serafino a two-to-four-year concurrent sentence. The whites at Green Haven are convinced that the prison administration was afraid to let a black man's death go by, because of possible repercussions, but was quite willing to let a white man's death go by, because the whites now lack the strength of numbers. They may be wrong. Prison officials say that in late 1976 they found two witnesses to the Kolesar murder who were willing to testify, and that there is a better chance of eventually prosecuting Kolesar's murderer, who is sane, than there is of ever putting Filippi on trial. Filippi had a history of mental illness before Walker's murder and has cracked up since. Even if the murderer of Kolesar is convicted, however, the white prisoners will not change their minds, because of the lapse of time and the sense of vulnerability they feel as a result of their minority status.



There are other facts about New York State's prisoners not covered by the booklet "Characteristics of Inmates Under Custody" but known to those familiar with its prisoners. One is the significant number of men who are missing teeth—visual evidence of the fact that it is the poor rather than the rich who are usually convicted and sentenced to state prison. Another is the small number of Jews; in 1976, there were only about thirty Jewish prisoners (and about a thousand blacks) at Green Haven. There are about two million Jews and two million blacks in New York State. Others are the large number of men who, like Malinow, are tattooed and the large number who have nicknames (Malinow's is Popeye). Still

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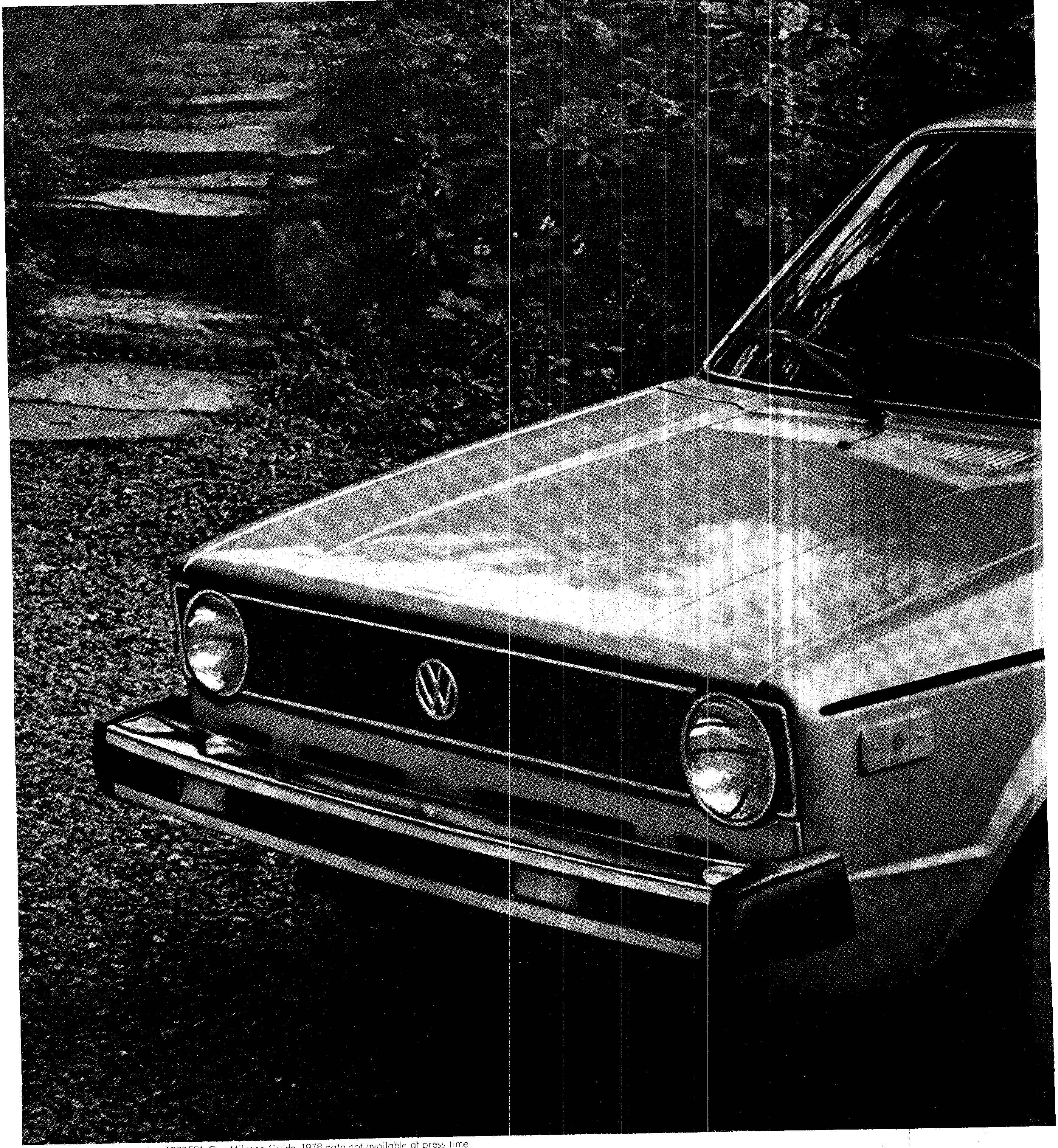

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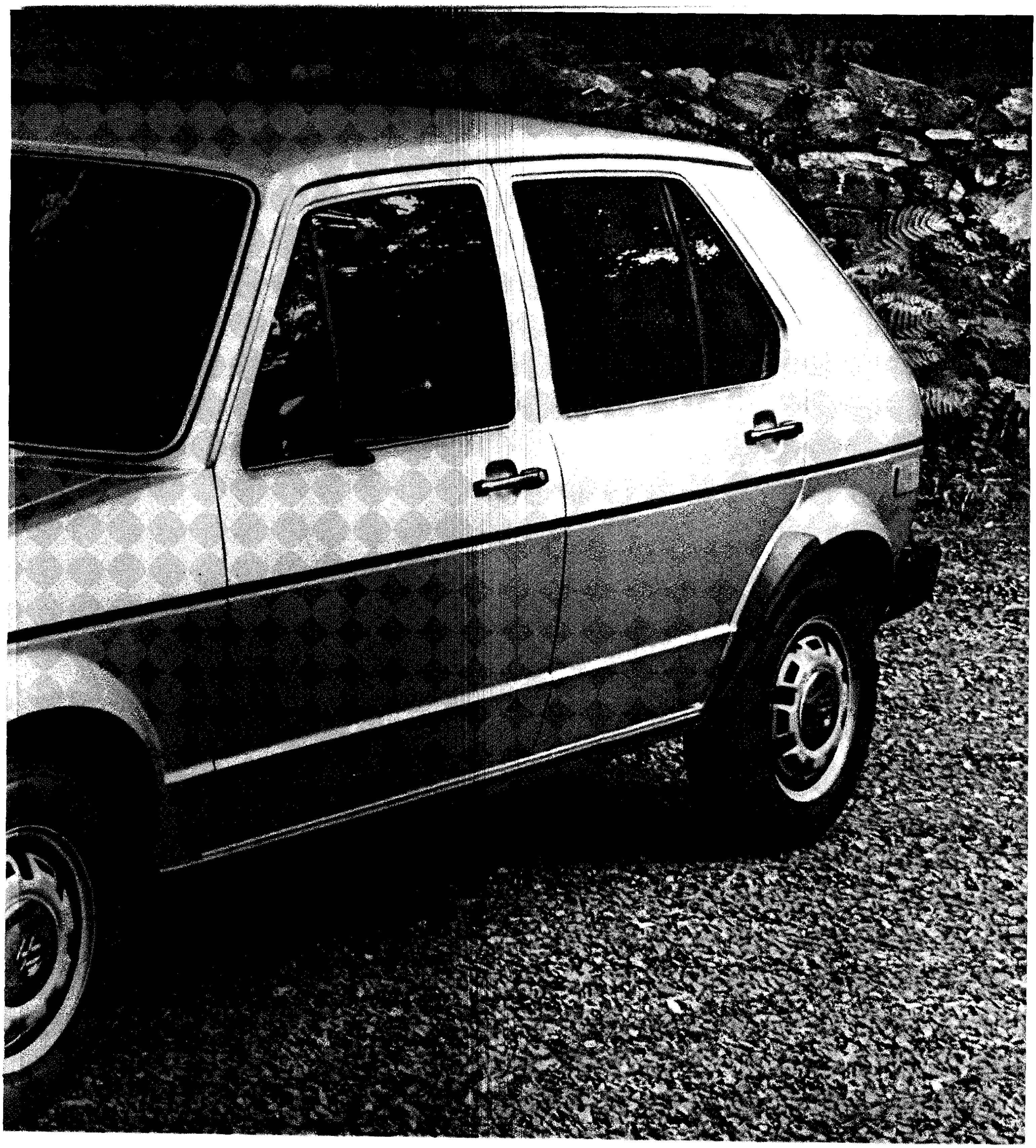

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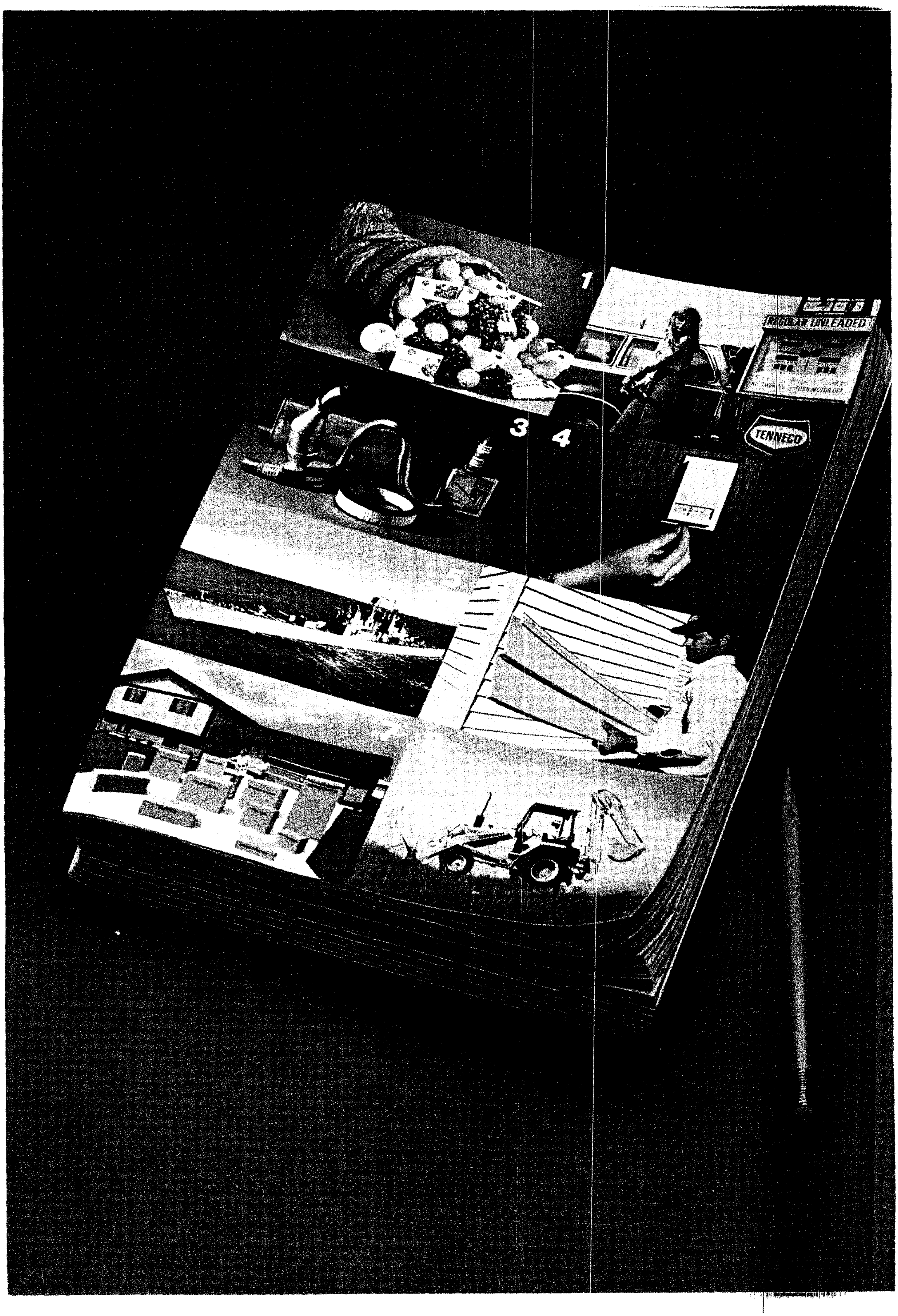
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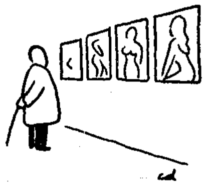
another is the number of men who have relatives in prison. When Cyril Kolesar was murdered, his brother Joel Kolesar was fighting at his side. There are a few pairs of brothers at Green Haven now (some are serving time for the same crime), and until recently there were three brothers there. One former Green Haven official remembers identical-twin brothers at the prison, and another remembers nine members of a family who were in prison at the same time, including one—the wife and mother—at Bedford Hills. There are some fathers and sons at Green Haven, and Malinow has a nephew there. In 1976, only one man died of natural causes at Green Haven. On November 23rd, Reuben Griffith, sixty, who was serving a fifteen-to-life sentence for robbery, died of a heart attack in the prison hospital. The Catholic chaplain was given the assignment of notifying the next of kin. He did not have to make many long-distance phone calls. After he called the common-law wife and the sister of the dead man, in New York City, he notified Griffith's stepson and nephew. The stepson was at Green Haven serving a short sentence for attempted robbery in the first degree; the nephew was at Green Haven serving fifteen-to-life for murder.



No one is sure how many homosexuals there are at Green Haven, but both prisoners and guards estimate the number of men there who practice homosexuality at twenty per cent. There are only a handful of "queens" at Green Haven at any one time—men with feminine characteristics they do their best to enhance. The queens are usually given women's nicknames or the names of Hollywood actresses (recent Green Haven prisoners have answered to Angie, Ruby, Diane, and Marilyn) and are referred to by the feminine pronoun. They dress as much as possible like women, within the limits imposed upon them by the prison's clothing regulations. All prisoners must wear the state-issued green prison pants and are forbidden to alter them; the queens wear altered pants, nevertheless—tapered and tight-fitting. Instead of the state-issued black shoes and green shirts (the wearing of which is optional), they wear platform shoes and angora sweaters. Makeup is contraband, but the queens improvise, using Coricidin to redden their lips and black shoe polish around their eyes in lieu of mascara. A Green Haven guard was caught taking ten dollars from a homosexual to bring in a makeup kit a few years ago. Until the nineteen-sixties, the known homosexuals were housed separately and worked in a separate area. Later, they were allowed to live and work with the rest of the prisoners. The queens usually lead charmed lives at Green Haven, with many men vying and paying dearly for their favors, although they are occasionally abused. One queen's "husband" asked her to "produce" for four of his friends and stabbed her when she declined. A number of men who are heterosexual on the street practice homosexuality in prison, some by choice, some not. The involuntary homosexuals tend to be good-looking young men, who are usually forced into becoming jailhouse "punks" by older men serving long sentences. Hardly a year goes by without a gang rape at Green Haven. On New Year's Eve, 1976, for instance, a twenty-three-year-old man was forcibly assaulted and sodomized. Some years, there are also fake rapes. On June 12, 1976, a man named Ira Wilson claimed he had been assaulted and raped by four other prisoners. An investigation showed that Wilson had made a false accusation. He had on many previous occasions lent himself willingly to those he accused, and he had apparently been coöperative this time as well. Prison authorities frown on homosexuality, because it is one of the major causes of trouble in prison, often resulting in stabbings or pipings, and occasionally, as in the case of Eli Walker, in death. They are, however, unable to prevent it. Most men at Green Haven take care of their sexual needs by masturbating. If one of his young friends says to Malinow, "Come on, Popeye, how many times a week?" he may or may not tell him. Old-timers like Malinow speak disparagingly of the "homos."

Still another fact not dealt with in "Characteristics of Inmates Under Custody" is the guilt or innocence of men in prison in New York State. It is likely that a few men at Green Haven are innocent of the crimes for which they have been convicted, as many maintain themselves to be, since no legal system in history has been free of error. Like every legal system, ours is made up of fallible human beings. It has been known to include prosecutors who are more interested in convictions than in justice, lazy judges, credulous or prejudiced juries, incompetent defense attorneys, police who have coerced confessions or faked evidence, and mistaken eyewitnesses. One man at Green Haven says he is certain that another man

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there is innocent, because he himself committed the crime for which the other man was convicted. It is just as likely that most of the men at Green Haven are guilty of the crimes for which they have been convicted. Some eighty per cent of the convictions obtained in New York State are the result of plea-bargaining—pleading guilty to a lesser offense than the original charge, in the hope of obtaining leniency in exchange for sparing the state the expense of a trial—and the majority of the men in Green Haven wouldn't have pleaded guilty to anything if they had believed the evidence against them was insufficient to convict them. As a former superintendent of Green Haven says, with irony, only a "select few" of New York's felons ever wind up in state prison at all—the least skillful and the least lucky. In 1975, in New York State, 93,363 robberies were reported to the police (and additional robberies probably occurred that weren't reported). In 1975, in New York State, there were 23,908 arrests for robbery, 5,288 convictions for robbery, and 3,293 sentences to state prisons for robbery. Almost no one at Green Haven ever says plainly that he is guilty of anything, no matter what the circumstances of his arrest, no matter what his plea. After Earl Franklin was caught and charged with escape, in the summer of 1976, he said, "I admit the charges, but I was under extreme duress. My life was being threatened by a crime partner, so I had to escape." Or, as Malinow, who admits to being guilty of three of the four crimes for which he has been convicted, puts it in owning up to each one, "I'm guilty—with an explanation."

GREEN HAVEN is situated in the scenic mid-Hudson Valley region of New York State. Its mailing address is Stormville, New York. Stormville, an unincorporated hamlet in the township of East Fishkill, consists of a few houses, a fire department, a small, rundown hotel, and a general store, in which there is a post-office window. The prison takes its name from its site, in the unincorporated hamlet of Green Haven, one of four hamlets that make up the town of Beekman (pop. 5,701). To compound the geographical confusion, neither Stormville nor Green Haven has a telephone book of its own, and the prison is listed in the phone book under Hopewell Junction, another unincorporated hamlet in East Fishkill. As far as the town of Beekman is concerned, Green Haven is one of its principal employers; over a hundred local residents work at the prison, as

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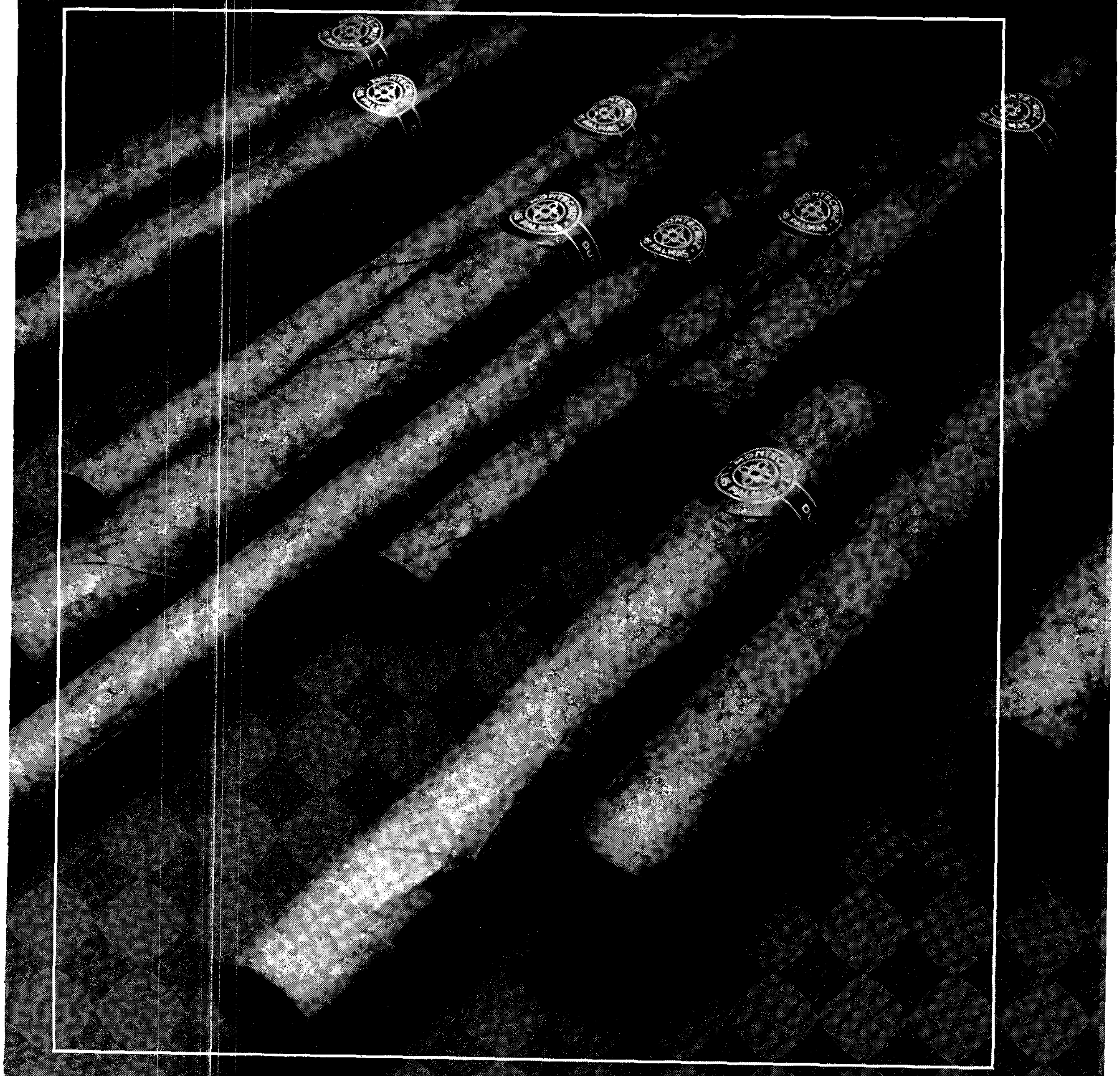

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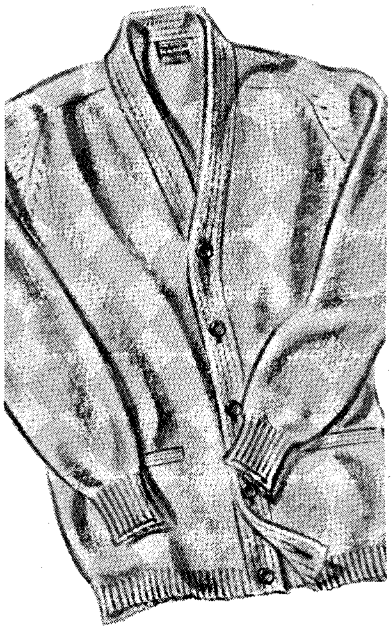

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guards, supervisors, or civilian employees. As a state agency, the prison is exempt from paying property taxes, but it performs a few useful services for the community. It has, on occasion, built some cabinets and cooked some turkeys for a church in Beekman. When Nelson and Franklin walked off the prison farm in July, 1976, an irate local citizen and two town officials came to call on the prison's superintendent to express their displeasure and to demand that Green Haven's security be upgraded. Except when there is an escape or a difference of opinion between the prison and the town over a matter like waste disposal, however, the attitude of the townspeople toward the rather self-contained prison is one of apathy.

Green Haven is on a two-lane road in a setting of rolling hills, old farms, and modern, low-lying split-levels and ranch-style houses. Though it doesn't dominate the landscape to quite the extent that the cathedral at Chartres soars over its environs, it is an incongruous sight to come upon. The road dips, and suddenly the prison wall is there, looking rather like a dam—if dams were punctuated by guard towers. A sign near the entrance spells out "GREEN HAVEN CORRECTIONAL FACILITY" in metal block letters. Until 1970, the sign read "GREEN HAVEN PRISON." In 1970, the State Legislature decreed that prisons in New York were thenceforth to be known as correctional facilities. The prisoners and the guards still call Green Haven "the prison" or "the joint" or "the jailhouse." In 1970, in what appears to have been an epidemic of wishful thinking by nomenclature, the state introduced a number of other euphemisms. The guards—there are four hundred and seventy-nine of them at Green Haven—became correction officers. Men like George Malinow call their keepers "guards," "officers," "C.O.s," "hacks," "screws," "police," "cops," and various obscene terms, rather interchangeably. They never call them correction officers. The officers are the first to admit that they do far more guarding than correcting, just as Green Haven still does more imprisoning than correcting. Old-timers like Malinow refer to themselves as convicts or cons, but most of the men at Green Haven call themselves inmates or prisoners. Collectively, the inmates are referred to as "population." At one time, the Department of Correctional Services (which one New York-prison critic has described as "probably the most glaring misnomer in state government") was called the Bureau of Prisons.

Behind Green Haven's damlike wall, and invisible from the road, are twenty-five red brick buildings. The first one to which a prisoner is taken when he reaches Green Haven—in handcuffs chained to his belt and in leg irons—is H block, the prison's reception block, where he is unshackled, strip-frisked, and assigned a temporary cell. He spends anywhere from a few days to a few weeks in H block, going through the reception process. One of the first things he receives at Green Haven is a number: there are apt to be several James Smiths and Victor Hernandezes at Green Haven at the same time. The first man sent to Green Haven when it opened as a state prison, in October, 1949, received the number 1. Numbers have been dispensed in chronological sequence ever since. Green Haven's total population is fairly constant (it may be 1,840 one day, 1,862 the next, and 1,845 the day after) but also, as the number system shows, fairly transient. The first man to arrive at Green Haven in January, 1976, received the number 22,988. The last man to arrive there in December, 1976, received the number 24,600. As men are paroled from Green Haven, or get out on C.R., or max out, or are transferred to other prisons in the state, other men take their places. All these men are returned parole violators, returned C.R. violators, or transferees from other prisons or from reception-and-classification centers. No one comes to Green Haven directly from court. Malinow has been at Green Haven twice. The first time, he asked to be transferred from Clinton; the second time, he came to Green Haven from Attica, after the riot.

The reception process, a haphazard one, usually involves having a photograph taken, getting an identification card, being given a blood test, being issued green prison uniforms from the state shop, and obtaining certain other basic supplies, such as bedding and a set of earphones for the prison radio system. A Green Haven "Inmate Handbook of Rules and Regulations" was published in 1975 but has long been out of print as well as out of date. "Green Haven's rules change with the weather," Malinow says. New arrivals gradually pick up the latest prison rules, and how best to go about breaking them without getting caught, from inmates who have been at Green Haven for a while. Each new arrival is asked whether he has any enemies in the prison population. If he does, he

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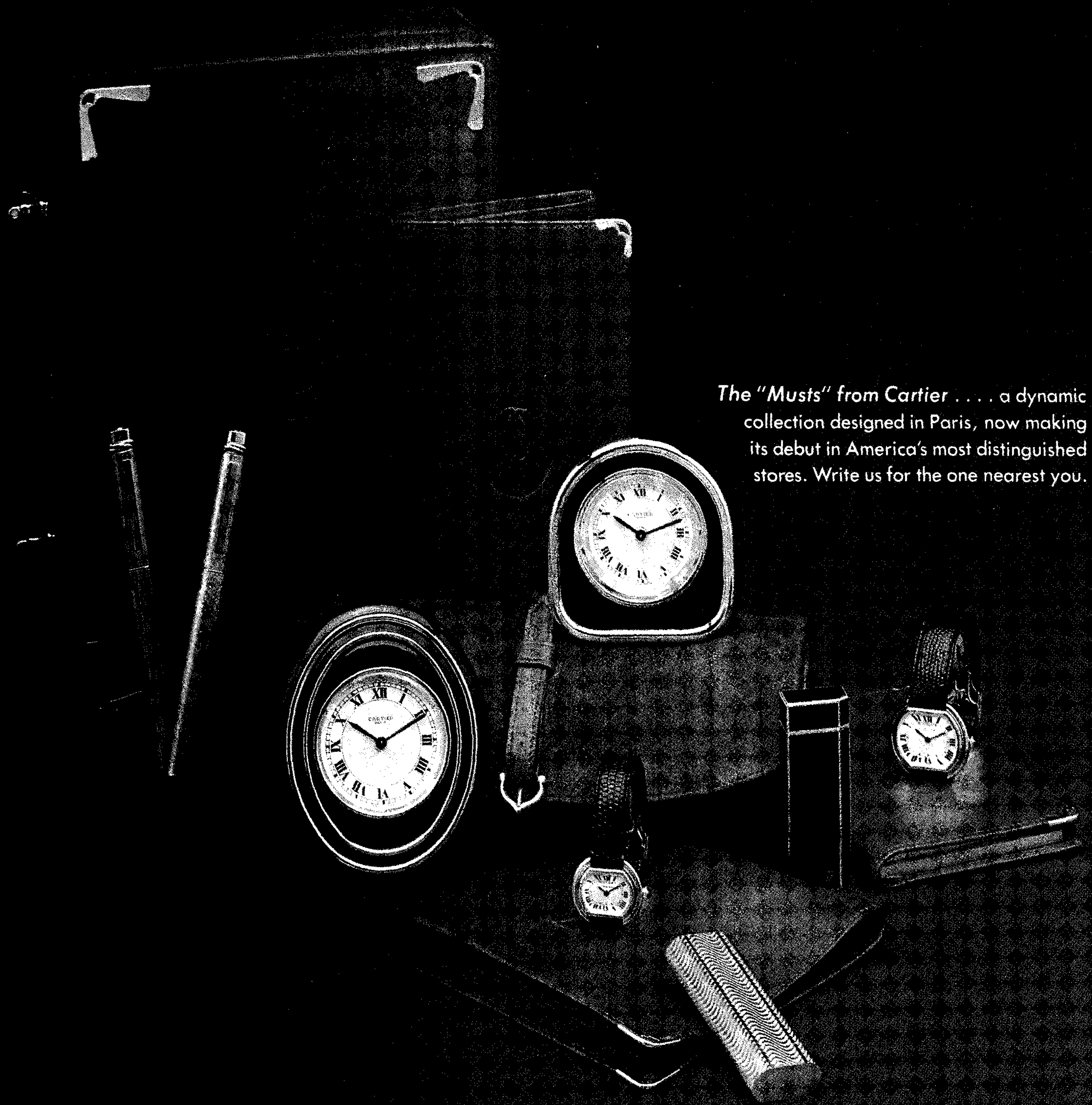

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is transferred elsewhere. There are a number of prisoners in the state who might find it fatal to be in the same prison as their enemies. One man at Green Haven in 1976, a former bodyguard of Malcolm X who was serving time for a string of assaults and robberies, had been at Clinton in 1972. When one of the three men convicted of murdering Malcolm X was transferred from Green Haven to Clinton, in September, 1972, a few days after a big fight in a Green Haven yard between two rival groups of black inmates—the People's Party and the followers of Elijah Muhammad (of which he was a leader)—the former bodyguard was dispatched to Green Haven.

By far the most important step in the reception process is an interview with the three-man Classification Committee, which makes job assignments. In addition to the hundred-odd men who work outside the walls (as Nelson and Franklin did) and the hundred-odd who work in the kitchen and the mess halls (as Shea and Gregory did), about three hundred are assigned to work in prison industry. Green Haven has a knit shop (which makes men's, women's, and children's underwear), an upholstery shop, a furniture shop, and an optical shop. Industries seem to come and go at Green Haven, just as prisoners do: in times past, the prison produced wheelchairs and paintbrushes and had a thriving textile industry, which employed over six hundred inmates and turned out bolts of cloth, sheets and pillowcases, and American flags. Another three hundred men are assigned to the academic school. Classes include elementary reading and arithmetic (the average prisoner entering Green Haven has an I.Q. of 95 and reads at a fifth-grade level), high-school history and English, and such college subjects as business law and social psychology. About a hundred and eighty men are assigned to the vocational school. Among the trades offered are printing, drafting, and welding. About two hundred and fifty men have jobs as porters, cleaning the cellblocks, the other prison buildings, and the yards. A hundred and fifty hold jobs as clerks. Each cellblock has a clerk, and so do various departments, among them the commissary and parole clothing, and there are also the civilian employees—for example, the Protestant chaplain and the recreation supervisor. Fifty prisoners hold assorted prison-maintenance jobs (as painters, plumbers, masons, electricians, carpenters, sewermen, and repairmen), about twenty work in the prison hos-

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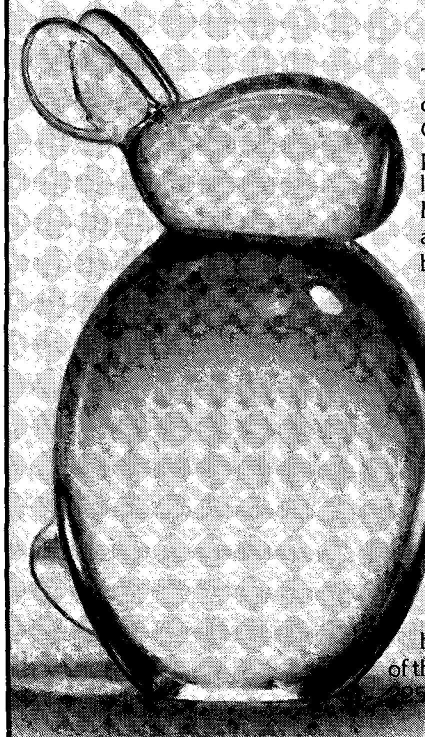

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pital as nurses and technicians, about twenty are runners (prison messengers), about a dozen work in the tailor shop and the laundry, eight work in the officers' mess, six are assigned to the prison band (it plays before the movie that is shown in the auditorium every Saturday, and at special events sometimes held on Sundays and holidays), and a few men have one-of-a-kind jobs: Green Haven has one cobbler, one man to tend flowers, and one identification-room technician. Despite a considerable amount of featherbedding—it is difficult to imagine how the prison could be dirtier if it had only half the number of porters—Green Haven has an even more serious unemployment problem than the outside world: on a given day, anywhere from ten to twenty per cent of the inmates are unemployed. It can take a man a month or two after his arrival at Green Haven to find a job.

The three-man Classification Committee is composed of a sergeant and two civilian prison employees. The classification sergeant is its dominant member. The job a man is given—or, in Department of Correctional Services bureaucratese, the "program" to which he is "assigned"—depends on whom he knows and what he is willing to tell. The sergeant may remember and like a man from a previous stint at Green Haven and give him a good job. A new prisoner whom the sergeant is not acquainted with is likely to be assigned to whatever mundane work position is available that day. His job assignment can be changed later, however. Like all prisons, Green Haven is run with the help of informers—"rats." In 1976, the classification sergeant, a man with a strong personality and a husky build, who is respected by fellow-officers, by supervisors, and by most inmates as well, was also known at Green Haven as a one-man C.I.A. When a Neil Shea was caught, he interrogated him; when an Eli Walker was murdered, he was asked to help find the "perpetrator." One way he has of rewarding rats is with jobs.

A man who is an invalid (there are usually about a dozen men at Green Haven suffering from serious heart conditions or crippling arthritis) or one who is unemployed is paid twenty-five cents a day—or, rather, twenty-five cents is credited to his inmate account. The other prison jobs, except those in industry, pay from thirty-five cents a day to a dollar-fifteen. There are four pay grades, with four or five steps within each grade. A porter's job is a Grade 1 job that starts at thirty-five cents a day and goes up five cents every so

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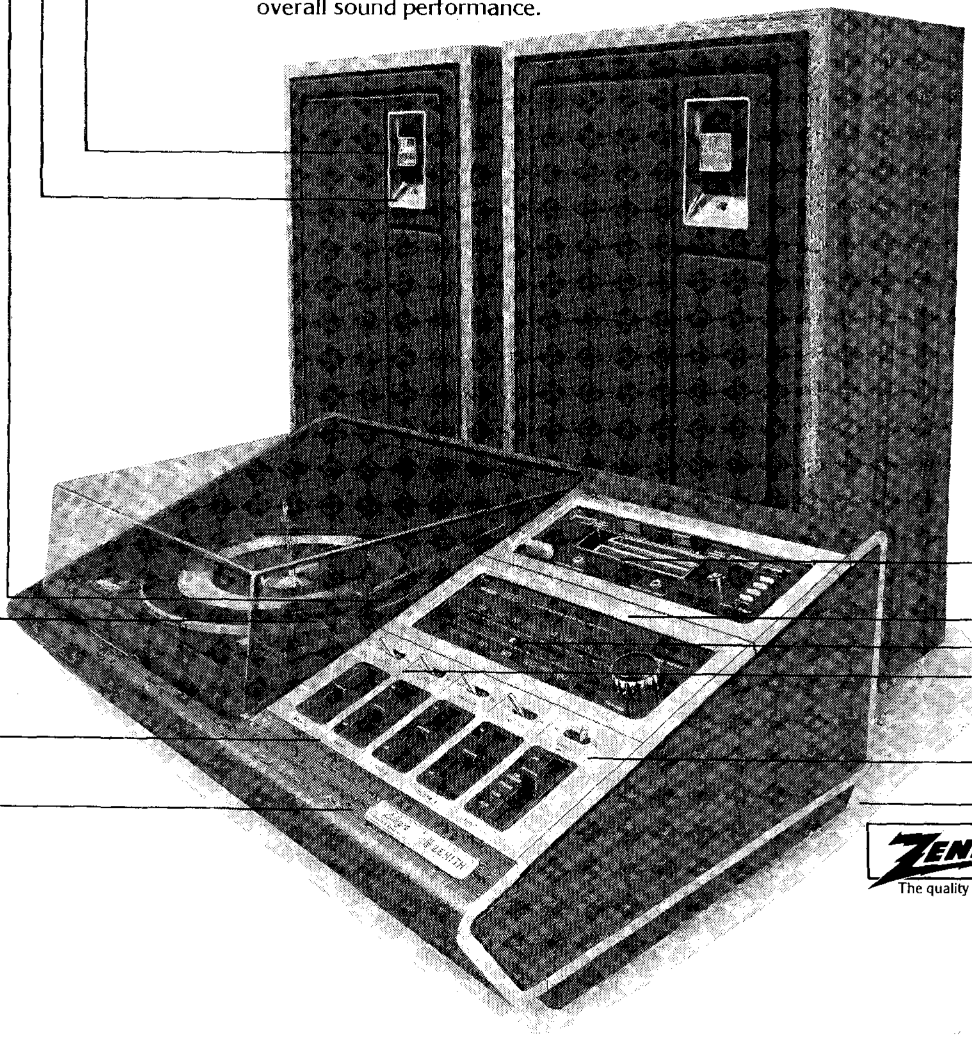

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often to a maximum of fifty cents. A porter may advance to Grade 2 (from fifty-five to seventy cents a day) if he becomes a "feed-up" man—one who transports food from the mess hall to the block for the invalids and to those who are "keeplocked," or confined to their cells for disciplinary reasons. A clerk's job is a Grade 3 or a Grade 4 job that starts at seventy-five cents a day and increases five cents every so often until it reaches the dollar-and-fifteen-cent maximum. The Department of Correctional Services gives the schools and the kitchen an allotment of jobs in all four grades to distribute—theoretically, according to seniority and merit in the schools and seniority and job importance in the mess hall. In still another D.O.C.S. euphemism, the amount of money an inmate earns a day isn't his pay; it is his "work-incentive allowance." The average salary at Green Haven is fifty-five cents a day. Malinow is classified as a clerk and earns a dollar and fifteen cents a day in the parole-clothing department.

The best-paying jobs at Green Haven are in industry ("the industrial-training program"), where men earn between 6.25 and 28.75 cents an hour. A prisoner can make as much as $11.10 a week in industry. Some men work in the industrial shops during the day, and others during the evening. (Industry is one of only a few jobs done in the evening as well as in the daytime.) A few men at Green Haven regard the prison wages as slave labor and refuse to work. They are locked up in a special area and are paid nothing—not even the minimum twenty-five cents a day.

Men's motives for taking different jobs vary. Some men work on the farm because they like being outdoors all day rather than cooped up inside. Others, who are afraid of cows, hate fresh air, and plan never to live in the country, work on the farm because they think it will impress the Parole Board, which seems to regard outside-the-wall workers as "trusties." Some men care about earning money and take day jobs as clerks and evening jobs in industry; their combined earnings can amount to $16.85 a week. Some men choose a job according to the job's fringe benefits. A kitchen worker can eat as much as he pleases and can bake loaves of soft bread for himself every day. (The bread baked daily at Green Haven and served to the prisoners in the mess halls is coarse.) "The most sought-after job at Green Haven is a porter's job," the classification sergeant says. "A porter spends fifteen minutes a day mopping and sweeping. He's free to hang out on the block or go to the yard for the rest of the day. It's a lazy man's job."

As soon as a man has completed the reception process, he is assigned a cell, whether he has been given a job or is still awaiting assignment to one. Although the number of prisoners in New York State has been increasing at the rate of about a hundred a month in the last two years, New York has thus far been able to deal with its inmate-population explosion by taking over former Office of Drug Abuse Services treatment centers that have been closed down and converting them into prisons. In all of New York's maximum-security prisons, inmates are housed one to a cell. In states like California and Maryland, inmates have had to double up in cells originally built for one. In numerous Southern states, inmates are sleeping in even more crowded conditions—in tents, or on mattresses placed close together on corridor floors, or five men to a one-man cell. The United States began 1976 with more people behind bars than ever before in its history. There were 250,042 people in state and federal prisons on January 1, 1976. By January 1, 1977, the number had increased to 275,578—the largest one-year jump ever. The increase would have been even greater—to 283,268—if 7,690 men sentenced to prison hadn't been backed up in county jails.

THE most imposing buildings at Green Haven are the eight cellblocks, which are three hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and three stories high. Until 1976 (when two of the blocks were renovated), the cellblocks contained two hundred and fifty-two cells—eighty-four per floor, with two rows of forty-two cells stacked atop each other on each of the three floors of the block. The rows of cells face in opposite directions, and are separated in back by a five-foot space containing a catwalk. A set of forty-two cells is known as a company, and six companies, numbered 1 to 6, make up a block. Although all eight blocks were built at the same time, the four blocks on the west side of the prison, which are lettered A, B, C, and D, are "closed," with twelve feet of floor space between the bars of the cells and the enormous barred windows of the cellblock. The four blocks on the east side of the prison, which are lettered E, F, G, and H, are "open;" that is, only the cells on the ground level have the twelve feet of floor space between the cell bars and the windows. The second and third tiers have five-foot walkways in front of the cells, and these

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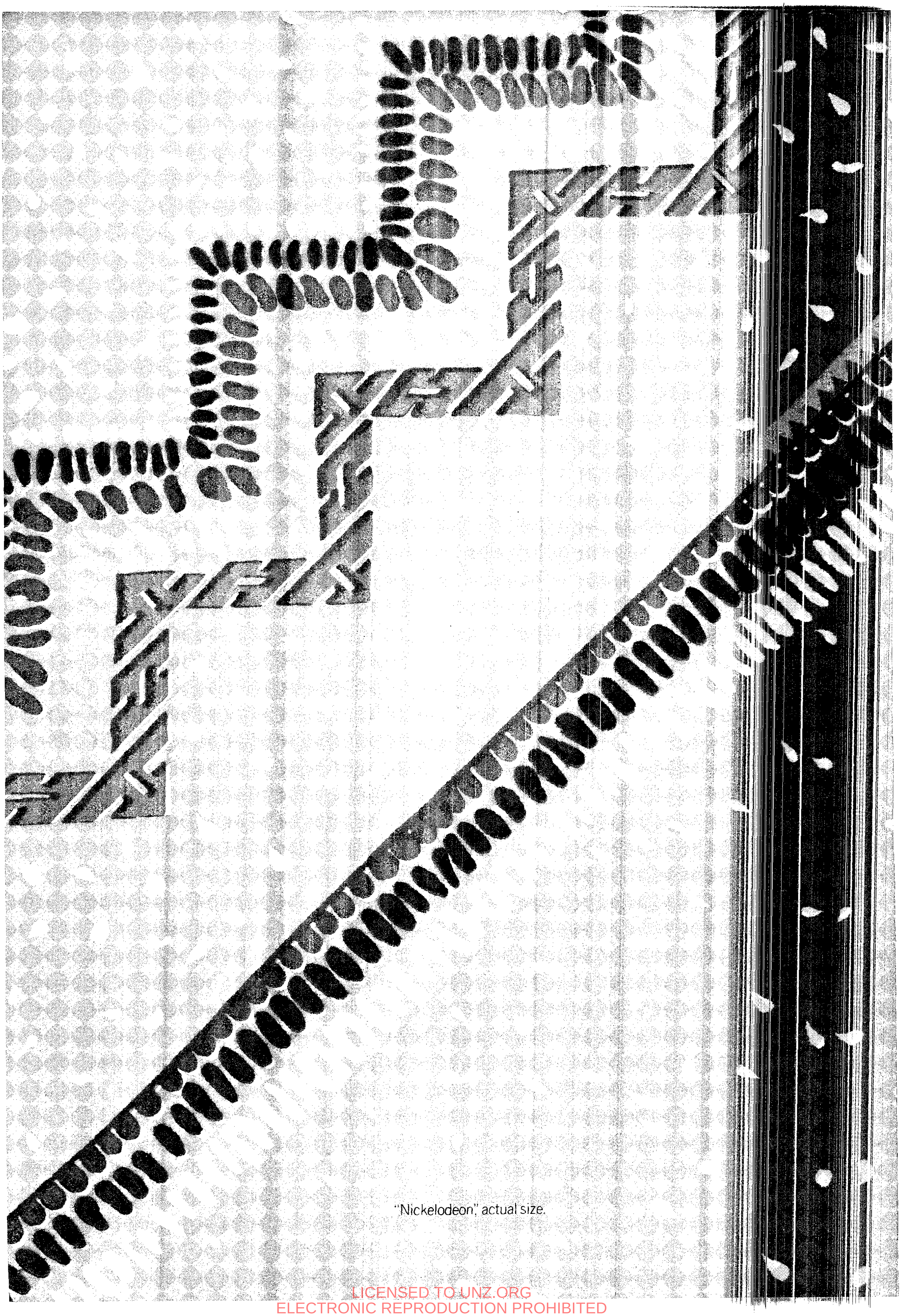

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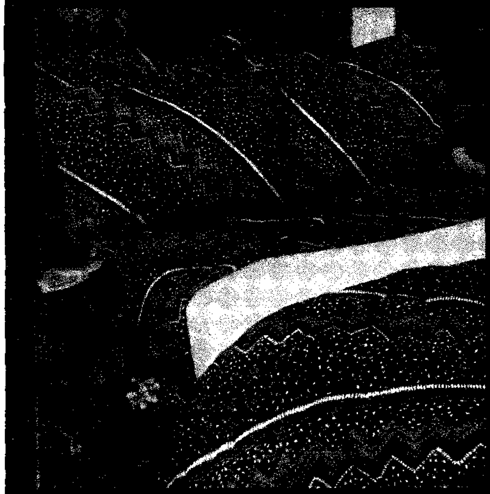

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lead to a staircase that goes down to the ground floor. Open blocks, which are rather reminiscent of aviaries, are usually preferred by prison administrations, for security reasons: a guard on the ground-floor tier can hear all the way up to the third-floor tier. Closed blocks are almost invariably preferred by inmates. They are quieter; if an inmate on the first tier is playing his bongo drums, an inmate on the third tier isn't part of his captive audience. They also provide twelve feet of usable space between the cells and the cell-block windows on all three tiers, which the prisoners can take advantage of for various activities. On closed blocks, inmates on the upper tiers (which are also called decks or galleries) can open or shut the windows if the temperature is too hot or cold for their liking, and they can dry their clothes on the steam pipes that run beneath the windows. Until the winter of 1976, a man's job determined his cellblock: farm workers and other outside workers locked on A, a closed block; those attending academic classes locked on B, also closed; mess-hall workers locked on D, likewise closed; the six members of the band locked on G, an open block; and the men who worked in industry locked on one of the four east-side blocks, all open. If a man changed his job, he changed his cell location. Until 1976, A and D were considered the prison's honor blocks. (J block, a smaller block added to Green Haven in 1966, and originally intended to house old and infirm prisoners, was also an honor block. It bears little physical resemblance to the eight other blocks. In 1976, most of J block, a two-story structure with mini-rooms rather than cells, was occupied by inmates participating in an experimental diagnostic-and-treatment program to help them understand the reasons for their criminal behavior. The program was recently phased out at Green Haven.) Whereas inmates on B, E, F, G, and H blocks had no television sets and locked in at five o'clock for the night (unless they had a special six-to-eight-thirty program on certain evenings—for example, Alcoholics Anonymous or night recreation in the gym or the yard), the men on the A and D honor blocks could remain out of their cells until 11 P.M., and there were three television sets on each block. TV-watching schedules were worked out in advance by the inmates. One set was usually devoted to sports, one to movies, and one to weekly comedies and dramas or specials. Police shows are especially popular at Green Haven, as they are at most prisons around the country. Quite a few Green Haven inmates say they have upgraded their criminal expertise by watching such programs as "Baretta," "Kojak," and "Starsky & Hutch." A- and D-block inmates were also allowed to keep tables on their tiers, where they did hobby work and cooked meals. Electric frying pans, contraband at Green Haven, were overlooked on the honor blocks. Being out of their cells an extra six hours a night gave the A- and D-block inmates more time for taking showers, for doing their personal laundry in the tier's slop sink, and for lollygagging. In early 1976, when Green Haven's officials closed down D block for renovation, they were reminded of the fact that such privileges mean a great deal in prison. D block's inmates were dispersed to other blocks, as space permitted. Two companies of mess-hall workers were sent to F block, an open block. The farm and mess-hall workers had originally been assigned to A and D, the privileged blocks, because their work was considered harder and dirtier than most jobs in the prison and their working hours were longer. Most of them worked seven days a week rather than the customary five. At Green Haven, the prison's open east side was always regarded as "the ghetto," its closed west side as "the suburbs." Men like Malinow have always succeeded in doing their time at Green Haven on the west side. The mess-hall workers didn't want to go to F block, on the east side. They thought that two companies of B-block students should be moved to F. B-block students locked in at five o'clock anyway and weren't entitled to television, so a change to F block would be less drastic for them. It would simply mean a move from a closed to an open block. For the mess-hall workers, a move to F meant giving up all of their cherished privileges. There wasn't space on the catwalks of F block's two upper levels for tables or TV sets, whereas B block's tiers could have accommodated tables and television. Prison officials didn't want to disrupt B block, and moved the mess-hall workers to F block in March, 1976. A few days after the move, the mess-hall workers staged a work slowdown. The officials ignored the slowdown. The mess-hall workers remained on F block. On Friday morning, April 2nd, the mess-hall forks and spoons were used at breakfast. At 11:15, shortly before the main meal of the day was scheduled to begin, it was discovered that most of the prison's silverware was missing. The main meal was served by rewashing

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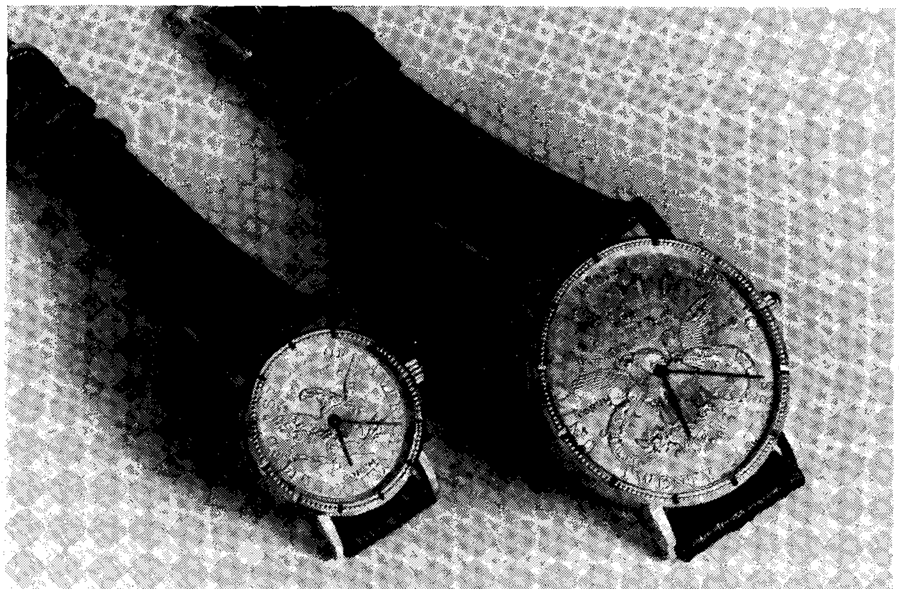

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and reusing the small amount of silverware that could still be found. A search of the kitchen and the surrounding area was made. Green Haven officials phoned other nearby prisons in an attempt to borrow silverware, and bought plastic forks and spoons for the evening meal. At one o'clock that afternoon, a guard was told by a reliable informer that the silverware had been put in a huge bin with the breakfast garbage. The company that had taken the garbage out had buried the contents of Green Haven's bins several hours earlier, and it was impractical to go digging for silverware amid all the garbage and refuse. Guards on the 7:20 A.M. to 3:20 P.M. shift and several sergeants and civilians were held overtime to search for the missing silverware in the hope that it might still be in the prison. They spent two hours searching in vain. The silverware was never found. The mess-hall silverware episode cost New York State taxpayers a fair amount of money. The estimated twelve hundred missing forks were valued at $413.50, the estimated twelve hundred missing spoons were valued at another $413.50. The state also paid Green Haven's guards, sergeants, and civilians a total of five hundred and twenty-nine hours of overtime. Malinow described the missing silverware incident as "an inventive form of nonviolent protest." An officer whose overtime pay rate was ten dollars and eighty-nine cents an hour said, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." In 1976, Green Haven spent over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars on overtime.

In the winter of 1976, Green Haven officials decided that inmates would no longer be housed according to their jobs. If they were assigned to the mess hall from H-block reception, they could be put on B block or on F block. If they transferred from the mess hall to the vocational school, they did not change cells. The only blocks to which they could no longer be assigned from reception were C and D, which became real honor blocks—blocks to which men could gain access only if they met certain criteria.

Until C and D blocks were renovated, at a cost of $1,509,800, all the cells on both the east and the west sides of the prison were the same size. The original cells measure six feet wide, eight feet four inches long, and seven feet nine inches high. Their backs and sides are made of steel plate; the fronts consist of steel bars with barred doors that slide open twenty-five inches. The state furnishes all of these cells identically. They contain a single bed with a

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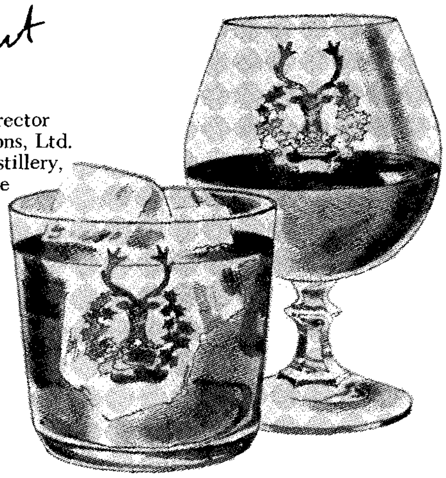

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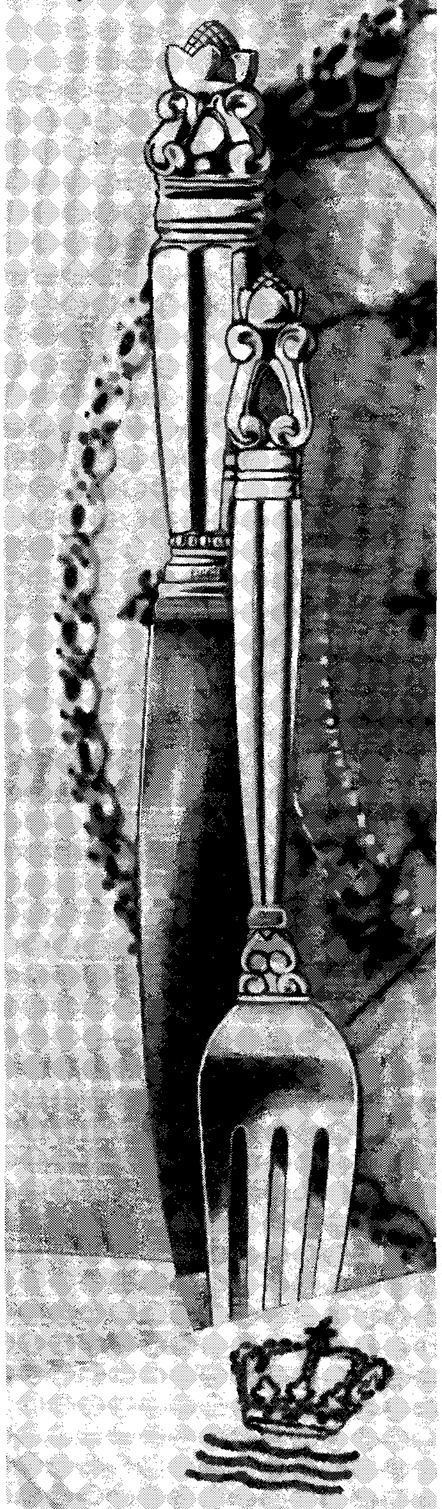

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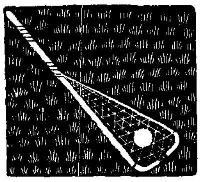
metal frame, a foam-rubber mattress, a small sink with cold running water, a small topless toilet, a small metal locker, a stool, a bare bulb in the ceiling, and a three-channel outlet for earphones. (Music, news, and sports selected by the prison's radio room are played on two channels, television sound tracks on the third. Prison announcements are broadcast daily at 5:30 P.M.) The furniture is inevitably shabby, the painted steel walls are usually peeling, and there is little floor space for walking around, especially by the time the inmates have found ways to acquire extra lockers, stools, and other state property and have crammed them into their cells.

When the renovated C block opened, in March, 1976, and D block eight months later, they offered the privileges of the old honor blocks, as well as larger and more attractive cells. The cells were the same height and length as those in the other blocks, but they were nearly one and a half times as wide: eight feet, nine inches compared to the six-foot width of the original cells. The beds were comfortable foam-rubber mattresses on steel platforms, the sinks had hot and cold running water (on the regular blocks, inmates are lucky to get two pails of hot water a day from the company's slop sink), and there were additional furnishings—a large double locker, two modern light fixtures, three shelves, a typing table, a contoured chair, a two-foot-by-three-foot cork bulletin board, a wastebasket, and a sixteen-by-twenty-two-inch mirror. "A little thing like a mirror is a real score in prison," George Malinow says. The cells were freshly painted and clean. With only twenty-two men to each company, the galleries and showers were less crowded.



When applications for C block were distributed to Green Haven's population, in early March, 1976, Malinow decided to apply. He enjoys novelty, and C block was "a new toy." He met the various criteria for the honor block: he had been at Green Haven for at least six months, had been in state prison for at least a year, hadn't been caught breaking a prison rule for six months, and had held his job for at least three months. He moved to C block in late March. As luck would have it, he was assigned a cell on the "flats" (as the first floor is called), which pleased him because he is not an avid climber of stairs and because the flats are cooler in summer than the two upper tiers. (Green Haven's buildings are not air-conditioned.) His cell was on the side of the block facing the wall rather than the yard, which he also considered an advantage, because the wall side is quieter. The four blocks on the west side of Green Haven are arranged in the shape of a squarish letter "C." They enclose two square prison yards, with ninety thousand square feet of space in each. One yard, called A&B, has a basketball court, a boccie court, a shuffleboard court, punching bags, areas for weight lifting, a volleyball net, two black-and-white television sets, and "spots," with tables and lockers for small groups of inmates who use their turf to play cards, gamble, and hang out. The second yard, C&D, is sparsely equipped, because it is used primarily for softball, football, and jogging. The prisoners in the four cellblocks can go to either yard. The four east-side blocks are similarly arranged around E&F yard (A&B's counterpart) and G&H (C&D's counterpart). The yards are in use a good part of the day and evening but are busiest between 3:20 and 4:20 P.M.—after jobs let out and before supper and the obligatory 5 P.M. lock-in.

Malinow also found his tiermates congenial. Although C block's residents are not necessarily more law-abiding than the residents of the non-honor blocks, they tend to break prison rules quietly, as Malinow does. There has been none of the drunkenness and assault-prone behavior on C block which is not infrequent on the east-side blocks, especially G. Six months after C block opened, Green Haven officials were tipped off to "an alarming amount of narcotics" throughout the institution, and they conducted a surprise midnight-to-dawn raid on various cellblocks, among them C block. A few of C block's original tenants—those whose cells contained alcohol, marijuana, commercial yeast, or homemade knives—were evicted and were replaced by men on the C-block waiting list.

Malinow was enthusiastic about C block from the day he moved in. He liked the hot water. He is a fastidious man, and when he washed his coffee cup in hot water the stains came right out. The cups he had washed over the years in his many cold-water cells had never come clean. When he put his "dropper" (prison slang for an electric heating coil) into a cup of hot water, it took less time to boil, which was especially nice when he was preparing his first cup of instant coffee in the morning. There were no rats and roaches on C block, as there had been on the other blocks. Best of all was the extra

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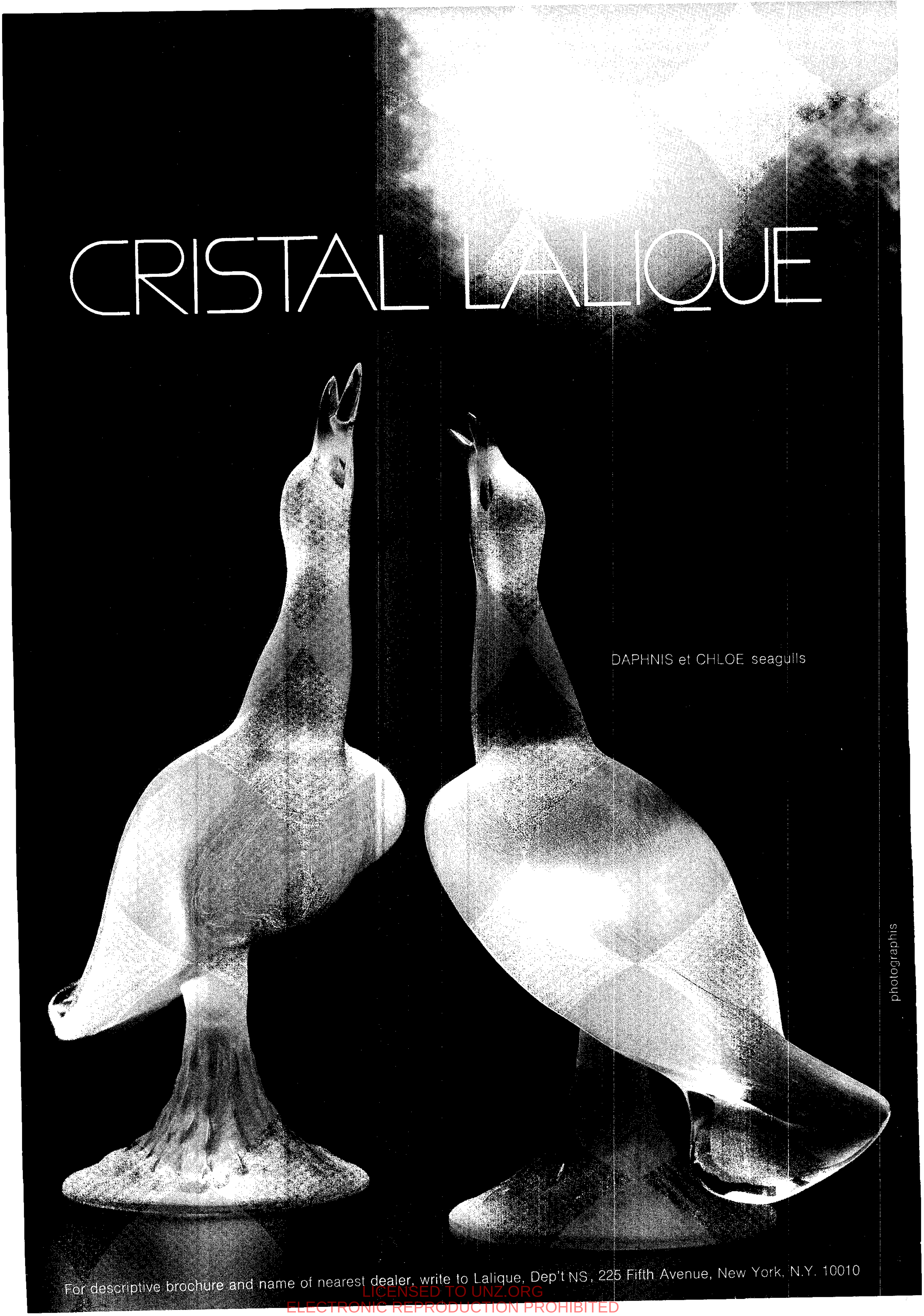

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space. Like most men doing "big time," Malinow has accumulated many possessions. Even his one-and-a-half-times-as-wide cell on C block is cluttered. In addition to his state-issued allotment of bedding, towels, and uniforms, Malinow has a considerable quantity of personal property—extra pillows and blankets and odds and ends left to him by departing prisoners, such as a desk lamp and an alarm clock that tells the approximate time but no longer rings. He has about three dozen dress shirts, turtlenecks, and T-shirts in every color of the rainbow except blue. Inmates are forbidden to wear blue, presumably because the guards wear blue shirts and the prisoners might try to escape by impersonating officers. Malinow's lockers also hold three dozen handkerchiefs and a few pairs of shoes, which he has liberated from the parole-clothing department; a few books on subjects that interest him, such as reincarnation, real estate, and navigation; and a generous supply of groceries, plastic bowls, thermoses, and other eating utensils; half a dozen hairbrushes and combs; and an array of toilet articles—shampoos, foot powders, and after-shave lotions. On his shelves can be found a box containing his legal papers, a box filled with newspaper stories he has clipped, and the supplies he requires for his two favorite pastimes, glass painting and letter writing: tinfoil, paints, brushes, jars for mixing paints, pads, and ballpoint pens. In 1973, Malinow acquired a Philippine pen pal named Liwayway Ona, who is thirty years younger than he is. Divorced or not, he plans to marry her soon after his release. He has a box with all of Liwayway's letters and a photograph album with pictures of Liwayway, a comely young woman of twenty-six, and her family and friends. Malinow also corresponds with a few other pen pals and some relatives of present and former inmate friends, whom he refers to as his adopted sisters and brothers, sons and daughters, and nieces and nephews. A plywood toilet-seat cover, made by a friend and painted aqua, and two bright scatter rugs give his cell a homey touch. Pinned to Malinow's bulletin board are photographs of himself and his friends, palms from the Palm Sunday services held at Green Haven's Catholic chapel, and a button that reads "Attica Is All of Us." Malinow is one of the few men at Green Haven without a centerfold pin-up from *Playboy* or *Penthouse* or *Hustler* on display in his cell.

A few men at Green Haven write poems about the physical and psychological horrors of cell confinement. They decry the lack of privacy to go to

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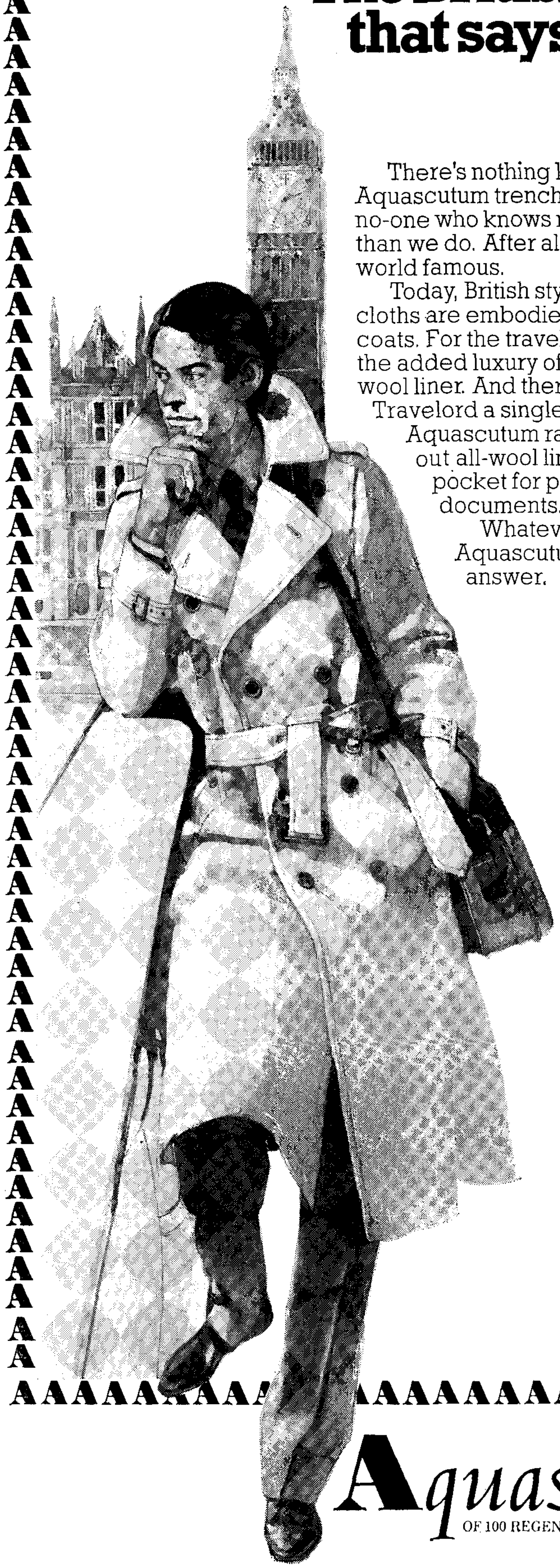

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the toilet, the smells from the open toilets, and the block noises—flushing toilets, despondent men crying out in the night, the guards coming down the galleries rattling their keys when they walk up and down to take the 2 and 4 A.M. head counts, less to make sure that an inmate isn't sawing through his bars than to make sure an inmate isn't ill or attempting to commit suicide. Malinow is reluctant to criticize other prisoners, but what he calls their "far out" poems obviously do not move him. He isn't particularly embarrassed by the lack of privacy. "We're all men here," he says. "If you're walking down a tier and a man is using the terlet, you use simple good manners and look the other way." He has no trouble sleeping through the night. "If the guards stopped taking the count in the middle of the night, I'd probably miss their footsteps," he says. "I read somewhere that when the 'L' was torn down, people who lived on Third Avenue had a hard time getting used to sleeping without the noise of the trains." A few men at Green Haven engage in photography. Many of their photographs show men's hands gripping cell bars. Malinow says that bars don't bother him and never have, and points out that the paint on the bars at Green Haven isn't worn off at gripping height. He doesn't refer to his cell as a cage. Like most men at Green Haven, he calls his cell his "house." His C-block cell is so spacious that he describes it as his "cell-room."

Although Malinow hates, as a matter of general principle, to agree with the guards about much of anything, he does in one instance. He believes that punishment should be taken manfully. He says, as the guards so often do, "If you can't do the time, don't commit the crime." With a few exceptions, the men at Green Haven seem to be able to do the time, and there are hardly any men with furrowed brows, bent heads, or plaintive eyes to be seen there. Most of the men look healthy and in reasonably good spirits. A great many retain a sense of humor. Last Labor Day, some men on A block were watching the evening news on TV. The newscaster was discussing the crowded traffic conditions on highways throughout New York State. One inmate said to another, "Aren't we lucky to be in here, not facing all those problems? Here I am, sitting at Green Haven, not having to worry that the cars on the Long Island Expressway are backed up for twenty miles." Late one night on C block, as a guard walked past some cells jangling his keys as he took the 11 P.M. count, one inmate said, "Here comes the Good Humor man." Several of Green Haven's officials think that the reason most men at Green Haven keep their sanity is that the saying "Crime does not pay" has not been true in their experience. For many men at Green Haven, it paid very well—better than the legitimate jobs they could have had. Like Malinow, most men have committed many crimes for which they weren't caught. "Going to prison is to a robber what paying insurance is to a store owner," a Green Haven official says. "It's part of the overhead."

SOON after the C-block officer pushes the button that electrically opens the door to Malinow's cellroom, Malinow heads for the parole-clothing department, which is in the basement of the two-story Administration Building, the first building one reaches after going through the prison's front gate. As its name indicates, the Administration Building contains the offices of the men who manage the prison, some of whose titles were among those changed in the great 1970 renaming process. Until 1970, the person in charge of a prison in New York was called a warden. He is now a superintendent. Wardens were men who had started as guards and come up through the ranks by putting in a certain number of years at each level and then taking (and passing) a Civil Service examination to advance to the next—sergeant, lieutenant, captain, assistant deputy warden, and warden. Once a man became a warden, he had tenure. He could be brought up on charges for malfeasance and transferred (though he rarely was), but once he had made warden, he remained a warden. From 1949 to 1970, Green Haven had two wardens, Edward M. Fay (1949-65) and Harold W. Follette (1965-70). They both ran the prison with considerable autonomy, enjoyed their jobs, and died, so to speak, in harness. In recent years, the superintendent's powers have been significantly curtailed by countless directives and phone calls from the central office of the Department of Correctional Services, in Albany. There were some days in 1976 when Green Haven's superintendent spent more of his day answering inquiries from Albany than running the prison. In 1975, a few months after Benjamin Ward was appointed commissioner of the D.O.C.S., he succeeded in getting the State Legislature to pass a law that took the superintendent's job out of the civil-service category. Superintendents were henceforth to be chosen from among any people in the Department of Correctional Services at or above Grade 27,

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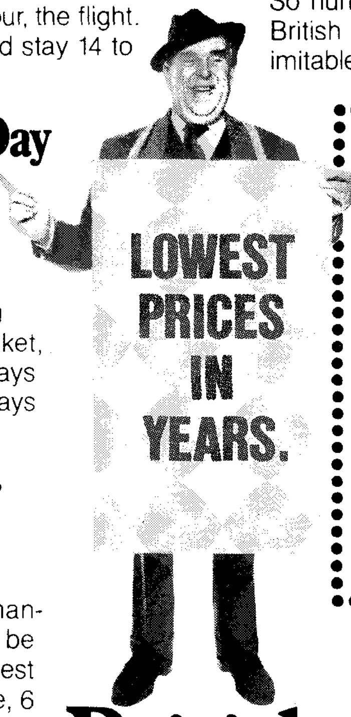
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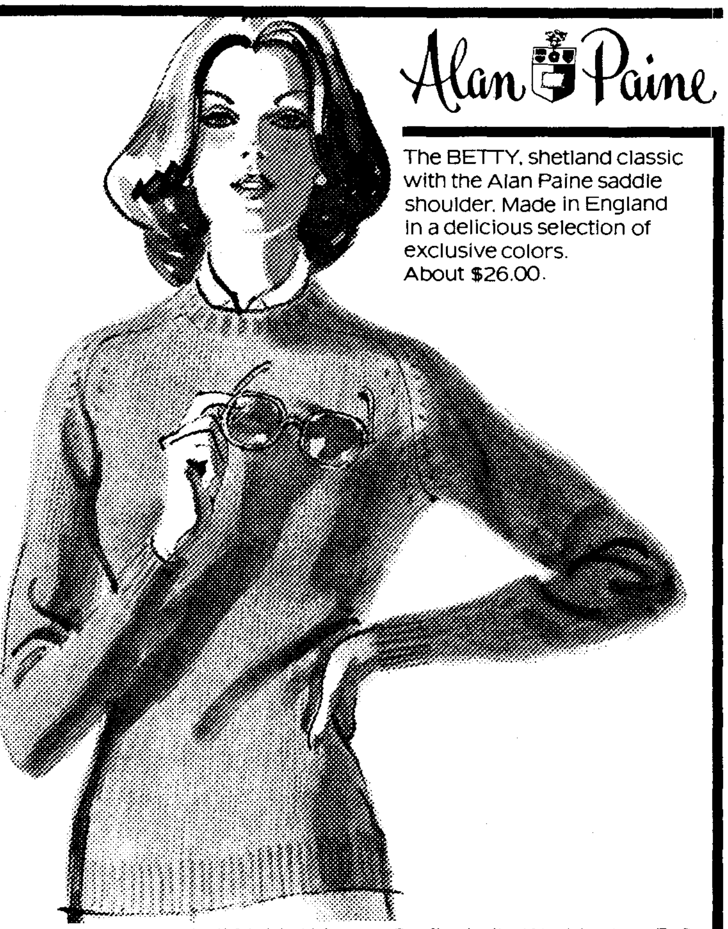

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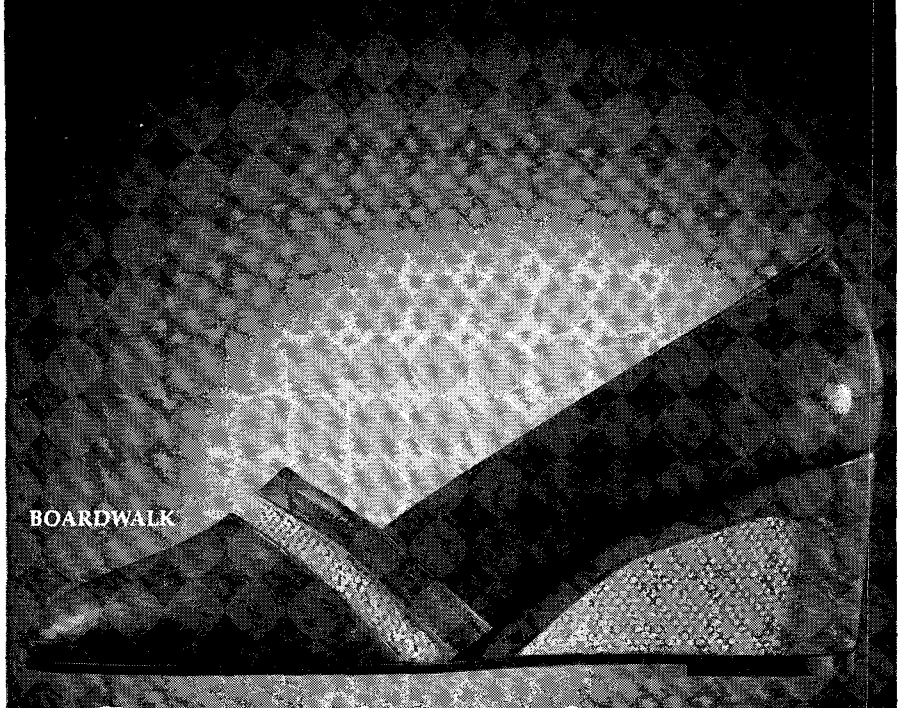

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were to be appointed by the commissioner, and were to serve at his pleasure. Since 1970, partly as a result of the constant intervention by Albany (which the superintendents did not appreciate) and partly as a result of Commissioner Ward's short-lived pleasure with some of his superintendents, there have been either six or seven superintendents at Green Haven. Six if you don't count a man who was appointed superintendent on June 30, 1977, spent several days at Green Haven, and turned down the job; seven if you do. Some of the recent Green Haven superintendents have resigned and retired, one was transferred to Albany, and one was asked to resign and has gone back to the title he held before he was appointed superintendent.

Until 1972, the person immediately under the superintendent was the deputy warden, otherwise known as the principal keeper, and called the P.K. for short. In 1972, in an attempt to make security (keeping) seem less important, the P.K. was replaced by a triumvirate of deputy superintendents ("deps" for short)—a dep of security, a dep of programs, and a dep of administration. At New York State's maximum-security prisons, some deps are more equal than others. At Green Haven, the dep of security is the most equal. The dep of administration concerns himself with the prison budget and the maintenance of the prison. At a recent administrative meeting, Green Haven's dep of administration was preoccupied with the size of the wet-dry vacuums being used to clean the prison kitchen and with the purchase of rubber mats for the block showers. The dep of programs oversees such activities as a weekly ceramics class and the occasional appearance at Green Haven of outside performers. In 1976, a theatre group, a rock singer, and a circus troupe appeared at Green Haven.

The dep of security in 1976 did not think ceramics class was a good idea. He didn't like the looks of the ceramics tools—he regards all pointed things as dangerous weapons. He especially didn't like the clay cutter, a piece of wire with wooden handles on each end, which could easily be used as a garrote. He didn't like the objects the ceramics students were making, either. The busts or heads, he said, could be used to make dummies, and dummies were not what he needed in a maximum-security prison. The idols the ceramics students produced had hidden cavities for concealing and transporting contraband. The ceramics program didn't last long at Green Haven. "After Attica, there was a lot of lip service paid to pro-

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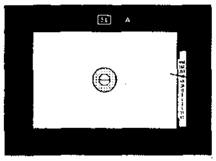
Minolta's electronic automatic models are the professional XK, the deluxe XE-7 and the economical XE-5. In these cameras, shutter speeds are controlled electronically with unprecedented precision. Even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta electronic SLR's, you get a wide choice of features, including interchangeable viewfinders and focusing screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second, and multiple-exposure capability.

How much information should the viewfinder display? The more information in the viewfinder, the more you know about the technical details of how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save some more money by getting a simpler model.


Minolta XE-7 viewfinder

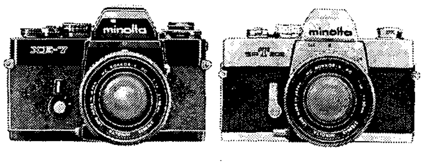
The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.

How does the camera feel and sound? This can tell you a lot about how well thought out the design is. A camera shouldn't take "getting used to." Your fingers should fall naturally and comfortably into place over the controls.

Advance the film wind lever. If a new camera has a "grainy" feeling, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

How about noise? Close machine tolerances and careful damping of moving parts in Minolta cameras give you a noticeably smoother, more solid response when you push the shutter button. And Minolta's automatic SLR's have a newly designed electronic shutter that's a joy to hear because you almost can't hear it.

The lens system. You need a choice of lenses broad enough to meet your present and future needs. Minolta offers almost 40. From a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto.



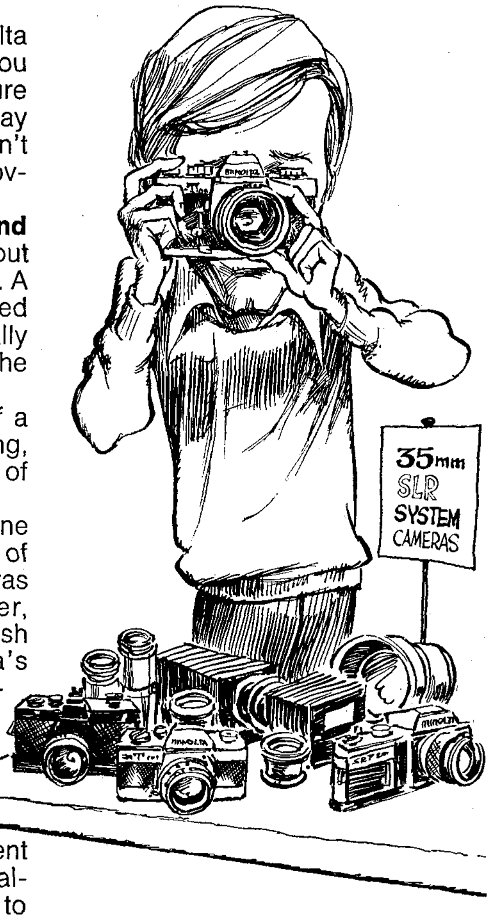
Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

How easy is it to change lenses? You shouldn't miss any shots while changing lenses. So Minolta has developed a patented bayonet mount that locks on in less than a quarter turn, instead of the three or more turns required by a screw mount.

And unlike others, the Minolta bayonet mount doesn't require realignment of f/stops every time you change lenses.

How do you judge craftsmanship? Take a close, careful look at the details. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside.



Cameras have reputations. Check them out. By all means, ask your friends about Minolta. Since it's the largest-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.

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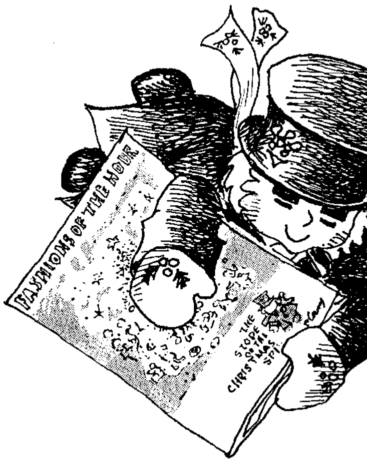

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grams, but security is still the name of the game," Malinow says. The dep of security is responsible for the day-to-day operation of the prison's custodial services. He is much closer than the two other deps to the superintendent, to the inmates, and to the uniformed staff.

Green Haven's four hundred and seventy-nine blue-shirted guards are presided over by thirty-nine white-shirted supervisors—one captain, nine lieutenants, and twenty-nine sergeants, a number of whom also have desks in the Administration Building.

◆ ◆ ◆

One of these men, perhaps the most harassed person at Green Haven, is the daytime chart sergeant, who (with the assistance of two chart officers) has to see to it that he has an officer to cover each essential post at the prison. The four hundred and seventy-nine guards work one of five different shifts—7:20 A.M. to 3:20 P.M., 9:45 A.M. to 5:45 P.M., 1 P.M. to 9 P.M., 3:20 P.M. to 11:20 P.M., and 11:20 P.M. to 7:20 A.M.—with more men, of course, assigned to the day shifts (when the inmates are out of their cells) and fewer to the evening and night shifts (when most, and eventually all, inmates are locked in). A few officers are fortunate enough to work from Monday to Friday with every weekend off, but most are divided into seven squads, with each squad working a cycle of six days on and two weekdays off four times in a row; then six days on and three days off once; and then five days on and three days off once. The first set of three days off is a Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; the second set is a Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The cycle is set up to give each man two weekends off every seven weeks. The men follow equally complicated vacation schedules and, in addition to their regular days off (R.D.O.s) and vacation days, are allowed five days a year of personal leave time (P.L.T.) and thirteen days a year of sick leave.

Most men on each shift—say, the busy seven-twenty-to-three-twenty shift—do the same job every working day. The man who has Tower 1 is always on Tower 1, the man who has Tower 4 is always on Tower 4. Two men always ride the same two horses on guard duty at the farm. When they are off, their horses are off. Other men always work on a certain block or in the hospital. One man has the hobby shop, one is assigned to the prison correspondence room. The chart sergeant has only a dozen or so "miscellaneous" officers whom he may assign wherever he needs them. Although the chart sergeant plans relief for all of the men on their R.D.O.s (a third horse is even kept at the farm for the man who relieves the mounted guards on their days off) and although he anticipates that a certain number of men will be out sick or on personal leave, there are always more men out than he anticipates and more spur-of-the-moment jobs that come up than the miscellaneous men can fill. Inevitably, just on the day when a car pool from New York City with five guards fails to reach Green Haven because the car has broken down on the Taconic State Parkway, a doctor orders round-the-clock guards for a man who has attempted suicide, an inmate is stabbed and must be taken to an outside hospital and also guarded around the clock, and a guard is hit by an inmate and leaves the prison to see his doctor. There are some posts the chart sergeant cannot close—there must always be at least two men on a block—and some he can close, like the correspondence room or the hobby shop. After the chart sergeant has closed all the nonessential posts, he still often has to get guards from other shifts to work overtime, sometimes willingly, sometimes reluctantly. There are never more than two hundred officers at Green Haven at any one time—and then only from 9:45 A.M. to 3:20 P.M., when three shifts overlap—and they are spread pretty thin. The chart sergeant's face shows that he has spent too many days robbing Peter to pay Paul.

A good number of Green Haven's two hundred and seventy-nine civilian employees also work in the Administration Building, among them the prison's seven parole officers; its eighteen service-unit counsellors (whose job, according to the D.O.C.S., is to provide "problem solving and counseling service to the inmate population"); and numerous clerks who work on inmates' accounts, process their legal work, and deal with their yellow (P.K.) record cards and plump record folders. The Administration Building also contains certain important objects—for example, the adding machine on which the prison's various counts are tabulated and the time clock on which the guards and civilians punch in and out, not to mention the impressive collection of keys and weapons kept in the prison arsenal. No employees are permitted to bring guns inside the prison; any weapon they might carry might be seized and used against them. Several generations of newspaper feature writers have likened New York's maximum-security prisons to walled cities; many of them have found it irresistible to call

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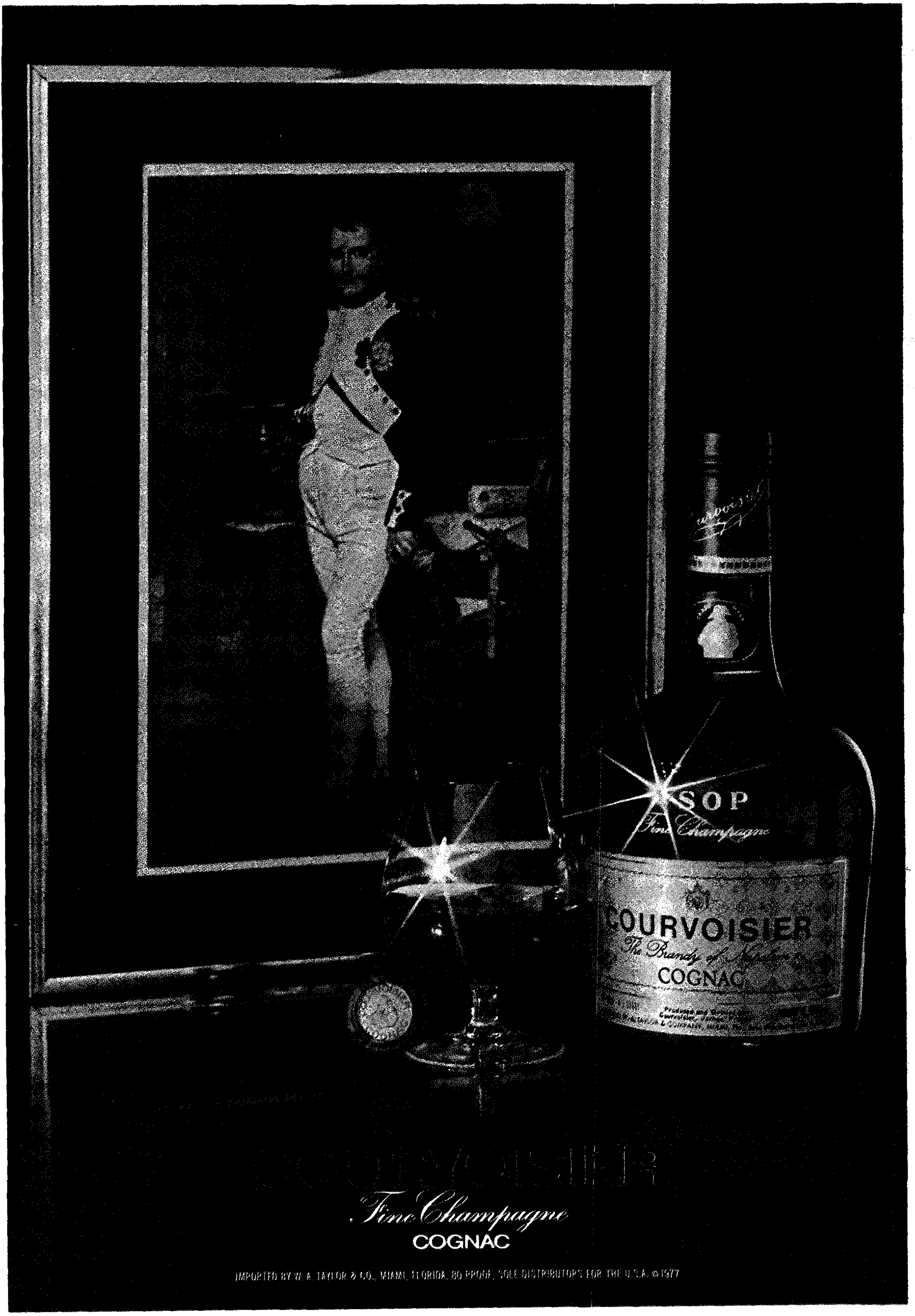
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them "cities of hope," with the cities' residents hoping for freedom. Green Haven's most hope-filled room is also in the Administration Building. It is a large room in which three members of New York State's twelve-member Parole Board meet for a week each month. A New York State judge also holds court in the room one day a month to hear the ever-increasing number of habeas-corpus petitions filed by prisoners (often prepared with the help of "jailhouse lawyers"—inmates who have made themselves knowledgeable in the law) whose hopes have been dashed by the Parole Board. In these petitions, the inmates contend, sometimes successfully, that they are being illegally detained by the unreasonable decisions handed down by the Parole Board.

Five rooms in the Administration Building offer Green Haven's prisoners their primary contacts with their families and friends on the outside. In the phone room, inmates are allowed to place two six-minute collect calls each month to people on their approved phone lists. A handful of civilians (and an officer when one is available) in the correspondence room open the inmates' incoming mail and inspect it for cash and other contraband. (Inmates are allowed to seal and mail letters going out of the prison.) Each inmate at Green Haven is permitted to receive two packages a month, weighing a total of thirty-five pounds, from people on his approved visiting list. These packages, which may be mailed in or brought in on visits, are opened for inspection in the package room. They may contain a variety of food, clothes, toilet articles, and sundries (dominoes, pipes, snuff), and up to five cartons of cigarettes and a hundred cigars a month; cigarettes are limited not for possible hazards to the prisoners' health but because they are used as currency—for example, in betting on prison and outside ballgames. "If a prisoner dies of cancer, that's his business, but if he's taken off the count for welching on a gambling debt, it's my business," a Green Haven sergeant says. In April, 1977, an inmate was murdered by another inmate at Green Haven as a result of a gambling debt. Until 1975, when the package room got a fluoroscope machine, an officer poked his way through the incoming packages, searching for cash, guns, and drugs. Now he gives the package a once-over-lightly, puts it into the fluoroscope, and looks for objects such as guns and money on the screen. Not long ago, a dollar bill placed on a tinfoil tray that held some homemade Southern-fried chicken didn't show up on the fluoroscope screen. The package-room officer admitted he was far too busy to search the packages properly; he said he didn't have time, for example, to check individual tea bags, because the volume of packages was too great. He simply looks at the cellophane wrapping that encases the box of tea bags to see whether it is intact. "Tea bags are often used for smuggling dope into Green Haven," Malinow says.

Two of the prison's visiting rooms are also in the Administration Building—the "old" visiting room and the "new" visiting room, which was added on to Green Haven in 1976, at a cost of $425,753, to relieve weekend congestion in the old visiting room.

To visit an inmate at Green Haven, a person must be on the inmate's visiting list (getting on the list is a simple matter of filling out a form) and must, some weekends, wait in line for several hours before submitting to an entrance procedure that takes about ten or fifteen minutes. A visitor first walks up the stairs built into the prison wall and enters a large, glassy room that protrudes from the prison wall at the front, or north, side of the prison. The reception room was added on to Green Haven in 1976, at a cost of $325,985. Several guards are assigned to process visitors in the reception room. A visitor must first give the name and number of the inmate he wishes to see and must properly identify himself (a driver's license, a birth certificate, or a current credit card will do). A guard then checks the inmate's visit card to see if the visitor is on his list and if the prisoner is within his allotted number of monthly visits: each inmate at Green Haven may receive fifteen visits a month, no more than four of them on Saturdays and Sundays, the remaining eleven on weekdays. As many as four adults and an unlimited number of children may be counted as one visit, as long as they arrive and depart together. A visitor who has been duly verified will be given a slip of white paper on which he must write his name, his address, his relationship to the prisoner, and his signature—which will be compared to the signature he was required to put on the prisoner's visit card on his initial visit. This slip of paper, which specifies whether the visit is to take place in the old or the new visiting room, must later be presented to the visiting-room officer, and, upon departure, retrieved and returned to the reception-room officer. Visitors may leave packages (which will later be searched in

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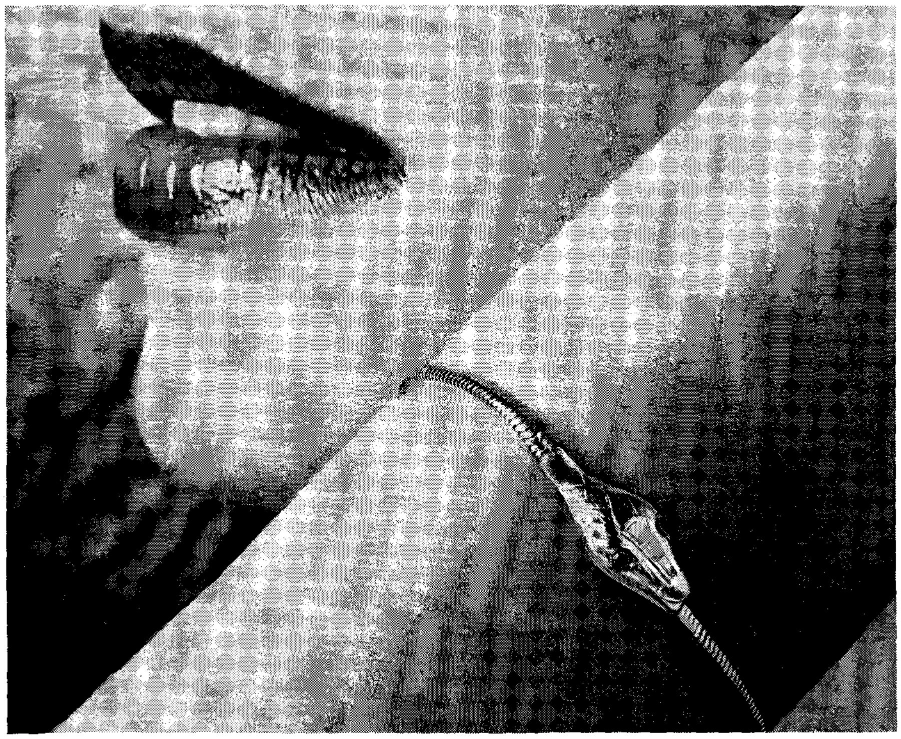
the package room) at a package counter in the reception room. At another counter, known as the frisk table, a guard delves through women's pocketbooks, confiscating whatever contraband he finds. All medication is contraband—even aspirin—and so are daily newspapers, and must be left in the reception area and retrieved on the visitor's way out. Visitors have to remove their coats (which are searched) and walk through a metal detector, which is much more sensitive than the walk-through metal detectors used by airlines to foil hijackers: even a bracelet or the tinfoil in a pack of cigarettes will set it off, so a man usually finds it necessary to empty his pockets of keys, change, and cigarettes, and a woman to remove her jewelry before walking through. When the metal detector is broken, as it occasionally is, the guards pretend it isn't. They send visitors through it, tell them they've set off the machine, suggest they remove their metal-buckled shoes or their earrings, and send them on their way. Visitors who have met the metal detector's high standards—or the guards' imaginary ones—get their left hands stamped by a guard. The invisible-ink stamp varies from week to week. It is sometimes a star, sometimes a smiling face, and sometimes it has a seasonal motif: a turkey in late November, a Santa Claus in late December. A guard who sits behind a bulletproof-glass window then presses a button that opens a door leading to a small, enclosed passageway. Visitors are required to put their left hands under an ultraviolet light (they do so again as they leave Green Haven) before the guard will open a barred gate, which takes the visitor back into the open air, this time inside the prison wall. The visitor crosses a roadway that runs along the inside perimeter of the prison, walks up a flight of stairs, opens an unlocked door, and finds himself in the lobby of the Administration Building, where he may deposit money in an inmate's account if he wishes to. He is then admitted through a locked gate to the old visiting room or through a locked door to the new visiting room. Meanwhile, a reception-area officer has already informed the Administration Building corridor to expect the inmate. Upon receiving the visiting slip from the visitor, the visiting-room officer calls the inmate's block and tells the block officer of the pending visit. The block officer issues the inmate a pink visiting-room pass. The inmate walks from his block to the Administration Building, is pat-frisked at the corridor, and is then free to enter one of the visiting rooms. (In-



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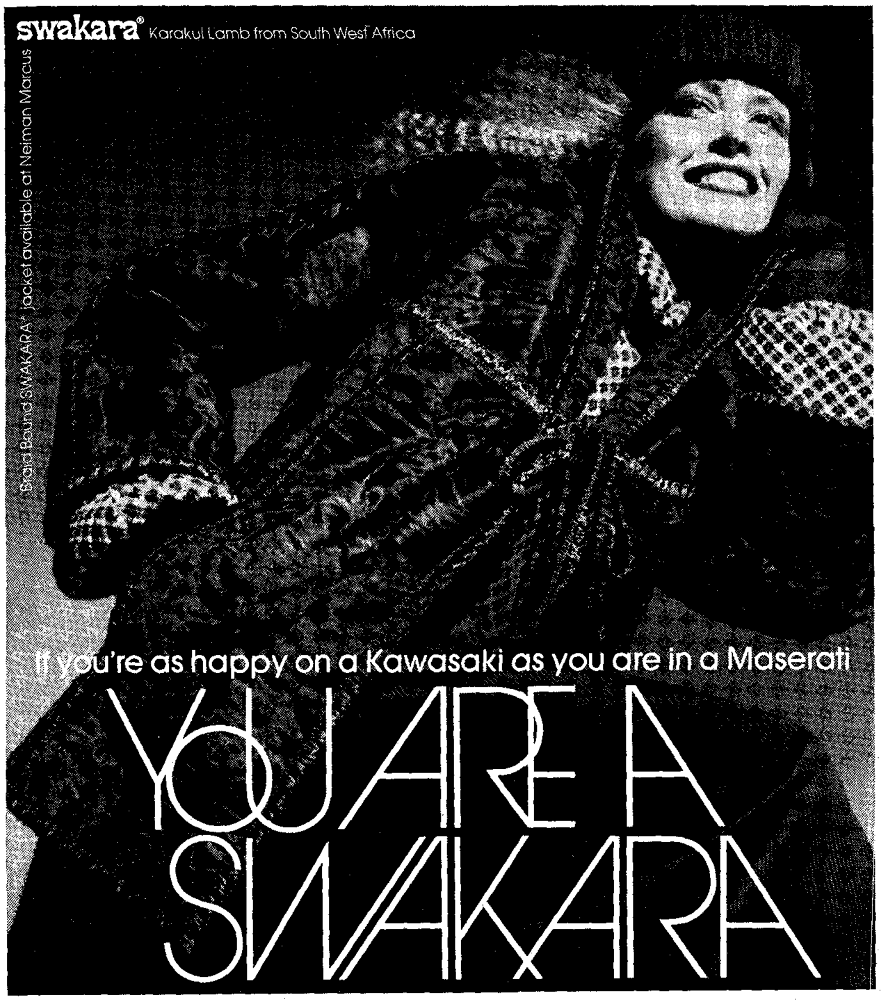
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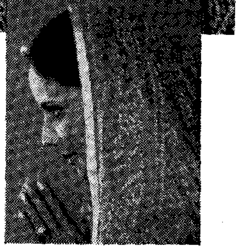

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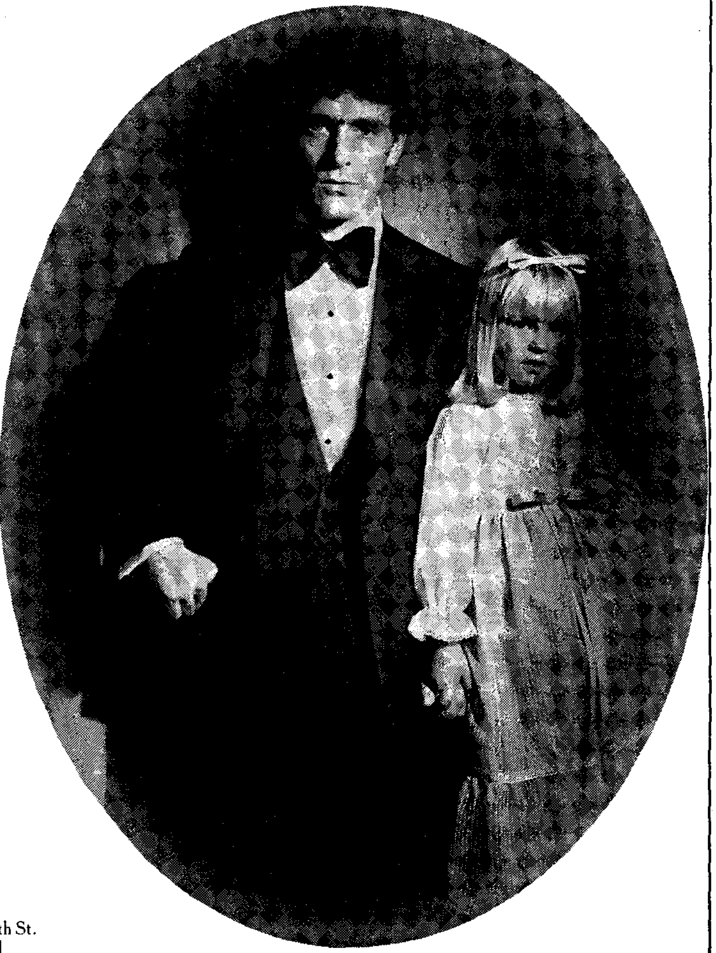

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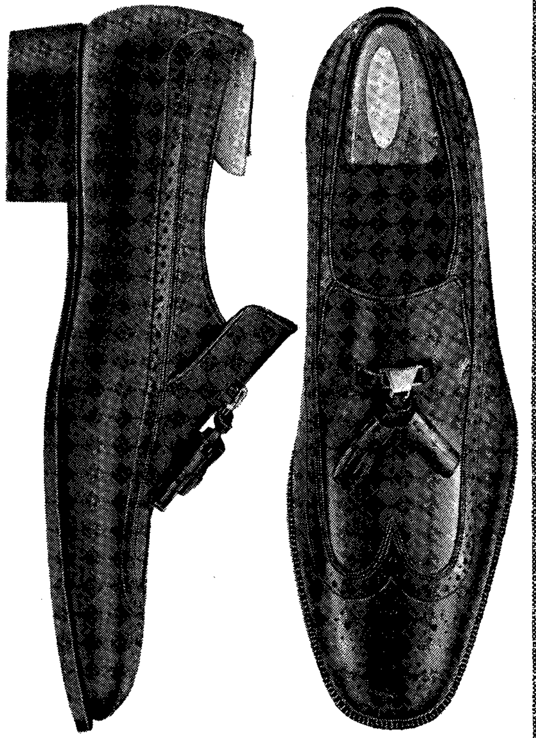

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mates are strip-frisked after they have completed their visits.)

The old visiting room is furnished with a long table in the shape of an "M." Visitors sit on the outside of the table, inmates on the inside. A guard seated at a raised desk presides over the room to see that embracing is kept within what he considers reasonable limits and that nothing is passed to and fro. Visitors may bring cash into the prison and may use it to buy food, coffee, and soft drinks from the visiting rooms' vending machines. The new visiting room (which inmates who haven't been caught breaking prison rules for ninety days are eligible to use) is furnished with tables and plastic chairs and has a small, outside fenced yard. Guards assigned to both visiting rooms have described their days as "eight hours of watching R-rated movies." Every so often, an inmate is locked up for an X-rated sexual act. In September, 1976, an inmate lost sixty days of good time for "fondling a female visitor" (a G-rated way of putting it) in the new visiting room. In 1977, two television cameras were installed in the old visiting room to further deter the inmates from making love to their visitors or receiving contraband from them. Three television screens were installed in the office of the deputy superintendent of security. If a lieutenant assigned to the dep's office is monitoring the pictures on two of the screens and sees too much exposed flesh, he may push a button and record the scene on videotape. The videotape can be used as evidence in a disciplinary proceeding. "If a guy's mother is visiting him and another inmate is making out with his girl, that causes fights," the lieutenant explains. What the lieutenant doesn't explain is that he also puts the videotape to another use: running and rerunning the sexiest visiting-room scenes on the third screen for his own pleasure.

The two visiting rooms in the Administration Building are the only places open for visiting on weekdays. On weekends and holidays, certain inmates may receive visits in an outside-the-walls visiting room. To qualify for the outside visiting room, which opened in 1974, an inmate either must work outside the walls or must have successfully completed a furlough. Malinow was working inside in 1974 and has never received a furlough, but he had worked in the superintendent's house outside the walls for a while in 1972 and that—or a bureaucratic oversight—got him the outside-visiting-room privilege. Malinow's two faithful visitors are Patrick Halloran, his 1966

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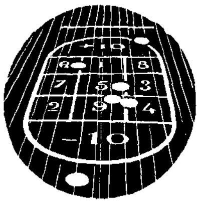
"crime partner," and Carl Terra, a former Green Haven inmate, who come up from the city about one Saturday a month. Malinow prefers receiving his visits in the outside visiting room, where he finds the atmosphere more congenial. Visitors are allowed to bring food in, and inmates may eat with their guests at picnic tables. There are swings for children and a yard for strolling. In recent years, picnics have been held at Green Haven on Sundays. In bad weather, they are held in the gym. In good weather, they are held on Warden Edward M. Fay Memorial Athletic Field, which is otherwise used for prison softball and football games. Each block has an annual picnic and so do many organizations, including the Holy Name Society (of which Malinow was elected president in 1976) and the Jaycees (of which Malinow is a member), as well as many ethnic groups: the Puerto Ricans have a picnic to celebrate San Juan Bautista Day, the blacks have one in honor of Black Solidarity Day, the Italians hold an annual Italian-culture picnic. Each inmate is entitled to attend at least two picnics a year. (Some contrive to attend many more.) He may invite two visitors to each picnic and must pay five to ten dollars to defray the cost of the visitors' food and drinks. As many as three hundred inmates and six hundred visitors are packed into Fay Field on Sundays. On picnic days, visitors are processed at the prison's misnamed rear gate (it is actually its side gate) rather than at its front gate. Five or six officers process the visitors in a small shack. Tempers are frequently lost as a result of the two-to-four-hour waits to get in, and there are often unpleasant incidents, with visitors pushing and shoving one another and hurling obscenities as well as punches at the guards.

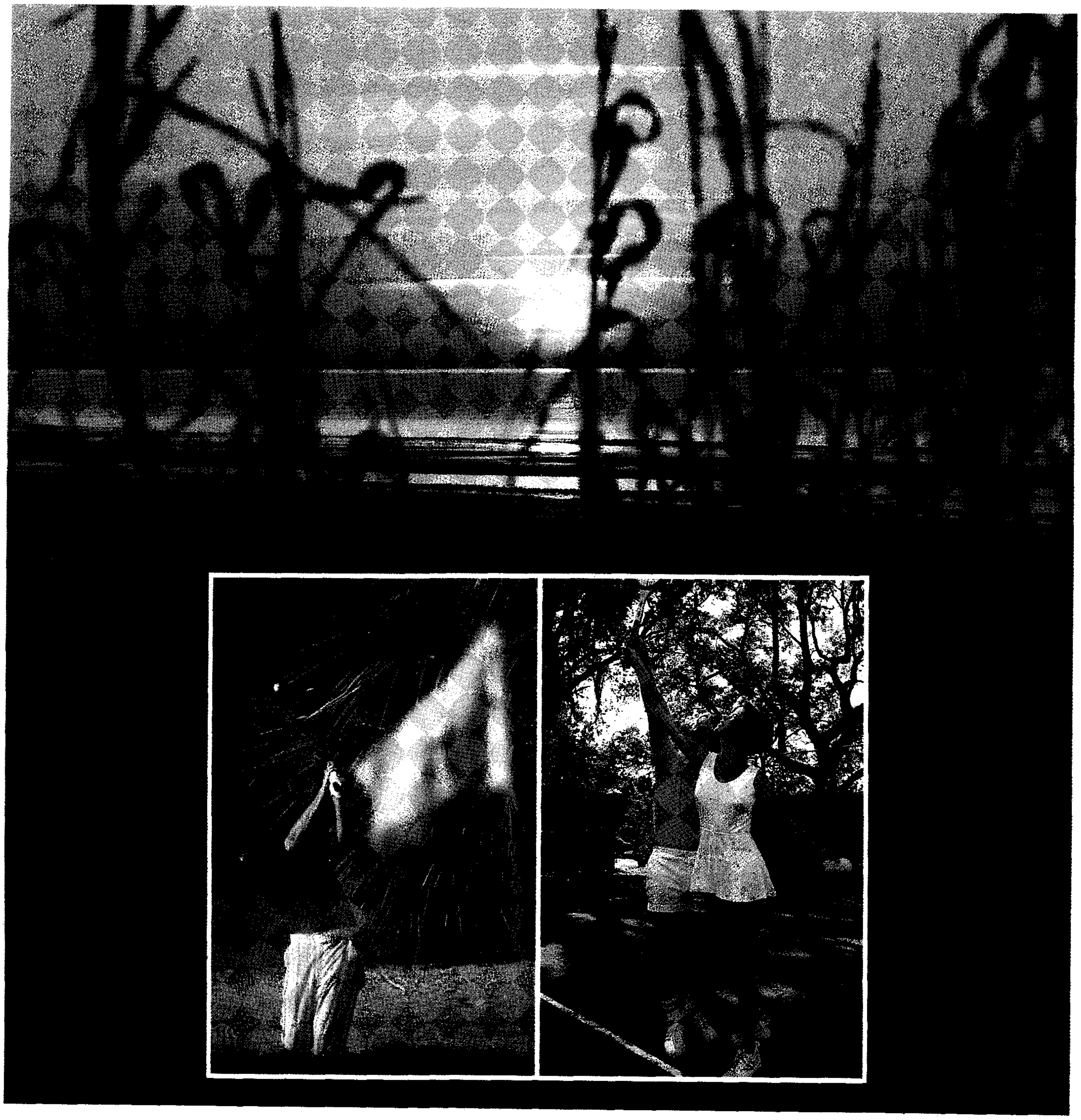


If the inmates would like a larger rear-gate shack and more guards assigned to process their picnic guests, they are pleased that only seven or eight guards are available to observe them on Fay Field, where many tables covered with tablecloths are set up in advance for small groups of inmates and guests. While the prison band plays for dancing, some men dine at the tables alfresco while others make love under the protective covering of the tablecloths. A number of men at Green Haven become fathers nine months after attending picnics on Fay Field. When the picnics end, the guards are so busy checking departing visitors (to make sure that no inmates have traded places with them) that they rarely have time to pat-frisk the prisoners, much less to strip-frisk them. The post-picnic failure to frisk is one of the many ironies at Green Haven, since prison officials and inmates alike admit that more contraband is brought into Green Haven on picnic days than at any other time.

A small number of men at Green Haven receive all the fifteen monthly visits to which they are entitled. The rest, like Malinow, do not. The families and friends of most of Green Haven's inmates are poor, only a few own cars, and the round-trip bus fare from New York City is $13.75 on weekdays and $7.80 on weekends. Overnight lodgings near Green Haven are limited, and cab fares between the prison and the nearest motels are high. Still, Green Haven is closer to the city than any of the state's other maximum-security prisons. In 1976, Green Haven's inmates received over forty thousand visits—an average of about twenty a year apiece—which was more than twice as many visitors as inmates at either Auburn or Great Meadow received.

In 1976, six women were arrested during routine entrance frisks for trying to introduce contraband into Green Haven; one had brought her husband some vodka, two were trying to smuggle clothing into the prison, and three were carrying marijuana. That this was just "the tip of the iceberg," as inmates and prison officials admitted, became apparent early in 1977. On January 13th, two guards assigned to the old visiting room found an inmate and his wife acting in a peculiar manner; they seemed "high." The inmate refused to submit to blood, urine, or breath tests. His wife was searched by one of the three female guards then employed at Green Haven, who found two plastic containers in her pocketbook. One was empty, one had a small amount of alcohol in it. The woman, who was arrested and charged with promoting prison contraband, admitted that she had been bringing alcohol into Green Haven for about two months, and that the containers had been on her person rather than in her pocketbook when she had brought them in earlier that day. The metal detector had, of course, failed to detect them.

On January 6, 1977, while doing a routine entrance search on a Mrs. Cynthia Lawton, who had come to Green Haven to see her husband, Jeffrey Lawton, a reception-room guard found a .25-calibre loaded automatic pistol wrapped in a handkerchief at the



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bottom of her pocketbook. Mrs. Lawton was arrested and banned from the prison. On January 16, 1977, Jeffrey Lawton received a visit from someone else. After his visit, he stopped to pick up a package his visitor had brought him and was attacked near the package room by "unknown assailants." Prison officials investigated and learned that Lawton was heavily involved in contraband coming in through the visiting room. Mrs. Lawton, it seemed, had been bringing narcotics in regularly on her visits. After her arrest, Lawton could no longer produce reefers from the visiting room, thus the attack. Before the end of January, 1977, three more visitors were caught trying to bring marijuana and methadone into Green Haven.

The guards assigned to the reception area, the majority of whom are white, are suspicious of visitors, the majority of whom are black, and are frequently hostile to them. They make no attempt to hide their racism from people who might not share it. One weekday morning in 1976, the daily bus from New York City reached Green Haven. Its passengers, almost all of whom were black women, began to disembark. A guard looked out the expanse of windows in the reception room and said, "The African Queen has just pulled in. Here come the Zulus." The reception-room officers do not care for the two or three rich, elderly white men who visit their sons at Green Haven, either, although they are polite to their faces. They make remarks about them after they have processed them ("He should probably be locked up, too") and on occasion help themselves to some of the expensive cigars, cold cuts, and pieces of fruit the fathers have brought their sons before sending the packages in to the package room. It is harder to tell, as the guards go about their business of rummaging through visitors' handbags and stamping their hands, if they sense the futility of a good deal of their work. Surely they must know the metal detector's limitations, even when it is working. Surely they must suspect that the visitors who provided Wilkes and Gaynor with their getaway robes were apparently able to transfer the hand stamps from their hands to Wilkes' and Gaynor's. If they do, they never let on.

DIRECTLY behind the Administration Building—the only building the great majority of visitors to Green Haven ever see—are three buildings, in the space between the east-side blocks and the west-side blocks. The first of these is the four-story Hospital-

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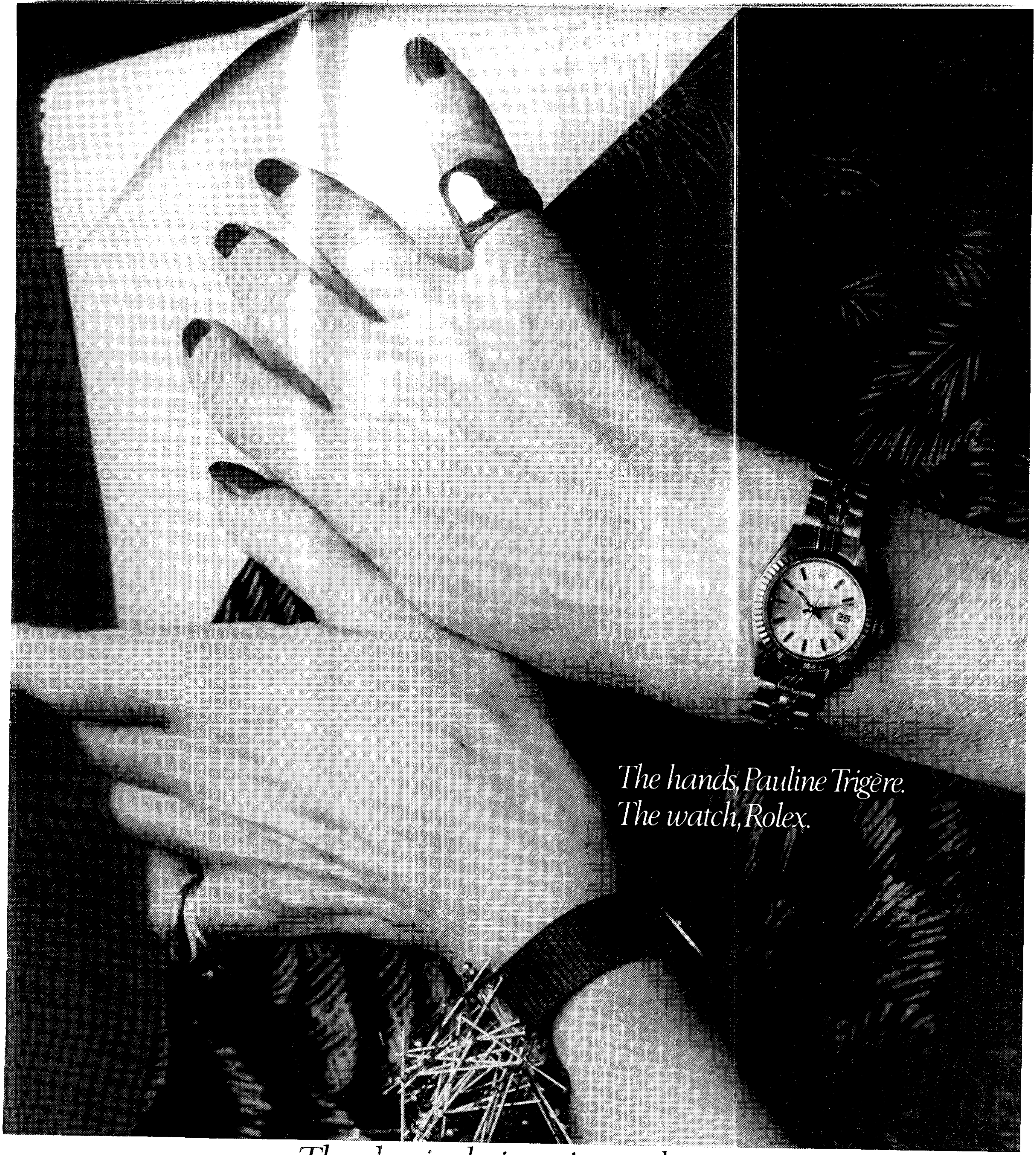
Segregation Building, the most controversial building at Green Haven.

The prison's seventy-bed hospital is on the second floor. Half of its space is for inmates who are physically ill; there is a large ward and a number of small rooms for those with upper-respiratory infections or other contagious diseases. The other half of the hospital is for inmates who are mentally disturbed. Some are disoriented, some hear voices, others talk to themselves (thereby irritating their cell neighbors and thus endangering themselves), some have attempted suicide. In 1976, fourteen men tried to kill themselves at Green Haven. Their motives were quite specific, as far as the prison doctors, nurses, and officials could determine—not general anguish over being imprisoned, although depression over prison life is not ruled out as a contributing factor. One inmate didn't like the block he was on and wanted to be switched, a second was scheduled to be transferred to another prison and preferred to stay at Green Haven, a third wanted a tranquillizer a doctor at Green Haven refused to prescribe. Each thought that cutting his wrists would be the best way to call attention to himself. None of the attempts was serious. The last two successful suicides at Green Haven occurred in 1973.

In 1976, Green Haven had no full-time psychiatrists; the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene provided the prison with several part-time psychiatrists, who spent most of their time at Green Haven conducting brief, mandatory pre-parole and pre-furlough interviews, or seeing inmates who had attempted suicide or who had behaved violently. Most of the psychiatrists are foreigners; the inmates have trouble understanding them, and vice versa. In one 1976 pre-parole interview, an Indian psychiatrist, who was obviously more familiar with the street argot of Calcutta than that of New York City, asked an inmate to explain the circumstances of his crime. "Me and these cats were sitting in a bar minding our own business," the inmate began. "We don't talk about cats here, we talk about people," the psychiatrist interrupted. One evening, another psychiatrist came in. He was scheduled to see four men for pre-parole and pre-furlough interviews. A sergeant had the men assembled waiting to see the psychiatrist and had their record folders in his hands. The psychiatrist said he had time to see only three men, and took the top three folders from the sergeant. The man whose folder was on the bottom was eligible for a furlough before one of the three others, who offered to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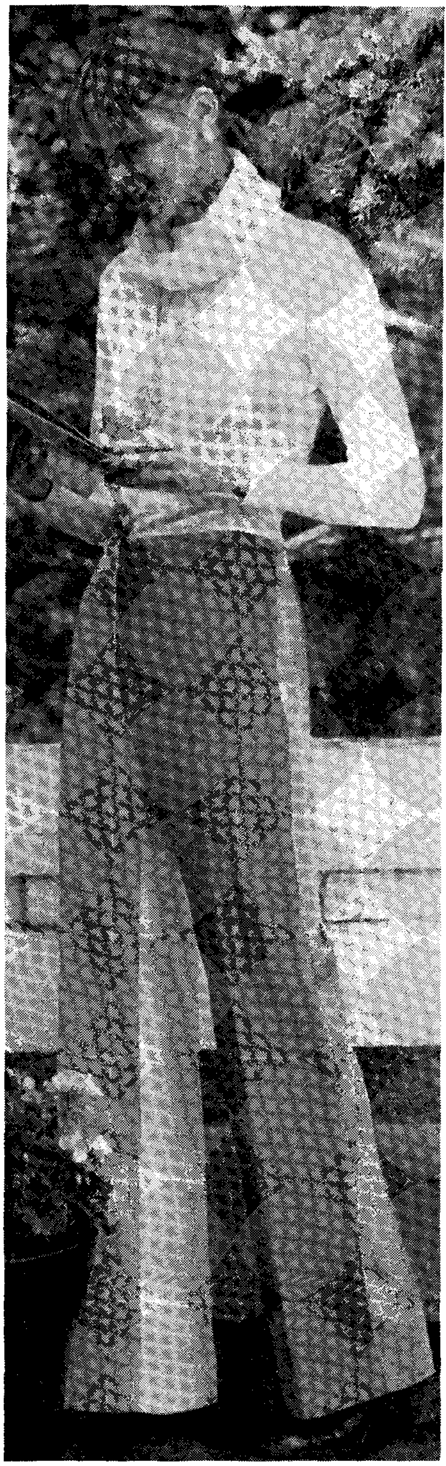

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give up his interview for the fourth man. The psychiatrist refused to trade folders. The sergeant interceded for the fourth man. The psychiatrist again refused. The five-minute interviews are considered a worthless formality. A man at Green Haven who wants to see a psychiatrist to discuss a problem may have to wait many months.

There are three doctors at Green Haven—an elderly American and two middle-aged foreigners—and they work at the prison from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M. Monday to Friday; one of them is on call after 3 P.M. and on weekends and holidays. Two dentists and a pharmacist also work at the prison on weekdays from eight to three. Two or three of Green Haven's seven nurses work the day shift; one is always on the 3:20 P.M. to 11:20 P.M. shift, one on the 11:20 P.M. to 7:20 A.M. shift.

There are three ways (other than by attempting suicide) that an inmate at Green Haven can be certain of receiving medical attention. If he gets hurt (as a result of a piping, a stabbing, a football game, or a volleyball game), he will be taken to the prison's first-aid room. Inmates with minor injuries are treated at Green Haven. Those with serious injuries are given emergency first aid and are taken by ambulance to a hospital in Poughkeepsie or in one of the other towns near the prison. If an inmate is scheduled to appear before the Parole Board, he also must be examined by a doctor. These mandatory pre-parole physicals are cursory stick-out-your-tongue, cough, stethoscope-to-the-chest, blood-pressure-taking affairs. A third way for an inmate to see a doctor is to go to sick call, which is held each weekday morning at Green Haven on the first floor of the Hospital-Segregation Building. If an inmate just wants some cough medicine, vitamins, or cold capsules, he can get in line to see the pharmacist. If he is in pain or wants a prescription filled or renewed, he gets in line to see a doctor. Sometimes the doctor prescribes pills without examining the inmate. Sometimes he tells the inmate, "I don't see the pain," and dismisses him. Sometimes he does a physical examination, makes a diagnosis, and either tells the inmate there is nothing the matter with him, or writes out a prescription, or sends him to the prison hospital, or puts him on one of the lists to see an outside specialist. Cysts can be lanced at Green Haven and X-rays can be taken, if the prison's X-ray equipment is functioning (it was broken for many weeks in 1976), but Green Haven has no facilities for performing serious operations. The waiting lists to see an outside specialist or to have elective surgery are long: it can take months for an inmate with a skin problem to get to a dermatologist. No regular checkups are given at Green Haven.

It is the opinion of Green Haven's pharmacist that most of the hundred to two hundred men who come to sick call on an average weekday are in good health. He believes they come to sick call to get out of their work assignments or to meet friends from the other side of the prison whom they don't usually have a chance to see. If a man is keeplocked, he can get out of his cell to go to sick call or to receive a visit—he can't go to the yard or even to religious services—so keeplocks often ask to go on sick call. Whenever the prison is closed down by an inmate strike or for an administration search, the number of inmates who ask to go to sick call rises dramatically. The pharmacist also believes that many men ask to see dermatologists because they are bored at Green Haven and want to take a ride, "to get out and see the trees," and the only way they have of going for a ride is to visit an outside doctor. He says that in a normal community of eighteen hundred people a hundred and fifty people do not ask for medical treatment every day.

Malinow, who rarely goes to sick call, believes that there is a lot of truth in what the pharmacist says. He adds that there are a few men who genuinely need an outside specialist's care, a few who keep going to sick call because the doctors have not pursued and diagnosed the cause of their pains and the pains have persisted, and a few who have died of cancer because they were mistakenly diagnosed as hypochondriacs. For good measure, he suggests that Green Haven is not a normal community.

Medical care has been a sore subject at Green Haven ever since the prison opened. On October 28, 1949, eight days after Green Haven received its first inmate, a diabetic prisoner died as a result of going four days without insulin. There was no insulin on hand at the time of his transfer there. His mother sued and was awarded $23,921. Inmates have been complaining about the quality of the medical care they receive at Green Haven ever since. In 1972, two inmates died within a short period of time. The inmates blamed the deaths on the indifference of a prison doctor. He had been phoned about one man's condition dur-

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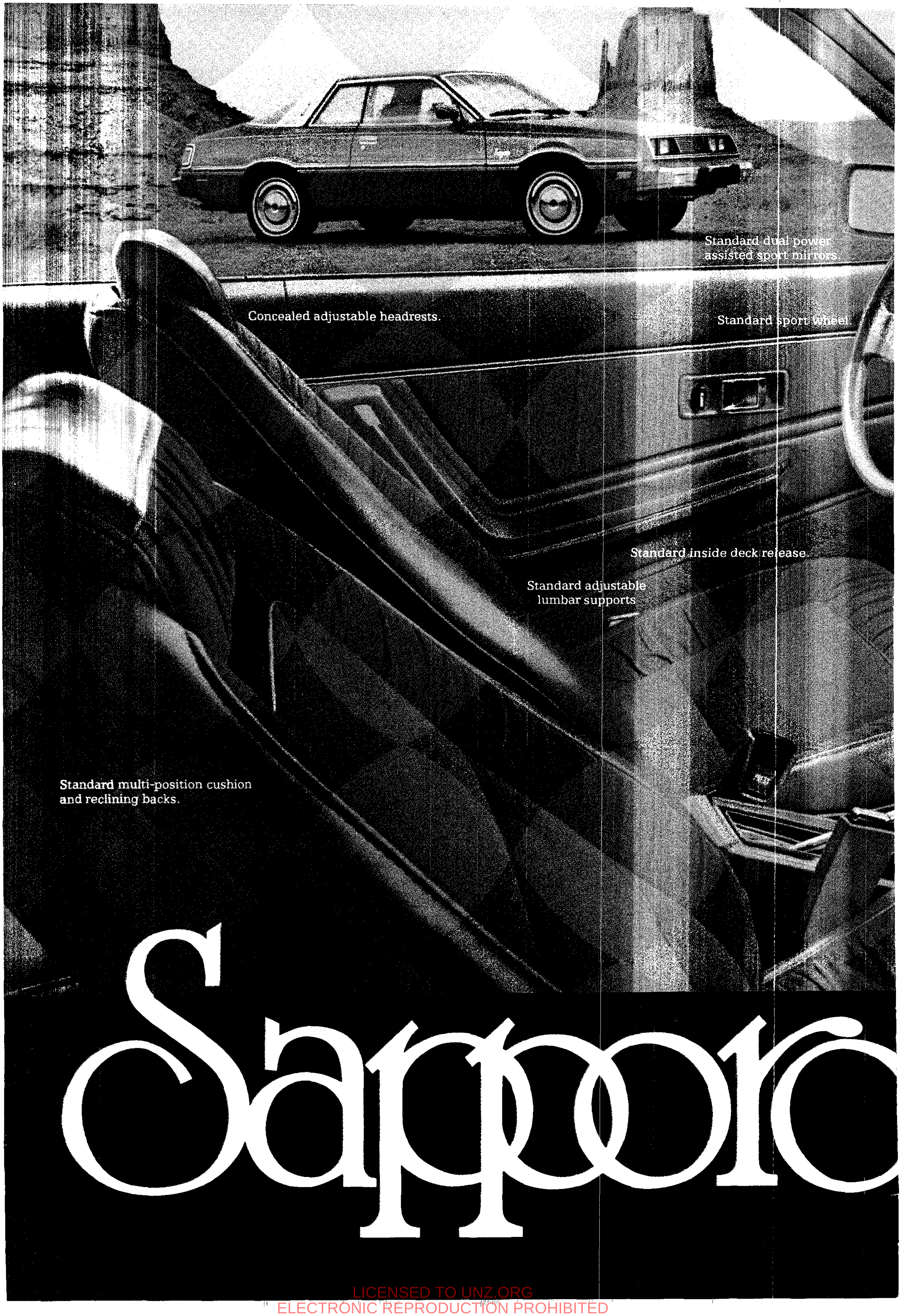
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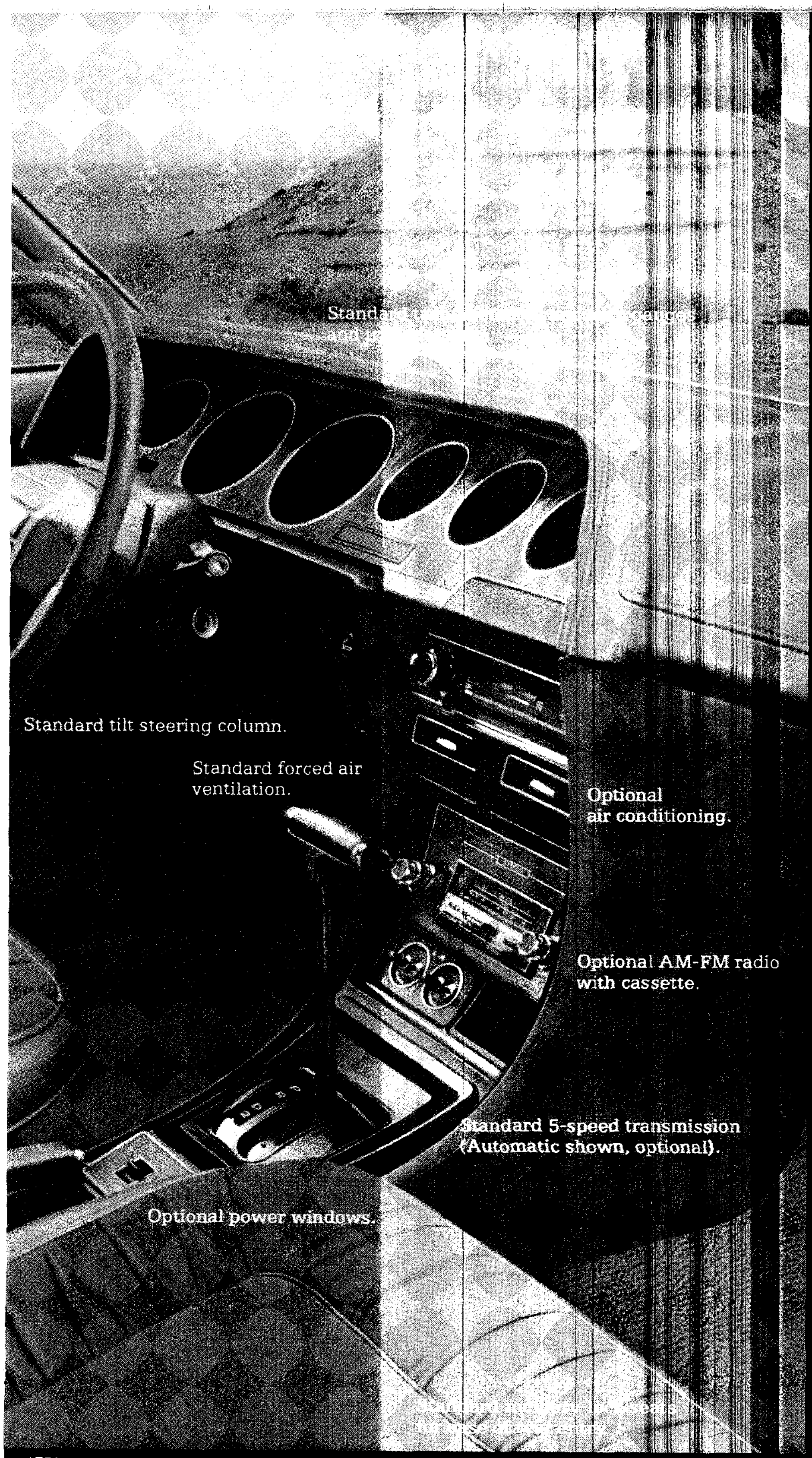
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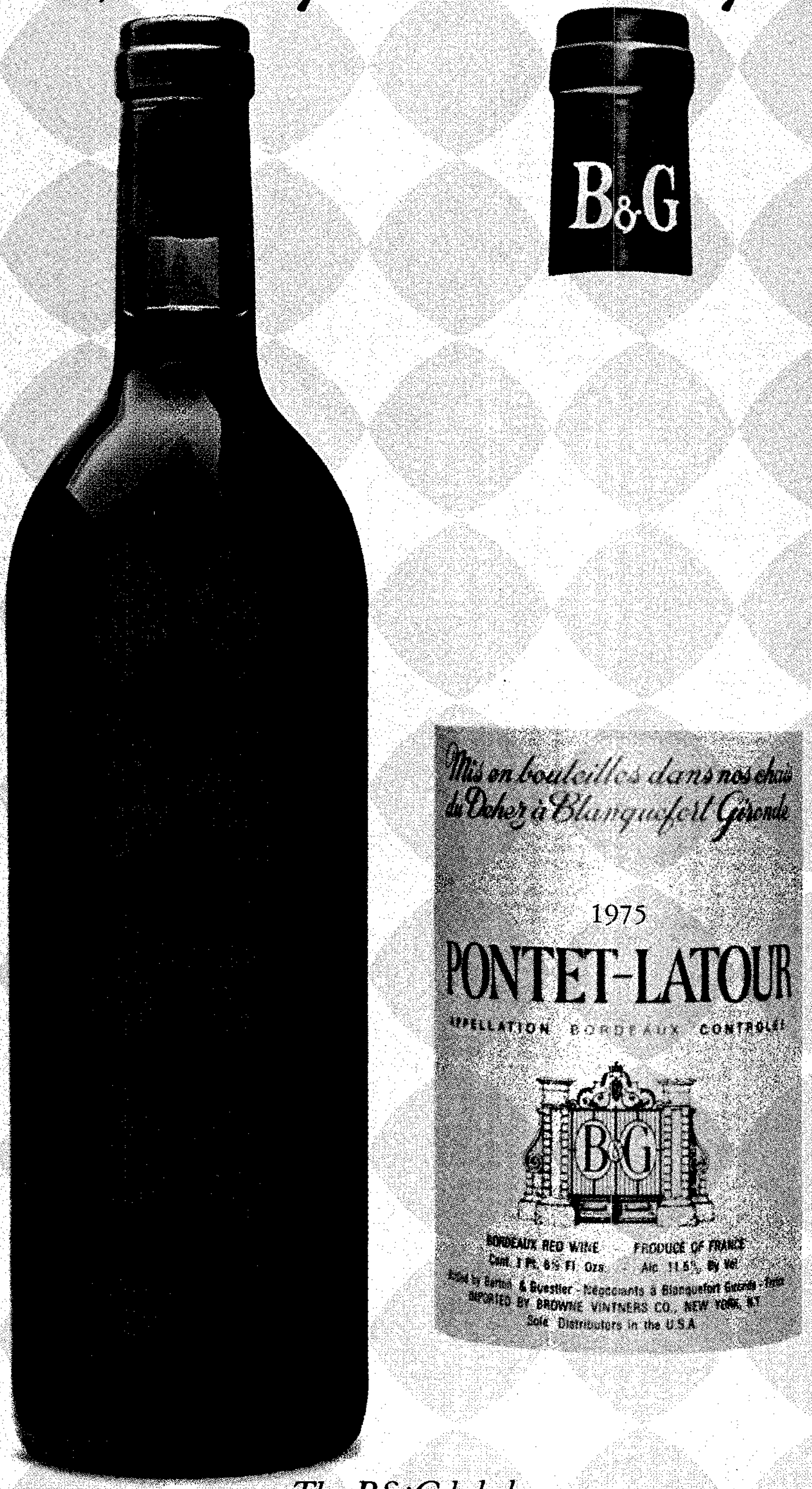
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ing the night and had said it was all right to leave him in his cell, he would see the man in the morning. The man was found dead in his cell before the doctor got there the next morning. Several hundred inmates showed up at sick call a few days later, thinking that would be the best way to bring about the doctor's resignation. It was. The doctor was taken out of the prison by a back route—to avoid an encounter with the prisoners assembled in the hospital corridor—and never returned. A jury recently awarded five thousand dollars to an inmate who had sued two doctors at Attica for having intentionally disregarded his medical complaints. In 1977, a federal judge ruled that the women imprisoned at Bedford Hills were being denied the medical care to which they were entitled, and that this inadequate medical care constituted "deliberate indifference" to their health needs. He ordered the lawyers in the case to meet to work out an agreement for improved sick-call procedures, followup reports on laboratory tests, and speedier access to physicians. There have been no successful lawsuits lately over the medical care at Green Haven, but inmates and officers alike are critical of the attitudes of two of the prison's three doctors. The elderly American is considered a competent diagnostician but a very gruff-natured man. One of the two foreigners is so afraid of inmates that he insists on having a guard in the room with him when he examines them.

Malinow has had no bad personal experiences with the doctors at Green Haven. Perhaps because his sick-call card shows that he goes to sick call so infrequently, he is treated considerately when he does go. He is convinced, however, that prison doctors are for the most part mediocre. If they were topnotch, why would they spend any of their time working for the state instead of in a more lucrative private practice? "You don't get a Cadillac for the price of a Volkswagen," he says. A Green Haven guard's reaction to statements like Malinow's is "If you want topnotch doctors, don't come to prison." Both Malinow and the guard agree that Green Haven's medical care is better than it used to be. It wasn't until 1962 that Green Haven got a nurse on the 11:20 P.M. to 7:20 A.M. shift. Some years later, a relief nurse was hired for the shift on the regular night nurse's nights off. And before 1972, unless they were seriously ill, no inmates were taken to see outside specialists and the trees.

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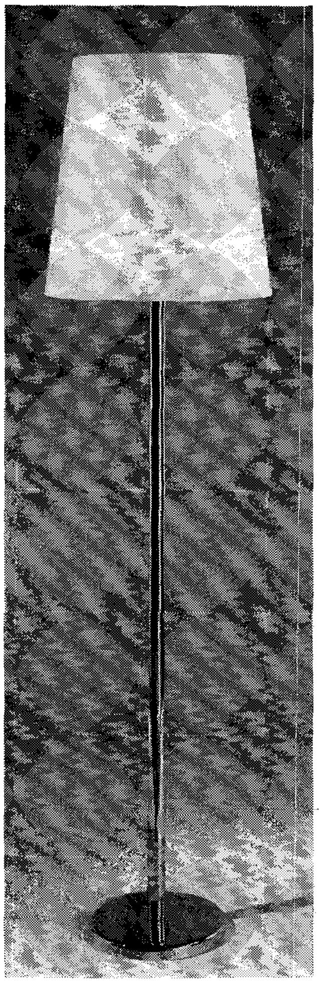

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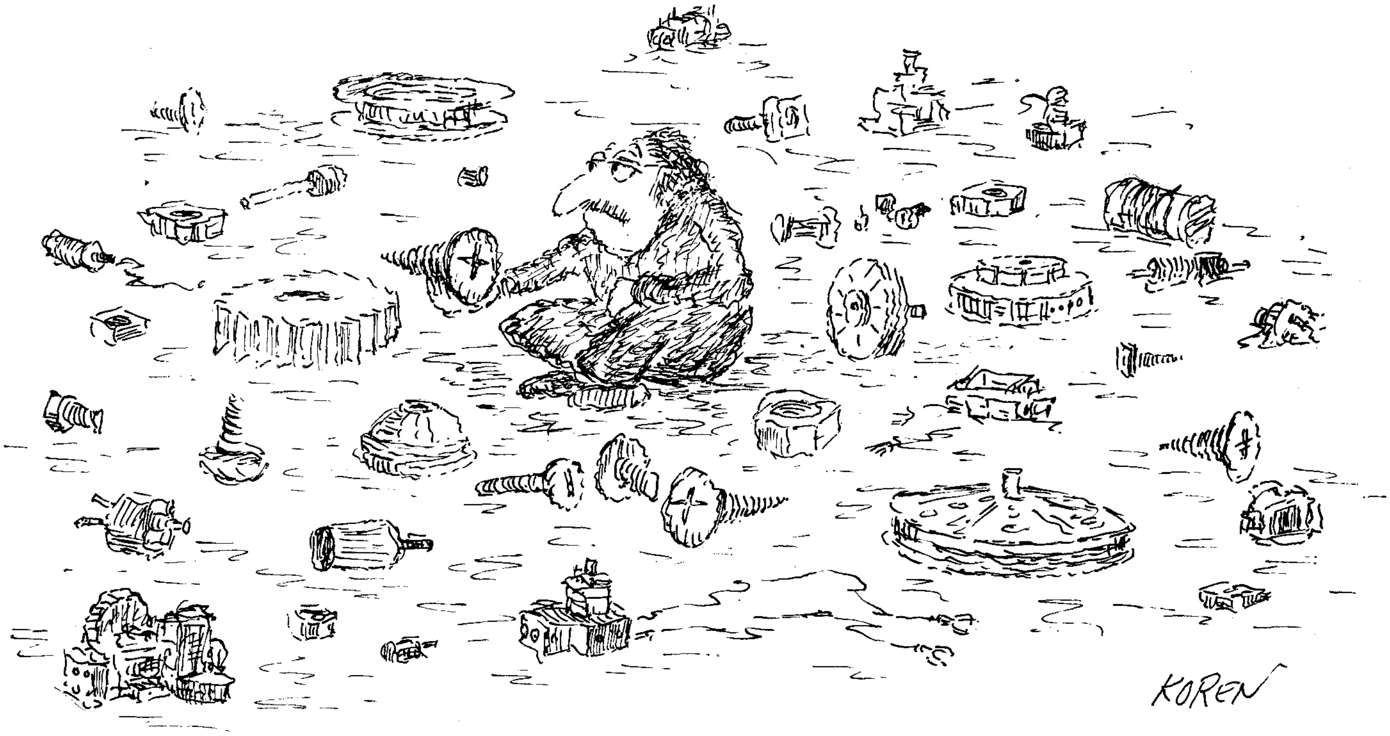
Housing Unit, commonly referred to by everyone at Green Haven as "segregation" or "seg" or "the box" and sometimes, by inmates, as "the hole." Three hundred and ten men spent time in seg at Green Haven in 1976. A hundred and ninety-five of them were put there for disciplinary reasons.

If a guard (or, on rare occasions, a civilian) catches an inmate breaking a minor prison regulation, he may give him a verbal dressing down or he may write up an infraction slip. If the inmate doesn't get another infraction slip within ninety days, he usually isn't punished. The infraction is simply noted on his record card for future reference. There were six thousand four hundred and twenty-two infraction slips at Green Haven in 1976, for such misdeeds as having an untidy cell, spitting on the floor, and having a tape player on too loud.

If an inmate gets a second infraction slip within ninety days, or if he is caught breaking a more serious prison rule—for example, if he lies to a guard or is found "out of place" (in a part of the prison where he is not supposed to be)—the guard (or again, in rare instances, the civilian) writes up a misbehavior report. In many cases, if the inmate is charged with a second infraction within ninety days or with breaking a serious rule, he is keeplocked in his cell. When an inmate is written up for a really serious offense—if, for example, he has assaulted a guard or another prisoner—he is taken to seg and locked up there. In either case, he will be taken to the next scheduled meeting of Green Haven's Adjustment Committee, the prison disciplinary committee, which meets in a small room in the Hospital-Segregation Building from 1:00 to 2:30 P.M. on weekdays. The Adjustment Committee is composed of a lieutenant, an officer, and a civilian employee. As prisoners (some contrite, some belligerent) are brought in, one at a time, the lieutenant (who dominates the committee) looks at the prisoner's P.K. card, which lists his previous infractions and misbehavior reports at Green Haven and the other prisons where he has done time. He then reads the current misbehavior report and invites the prisoner to comment. A few (very few) prisoners simply plead guilty as charged. "You got me," a prisoner recently told the Adjustment Committee lieutenant, who couldn't conceal his surprise. A few deny the charges. "Me and Dunn wasn't committing no homosexual act on the cell bars. We was discussing a legal case." Most admit to a variation of the charge: "Yeah, well, the of-

"My, my, how complicated."



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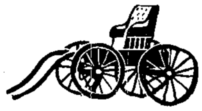
ficer found the marijuana in my cell but it wasn't mine, and I didn't know it was there." If the lieutenant asks whose it might have been, chances are that the prisoner "really don't know." If he ventures that it might have belonged to Jimmy, it is invariably the case that Jimmy went home "yesterday."

Sometimes the lieutenant accepts a prisoner's explanation. If, for example, the prisoner is newly arrived from Auburn and was written up for doing something at Green Haven that was permissible at Auburn, he might be let off with a warning to learn Green Haven's rules and ordered released from keeplock, with "reasonable explanation" noted next to the offense on his P.K. card. If the lieutenant finds him guilty as charged of this particular incidence of misbehavior but sees that the inmate has stayed out of trouble for several years, he may be given a break and released. If he is guilty but is one of the lieutenant's informers—or an informer for one of the lieutenant's colleagues—he may also be released. This is especially irritating to a young block officer who has written up a prisoner on a serious offense; it undermines his authority. Most men who go to the Adjustment Committee are found guilty and are punished. Common sentences include a week or two of keeplock or the loss of some privileges or both—for example, no yard for a week. Prisoners complain less about the sentences doled out by the Adjustment Committee than about the fact that they are keeplocked before they see the committee. If an inmate is written up on Friday morning, too late to see the Adjustment Committee that afternoon, he will have spent the weekend in his cell and thus have been punished even if the Adjustment Committee absolves him and lets him loose on Monday. Once in a great while, the lieutenant learns from his informers that the inmate charged with harboring marijuana really *didn't* know that it had been put in his cell by others for safekeeping, and is truly innocent.



The prisoners also complain that Green Haven is a very inconsistent place. An officer will lock a man up on Thursday for something he—or another officer—permitted him to do on Wednesday. Men who have transferred to Green Haven from more rigorous but more consistent prisons, like Clinton, because of Green Haven's proximity to their families in New York City, say that Green Haven's officers are "sometimey" and wish that Clinton could be moved to Dutchess County and Green Haven relocated up near the Canadian border. In 1976, the Adjustment Committee heard three thousand nine hundred and forty-two cases and disposed of most of them. Only the most serious offenses—among them the assaults, the escapes, the possession of drugs or cash—were referred to a superintendent's proceeding. A superintendent's proceeding is conducted by the captain or one of the three deps but never by the superintendent. There were four hundred and thirty-two superintendent's proceedings at Green Haven in 1976, and most men charged were found guilty. The sentences they received were usually more severe than those given by the Adjustment Committee. Such sentences often included a certain number of days in segregation as well as a certain number of days' loss of good time (Franklin, for example, got sixty days in seg as well as a hundred and eighty days' loss of good time for his escape) and a longer loss of privileges—thirty days' loss of packages, forty-five days' loss of night rec—and perhaps the loss of a job or a transfer to another prison. Some of the most serious offenses—escapes and assaults on officers—also bring outside charges. Franklin was later sentenced to fifteen years to life for his escape.

Malinow is fortunate enough not to have been caught breaking a prison rule since November, 1971, when he was found drinking liquor with a friend in one of the prison yards, but in 1976 his nephew, William Muller, was one of the four hundred and thirty-two who had a superintendent's proceeding and spent some time in seg. In August of that year, Muller, who was working as the gym carpenter at Green Haven, was accused of stealing wood from the gym lumberyard. Muller hadn't stolen the wood; an unemployed inmate named Jesse Calhoun, who had been hanging out in the gym lumberyard, was the culprit. Muller had given Calhoun a little wood because he felt sorry for him. Calhoun had had his larynx removed, and spoke in a whisper. Muller had also lent Calhoun the key to his workbench while he was keeplocked in late July for getting into a minor scrape. Calhoun had betrayed Muller's trust by stealing more wood than the prison's recreation supervisor could conveniently overlook—fifty two-by-fours, which he had used to make boxes to sell to other inmates for their weight-lifting equipment. To add insult to injury, Calhoun had also taken some of Muller's personal belongings from his workbench while he was keeplocked. On Saturday morning, August 14th,

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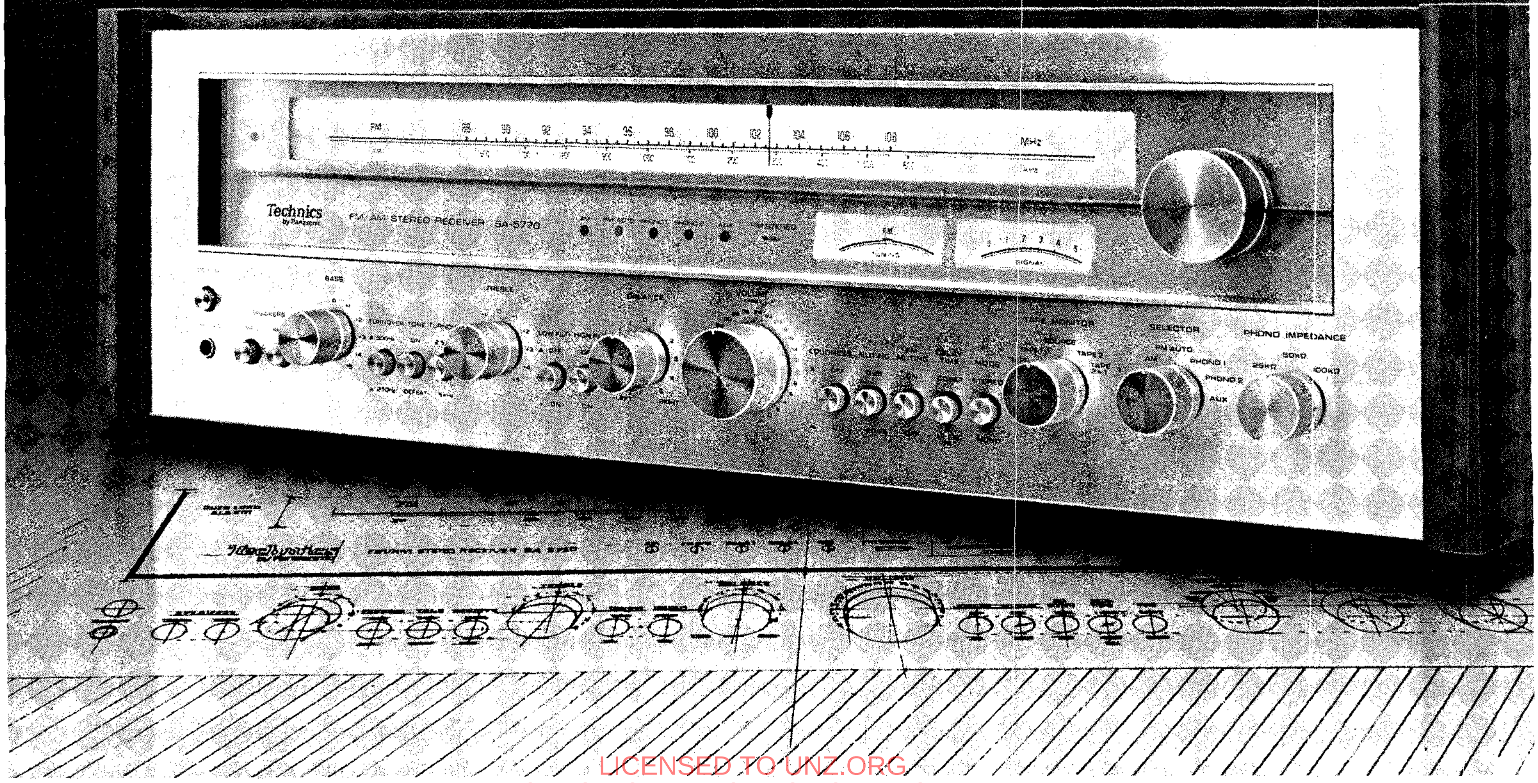

soon after he was released from keeplock, Muller confronted Calhoun with the thefts in the gym lumberyard and ordered him out of the yard. Calhoun pulled a fifteen-inch screwdriver out of his back pocket. Muller armed himself with a wood chisel but was able to grab the screwdriver away from Calhoun before he could use it. Muller bent the screwdriver over his knee and tossed the screwdriver and the chisel aside. Calhoun then picked up a six-foot two-by-two from the gym woodpile, whereupon Muller rearmed himself with a seven-foot aluminum tent pole. Calhoun swung his piece of wood, breaking it on Muller's aluminum pole. As Calhoun ran to the woodpile to get another piece of wood, Muller let him have it with the aluminum pole. Calhoun went down, hitting the woodpile. Muller jumped on top of him, punched him in the face, and was about to punch him again when a guard intervened, saving Calhoun from very serious injury or worse. Calhoun was taken by ambulance to a nearby hospital. His head, hand, and arms required sixteen stitches.

Muller spent seven days in segregation before he was taken to a superintendent's proceeding. The lieutenant in charge of investigating the incident had learned during that time that Calhoun had been stealing wood, just as Muller had claimed, and that Muller had been catching the blame, so Muller was given a light sentence, considering the severity of the assault: thirty days in segregation, suspended, and ninety days' loss of commissary privileges. He also lost his job as the gym carpenter and was reassigned to work as a yard porter. At his superintendent's proceeding, a stitched-up Calhoun got fifteen days in seg, suspended, lost his commissary privileges for forty-five days, and was referred to the Classification Committee for a job.

In addition to the hundred and ninety-five men who were sent to seg for disciplinary reasons, a hundred and fifteen men were sent to segregation for protection. Seventy-four went to seg voluntarily for protection. Several inmates who couldn't pay off their gambling debts and were afraid of getting beaten up asked to be put in seg, and so did a couple of inmates to whom sexual overtures, accompanied by threats of bodily harm, had been made. One inmate, who had successfully passed himself off as a robber and had been accepted as a friend by other robbers, was recognized by a new arrival as a child molester. The robbers who had befriended him were fighting

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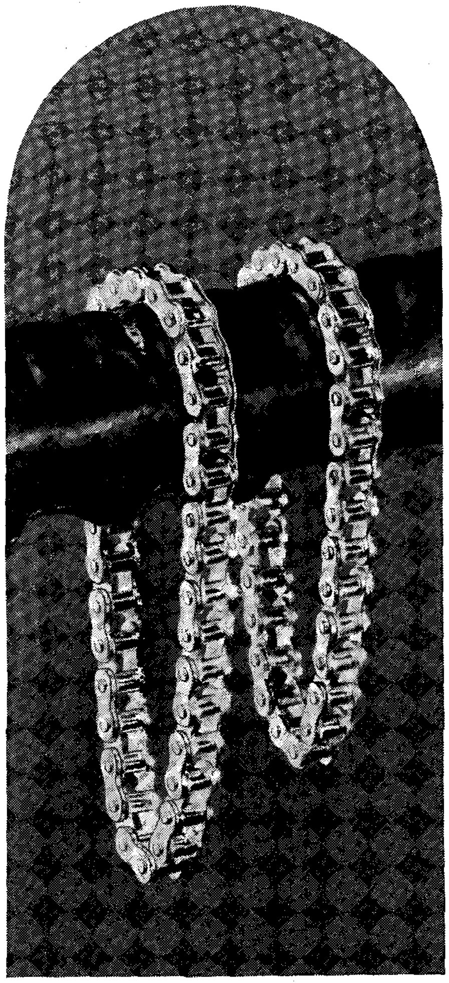

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mad. The child molester sought refuge in segregation. So did an inmate who had passed himself off as a "straight" and was discovered to be an informer. Malinow has never requested protective custody in all his years in prison, and regards those who do as "weak types of individuals—rats or punks who aren't to be trusted." The forty-one other men were sent to seg either for mental observation (for those who are prone to commit assaults, seg is an alternative to the mental side of the hospital) or for involuntary protection. Sometimes an inmate doesn't appreciate the danger he faces within the population and won't agree to go to segregation voluntarily. If the prison administration thinks his chances of staying alive will be enhanced by being put in seg, he will be put there against his wishes.

One of the men who needed the safe refuge of segregation most at Green Haven in 1976 was a black inmate named Scott Besson. On Sunday, May 30th, at about 12:30 P.M., Tony Pagano, a white inmate who had been convicted of second-degree murder in 1961, had a visit from Thelma Marino, the wife of one of his friends, in the outside visiting room. Mrs. Marino went to the ladies' room, where she found Scott Besson having sexual intercourse with his visitor, a white woman. Besson cursed her for intruding on him. Mrs. Marino came out of the ladies' room upset by what she had seen and heard, and told Pagano. Pagano waited for Besson to come out of the ladies' room and asked him to step into the men's room, where he punched him in the mouth for having embarrassed and insulted Mrs. Marino. Besson came out of the bathroom with a bleeding lip, went to one of the guards assigned to the outside visiting room, and told him that someone had opened the bathroom door suddenly and that it had hit his lip. This was in the best prison tradition: it is extraordinary how many men incur facial injuries by running into doors or by tripping over their own feet while dancing to "Soul Train" in a given year at Green Haven. Besson was sent up to the hospital for a bandage. He soon came back outside and finished his visit.

Both Besson and Pagano locked on A block—Pagano in 3 Company (the third floor of one side of the block), Besson in 5 Company (the second floor of the other side of the block). When Besson returned to A block, some of the black inmates had already heard that something untoward had occurred in the visiting room. When they

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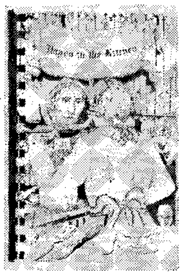

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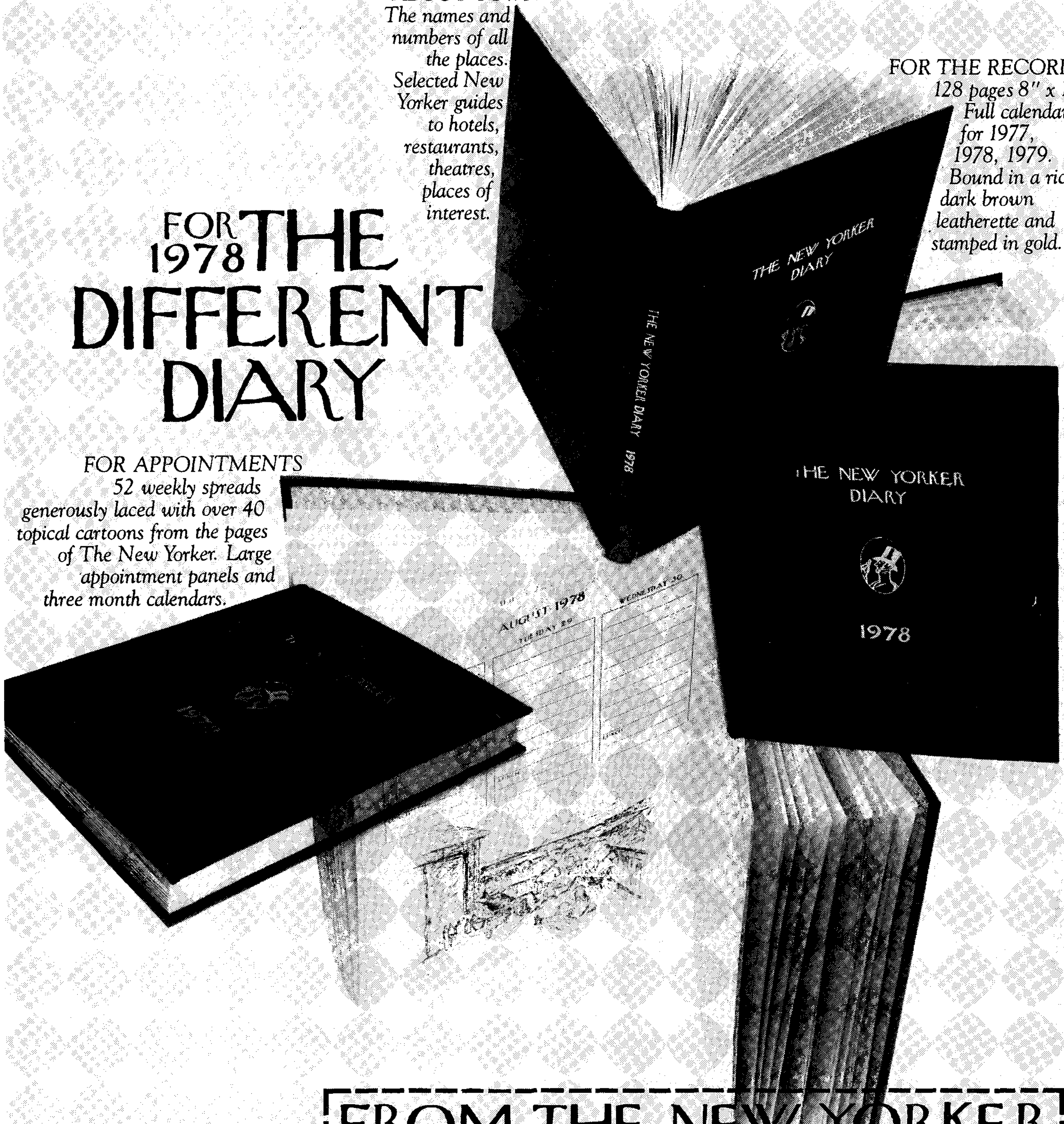
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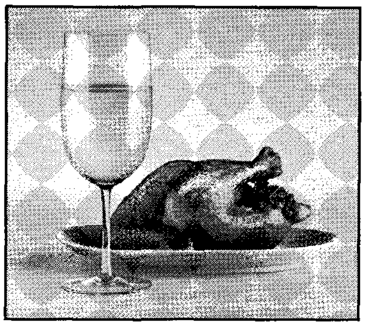

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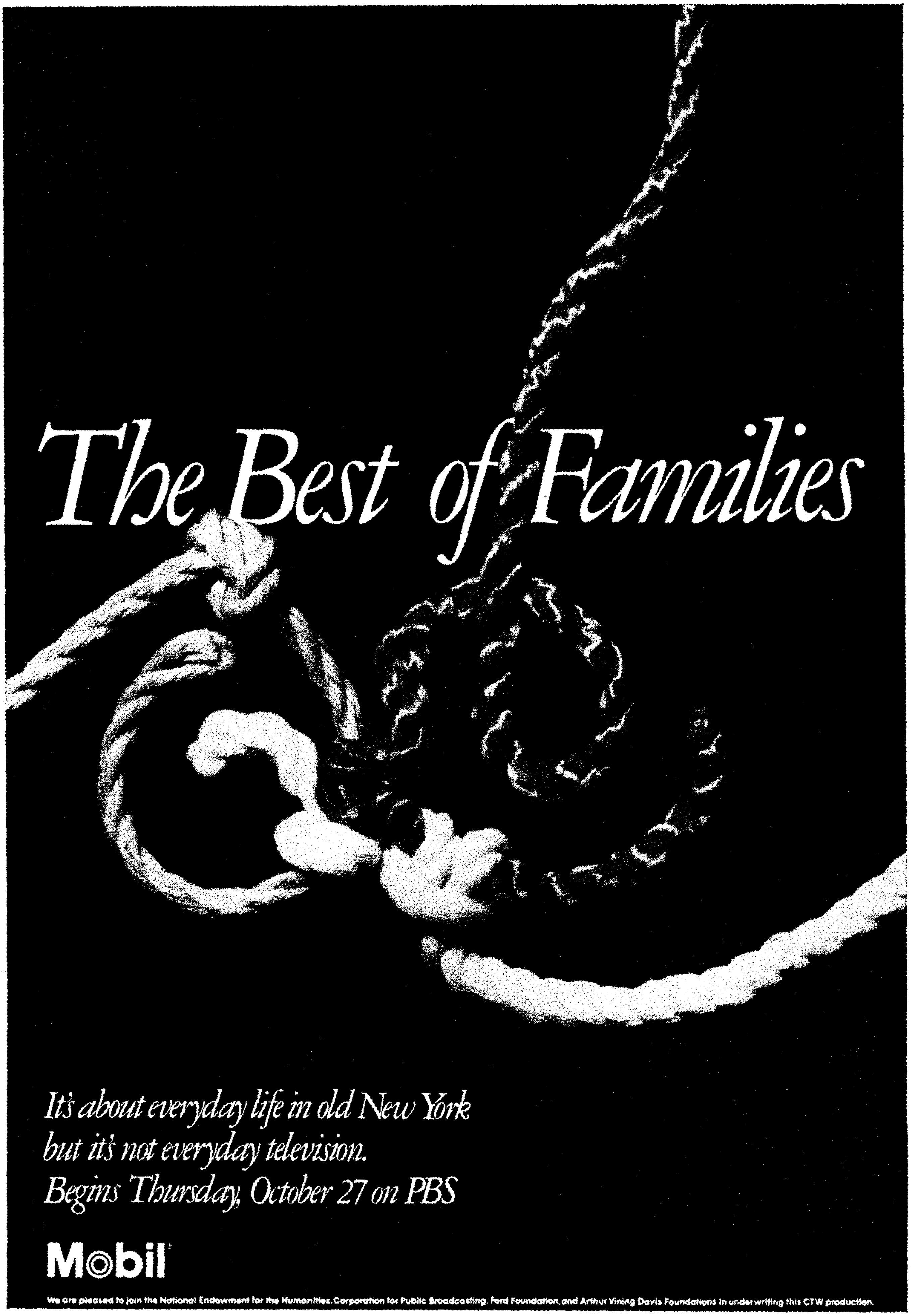
pressed Besson for an explanation, he didn't tell his friends what had happened, possibly because he knew that A block's inmates, all of whom were outside workers, valued their outside-visiting-room privileges and didn't want anyone getting caught doing anything that might jeopardize them. He also wanted revenge and lacked the courage to get it on his own. Besson told his friends tearfully that three big white inmates had beat him simply because he had a white girl visiting him. Pagano, he said, was the only one of the three he recognized. From 5 P.M. to 6 P.M., all the cells and cellblock tier gates at Green Haven are locked while the five-thirty count is taken. That evening, shortly after six, when the tier gates and the doors to the individual cells were opened, a group of fifteen to twenty blacks from Besson's side of A block went over to Pagano's company. Some came as participants, some as onlookers. Pagano and most of his friends were still in their cells napping. Besson's friends closed the doors to Pagano's friends' cells and then gave Pagano a bad beating. He was hurt on the face, the nose, and the arms, but the most serious injury was to his head: one inmate hit him over the head with a pipe. A guard discovered him on the floor in front of his cell, unconscious and bleeding. He was taken to the prison hospital for emergency first aid and later to an outside hospital. Prison officials were worried that Pagano wouldn't make it through the night. Their worry was not based just on the extent of his injuries. He was liked by the prison administration and was also considered one of the inmate leaders. They were afraid that the beating itself would lead to retaliatory violence and that if he died there would be greater violence still.

Prison officials think well of men like Pagano because they are men who "do their own time" and don't get into trouble unless provoked. When provoked, however, they respond with physical courage. (Pagano had hurt several other inmates at other prisons during his long years of confinement.) Often these men have personalities that make them natural leaders, and sometimes their leadership abilities in prison are enhanced by their street reputations. (Pagano was said to have been a hit man for the Mafia.) Their followers are usually men of similar racial or ethnic persuasion. These leaders are usually long-termers. Short-termers are in and out of Green Haven before the administration can get to know them, and they don't have much at stake in the prison community. The leaders usually share a common interest with prison officials: they want to keep the prison peaceful for the duration of their stays because they want to get out, not to be killed in a riot. The leaders are not rats in the narrow sense of the word—they won't tell a lieutenant what he wants to know about another inmate as, say, an ordinary homosexual informer will, in exchange for being allowed to lock in a cell next to his lover—but they are helpful in certain situations. They are usually not drug users, and perceive drugs as a threat to the prison's tranquillity, as the officials do, and may obliquely suggest the origin of a certain drug supply. If the wrong man has been blamed for something, they will tell the administration to look elsewhere, without giving up the name of the guilty person.

The leaders understand the prison's tense racial situation and work with one another to keep things cool. Whites and Puerto Ricans regard each other as possible allies against the blacks, who outnumber them both. One day in 1976, Pagano called on Green Haven's superintendent with a Puerto Rican leader. The Puerto Ricans had just been informed that they couldn't have visitors at their upcoming picnic, and were furious. The Italians had already been given permission to have visitors at their picnic, which was scheduled for a later date. Pagano said that the Italians would give up their visitors if the Puerto Ricans couldn't have theirs. The Puerto Ricans got to have visitors at their picnic, and both the superintendent and Pagano had credit in the bank with the Puerto Ricans to draw on the next time they needed it.

One prisoner who works with the administration is a Black Muslim leader. He came to the superintendent one day in 1976 after a white man had hurt a Black Muslim to tell him that his followers wanted to attack the white man. The quarrel between the white and the black had been over a purely personal matter, the Muslim leader said, and an attack on the white man wasn't called for and would spill unnecessary blood. He didn't want to lose face with his followers, but he didn't want to lead them into battle, either. The superintendent solved the problem by putting the white man in segregation. In ex-



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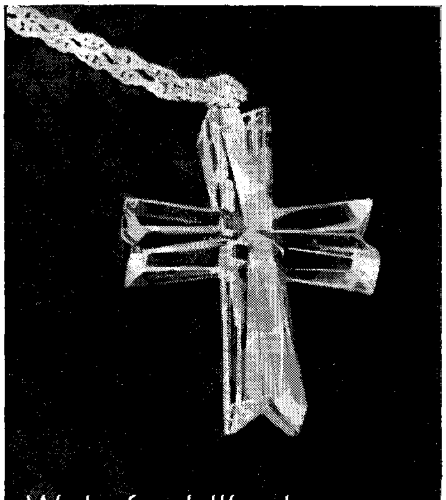
change for such coöperation, prison officials do the leaders small favors, often to strengthen them. A weak leader cannot control his followers and serves no useful purpose. When the members of the Black Muslim leader's mosque wanted an iron to press their robes, the superintendent saw to it that they got an iron and that the leader was given credit for the acquisition. The leaders rarely ask for personal favors—they are more likely to ask for good jobs for their friends, who are impressed by what they can get from The Man. Prison officials look the other way when such leaders violate minor prison rules. Inmates at Green Haven are not allowed to wear any jewelry except religious medals, plain wedding rings, and inexpensive watches: expensive jewelry can be sold to buy contraband. Pagano had two pinky rings with nice stones, which he had been wearing for fifteen years.

By Monday morning, May 31st, the prison administration knew that Pagano was going to survive. Reports of the beating and the reason for Pagano's having punched Besson had been travelling around A block on Sunday night. The inmates gradually untangled the truth, and in the morning, tension on the block was high. Pagano's friends, all of whom were white, wanted to get their hands on Besson and the blacks who had ganged up on Pagano. The black inmates who had beaten Pagano on Besson's behalf now knew that Besson had lied to them, and were angry at him for putting them in such a predicament. By morning, prison officials had also learned, from informers, what had happened and who had done what to whom. Meetings were held with groups of white inmates and black inmates. A Black Muslim leader was allowed to go to the hospital to see Pagano because he wanted the beating kept an isolated incident rather than a racial clash. It was decided to bring Besson to the Administration Building for questioning. At first, he didn't want to leave his tier, and refused to talk. When the extent of the trouble he was in was explained to him, he admitted what had happened and was taken to segregation for protection. Through informers, the names of Pagano's assailants were learned. Seth Morgan, the man who had used the pipe, was also taken to seg. Besson, Morgan, and four other men who had either participated in or watched the beating were transferred to Great Meadow. Pagano had to make several trips to outside hospitals and spent six or seven weeks recuperating. On July



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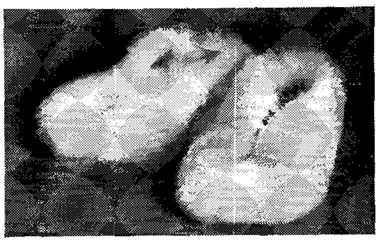

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14th, he was taken to a superintendent's proceeding. He told the captain, who held the superintendent's proceeding, which was taped, that he had received his injuries falling out of bed. When the tape was off, the captain asked him what had really happened. "You know what happened" was all Pagano would say. Pagano was sentenced to thirty days' loss of outside-visiting-room privileges. The captain took Pagano's pinky rings away in a bit of whimsical one-upmanship, because he did know what had happened. The Besson-Pagano episode was the talk of Green Haven for weeks. "Pagano was absolutely right in what he did," Malinow says. "When something like that happens in the ladies' room, it's an insult to your visitor and is not to be tolerated. But the whole thing was so unnecessary. Besson should have gone into the inmates' bathroom if he wanted to fool around with a woman. Men, especially incarcerated men, are understanding about sex. All Besson would have had to do was get a lookout and warn the other inmates not to use the bathroom for a few minutes. That Besson had no brains and no class."

A couple of months after Pagano's outside-visiting-room privileges had been restored, Mrs. Marino came to visit him again, found it necessary to use the ladies' room, and once more happened upon an inmate having sexual intercourse with his visitor. This time, it was a white inmate named Burke Henley, who locked on Pagano's block, and a white woman. Pagano was about to meet the Parole Board, so he decided to use a little discretion and waited until they were back on the block to beat Henley up. Henley didn't complain: he knew he deserved what he got. Pagano said nothing, as was his custom, but prison officials learned about the incident through informers. When they asked Henley, a farm worker, how he had got the lump on his forehead, he said he had been kicked in the face by a cow. Henley was considered a poor farm worker, and the classification sergeant, delighted to have an excuse to remove him from the farm, took away his job for "failure to report an accident," and assigned him to the school to work as a porter. In the process of punching Henley, who occasionally ducked, Pagano had hit his hand against a wall. It had been his misfortune, he told anyone who inquired, to get his hand caught in a door. He went to the Parole Board, was granted parole, and left Green Haven with his hand in a cast.

Another man who was put in seg-

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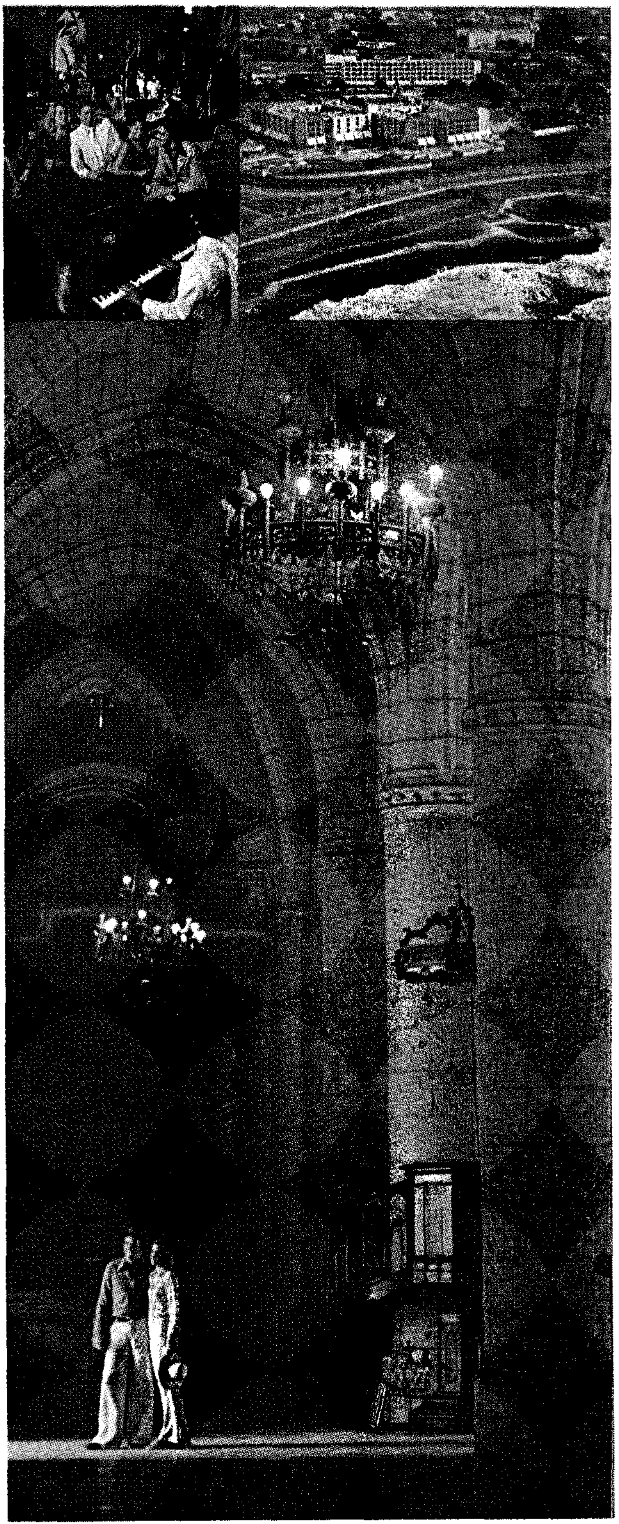

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regation at Green Haven in 1976 went there not simply because he deserved it but also because the prison administration had put him in peril to use him for its own purposes. In addition to the strong prisoners like Pagano, the administration also finds weak men useful in its efforts to run the prison.

On the afternoon of September 22nd, Edith Alpin, a woman employed at Green Haven as a clerk, was approached by Jack Finando, an inmate who was doing twenty-five to life for rape and murder. He told her she could earn three to four hundred dollars a week if she would bring drugs into the prison. Miss Alpin said no thank you. Finando advised her to think his offer over before she declined it. Miss Alpin immediately reported the proposition to the sergeant in her area, who reported it to the office of the deputy superintendent for security. The sergeant and the classification sergeant went to speak to Miss Alpin about the proposed bribe. They asked her if she would be willing to wear a tape recorder and turn it on if Finando attempted to bribe her again. She was willing. The following morning, Miss Alpin was outfitted with a tape recorder. At nine o'clock, she was again approached by Finando, who offered her fifty dollars to bring drugs into the prison for him; he said a friend of his had a thousand dollars in cash that could be used to buy more drugs. Thirty-five minutes later, Miss Alpin took the tape to the Administration Building and gave it to the classification sergeant, who instructed her to ask Finando for "front money." Later that day, Finando gave Miss Alpin forty-five dollars in cash with which to buy an ounce of marijuana on the street. Still later in the afternoon, Finando was called to the Administration Building. He was told that the administration was aware of his attempt to bribe Miss Alpin, and was in possession of the forty-five dollars he had given her. At first, Finando feigned innocence, but when he was told that the attempted bribe would be turned over to the state police for prosecution, he decided to turn informer and offered to lead prison authorities to drugs and cash within the prison. On the morning of September 24th, Finando gave the names of three other inmates who were involved in the trafficking of contraband at Green Haven—Eric Humphrey, Godfrey Owens, and Howard Brick. Finando was taken to segregation, and so were the three other men. There were twelve cases of arson at Green Haven in 1976. One of the twelve occurred at four-thirty that afternoon, in Finando's

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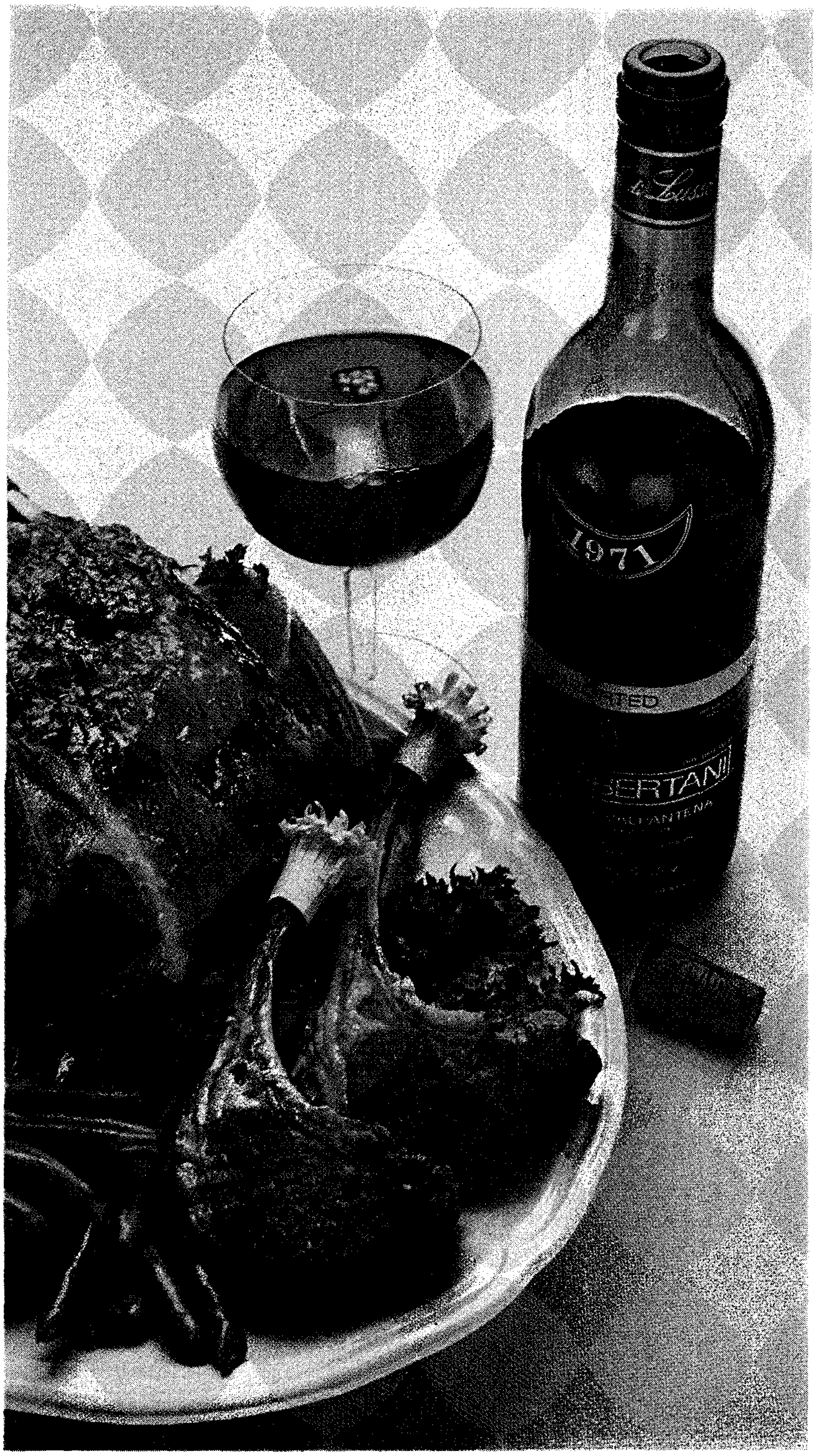

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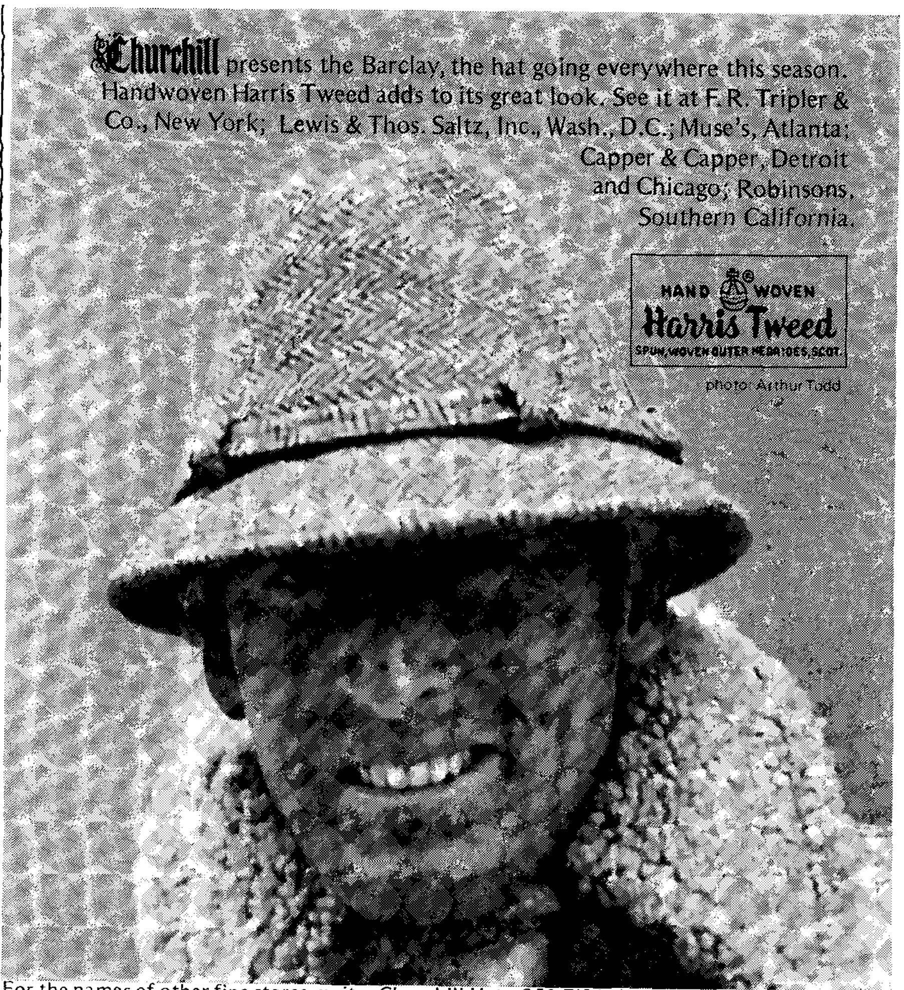
cell, on G block. It was set by inmates who had correctly surmised that Finando had become a rat. Finando was sentenced at a superintendent's proceeding to sixty days in segregation for attempted bribery and possession of currency. He was transferred to another prison. He has never been told that the tape with Miss Alpin was of very poor quality and that prison authorities didn't think they could have got an outside conviction.

When Owens was frisked, as all men are when they reach seg, a hypodermic needle was found concealed in his undergarments, and fresh injection marks were noted on his left arm. Owens wouldn't talk. He was sentenced at a superintendent's proceeding to sixty days in segregation and ninety days' loss of good time and later transferred to another prison. Humphrey had nothing on him, but when his cell, on J block, was searched it was found to contain eleven marijuana cigarettes, a small package of marijuana, half a quart of whiskey in a Hawaiian Punch can, and various other contraband items. Humphrey wouldn't talk, either. He was sentenced at a superintendent's proceeding to forty-five days in segregation and ninety days' loss of good time and later transferred to another prison. Brick's cell contained an ounce of marijuana, a homemade marijuana pipe, a ten-dollar bill, five blank institutional passes, and assorted papers with three names and addresses that looked as if they might be useful. The names were those of Jennifer and Peter Nicolosi and Douglas Lyons, three residents of White Plains, New York. By this time, Brick was under investigation for another matter. He had swindled an illiterate inmate named Derek Hunter out of forty-nine hundred dollars that was in Hunter's account by claiming he knew a lawyer who could get Hunter's sentence shortened. An inmate named Leroy Mason, who felt sorry for Hunter, had ratted Brick out. Brick agreed to coöperate with prison officials on the contraband that was coming into the prison, in the hope of getting leniency in the matter of the swindle. Brick first told them where they could find seven hundred and seventy-one dollars in cash—some of the money he had made peddling marijuana and liquor—that he had stored in another inmate's cell. He also gave up a pair of shoes with hollowed-out heels, used for transporting money and drugs to and from the visiting room and all around the prison, and the name of the inmate who had hollowed them out for him.

When Brick was questioned about the whiskey in Humphrey's cell, he betrayed an inmate named Reed Pastore, who had often been in trouble for dealing in contraband. The three names and addresses in Brick's cell proved to be those of three people on Pastore's visiting list. The Nicolosis and Lyons had been buying forty-six-ounce cans of Hawaiian Punch, steaming the labels off, drilling two holes in the sides of the cans, replacing the contents with six or seven dollars' worth of whiskey, soldering the holes over, filing the soldered parts smooth, replacing the labels, and then either mailing the cans to inmates, using a return address of a member of the inmate's family, supplied by Pastore, or bringing the cans up to Pastore on visits. The Nicolosis and Lyons got thirty dollars a can from Pastore, who got ninety to a hundred dollars from the inmates at Green Haven who received the whiskey. Pastore had introduced Brick to the Nicolosis in the visiting room, and Brick was about to start dealing in marijuana with them when he was ratted out by Mason and then by Finando. Pastore was taken to seg ostensibly for protection—prison officials wanted him to take some of the weight that might otherwise have fallen on Brick by giving the impression that Pastore had turned informer. Pastore is the sort of inmate prison officials like least. When he is caught "dirty," he will disclose the minimum amount of information necessary to stay on at Green Haven—usually the names of his competitors, because if they are caught the price of his marijuana goes up. He then keeps wheeling and dealing until he is caught again. "Pastore's the kind of guy who likes to walk down both sides of the street," a Green Haven sergeant says. "This time, a bus ran over him. We transferred him out." Brick was sentenced at a superintendent's proceeding to forty-five days in segregation and ninety days' loss of good time for possession of marijuana and cash. He had been offered leniency only in the swindle case, which he apparently received: Hunter was eventually transferred and never pressed charges against Brick. He did not get his forty-nine hundred dollars back. It is a Department of Correctional Services rule that money confiscated from prisoners be turned over to a state general fund. Brick's seven hundred and seventy-one dollars didn't go into the general fund. "We need money like that to work with for future setups," a Green Haven official explains. Brick is still at Green Haven, where he is considered a very helpful inmate. Whether by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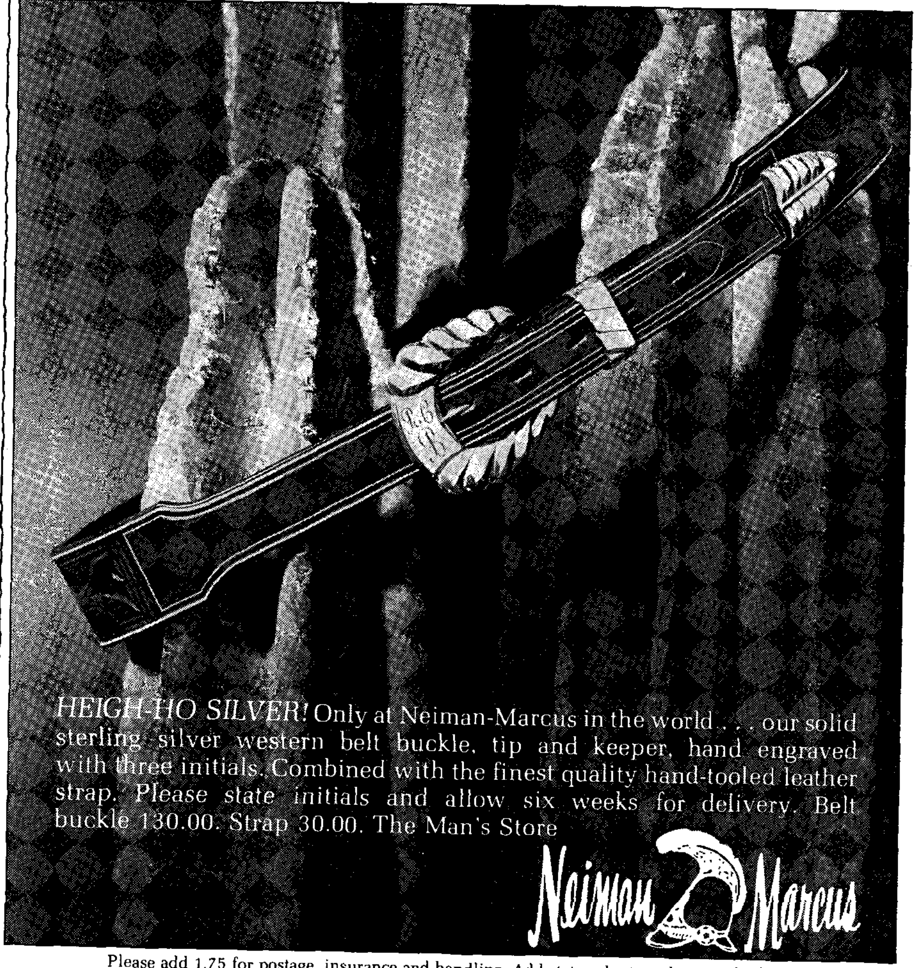
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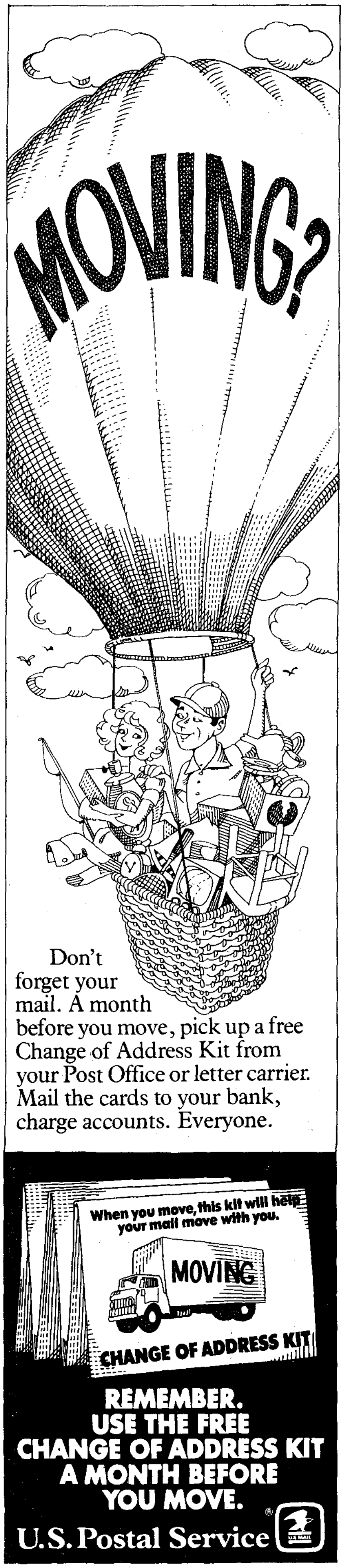

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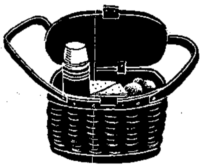
bureaucratic inadvertence or indifference—the reason is unclear—Finando and the two men he had ratted on who had refused to turn informer, Humphrey and Owens, were all transferred to the same prison.

When the state police came to see Nicolosi, he admitted that he had brought in the Hawaiian Punch and took sole responsibility. On October 26th, a month after the contraband-whiskey operation was halted, Nicolosi was arrested and charged with promoting prison contraband, a felony. (The charge was later reduced to disorderly conduct, a violation, and Nicolosi was fined fifty dollars.) On October 27th, the *Times* carried a brief story on Nicolosi's arrest and on the smuggling operation, in which Green Haven's superintendent was quoted. He might have been expected to express mild jubilation at the discovery and halting of the Pastore-Nicolosi-Lyons contraband operation. He didn't. Instead, sounding as if he had his finger in the dike but could feel the water seeping around it and making the hole larger, he said that ever since the Hawaiian Punch whiskey operation had been halted, Green Haven's guards had been having trouble controlling the manufacture, by inmates, of homemade brew. On October 7th, one inmate had stabbed another in a dispute over a booze-and-drug dealership. On October 8th, the prison riot squad, armed with tear gas and gas guns, had to be called out to put a group of drunken inmates back into their cells. On October 14th, two guards were punched and kicked by an inmate in whose cell they had found five gallons of booze and whom they were trying to lock up. On October 23rd, a drunken inmate tried to kiss two female volunteer workers.

Things got worse the following week. A drunken inmate assaulted another drunken inmate on October 29th, and on October 30th Eli Walker was killed. On November 1st, Green Haven's superintendent complained to a newspaper reporter that a number of Green Haven's better-behaved prisoners were being transferred to the newly opened smaller prisons in and around New York City and that they were being replaced by some of the most disruptive prisoners in New York State. Formerly, these prisoners—many of them young first-felony and second-felony offenders originally sent to Coxsackie and Eastern—had been routinely sent to Great Meadow and Attica after stirring up Coxsackie and Eastern. In an attempt to improve the reputations of Great Meadow and Attica, they were now being sent to Green Haven, Clinton, and Auburn. The problem prisoners were having a bad effect on Green Haven. In addition, many experienced officers were transferring to the new minimum-security and medium-security prisons that were opening up, and were being replaced by unseasoned officers. The superintendent was under increasing pressure from the officers to conduct a prison-wide search for weapons and contraband. The next day, he succeeded in getting Albany to authorize the overtime that would be necessary to close down and search the prison. On November 3rd, at nine in the evening, the superintendent announced over the prison radio system that all the inmates would be locked in their cells so that the officers could conduct a cell-by-cell search for weapons, drugs, money, and unauthorized state material. The cells and tiers were cluttered with extra furniture, and the papers and magazines the inmates had accumulated were a fire hazard. It was the first time Green Haven was shut down since December, 1972.



The inmates' cells, the prison yards, and the various prison buildings were searched over the course of the next three days. Only sixty gallons of booze was found: one reason for announcing the search ahead of time was to give inmates a chance to flush the liquor down their cell toilets. The superintendent simply wanted to be rid of it; he didn't want to turn off the prison plumbing and have the Adjustment Committee bogged down in booze misbehavior reports for the next two months. Only $285.26 in cash was found; with just thirty minutes allotted to search each cell (because of the ceiling Albany had put on overtime), few of the good hiding places (bookbindings, mattresses, the space between the glass and the cardboard backing in glass paintings) could be properly explored. In the Great Frisk, as it came to be known, fifty-eight knives were found and about five hundred pipes and clubs that could have been used as weapons. A hundred and twenty-five stools and two hundred and fifty lockers and various other extra cell furnishings were confiscated. The biggest haul was about five thousand pounds of extra state blankets, sheets, and uniforms. A hundred and two truckloads of trash were taken to the prison dump. Some of the lockers and stools that were confiscated were also taken to the dump. Some of

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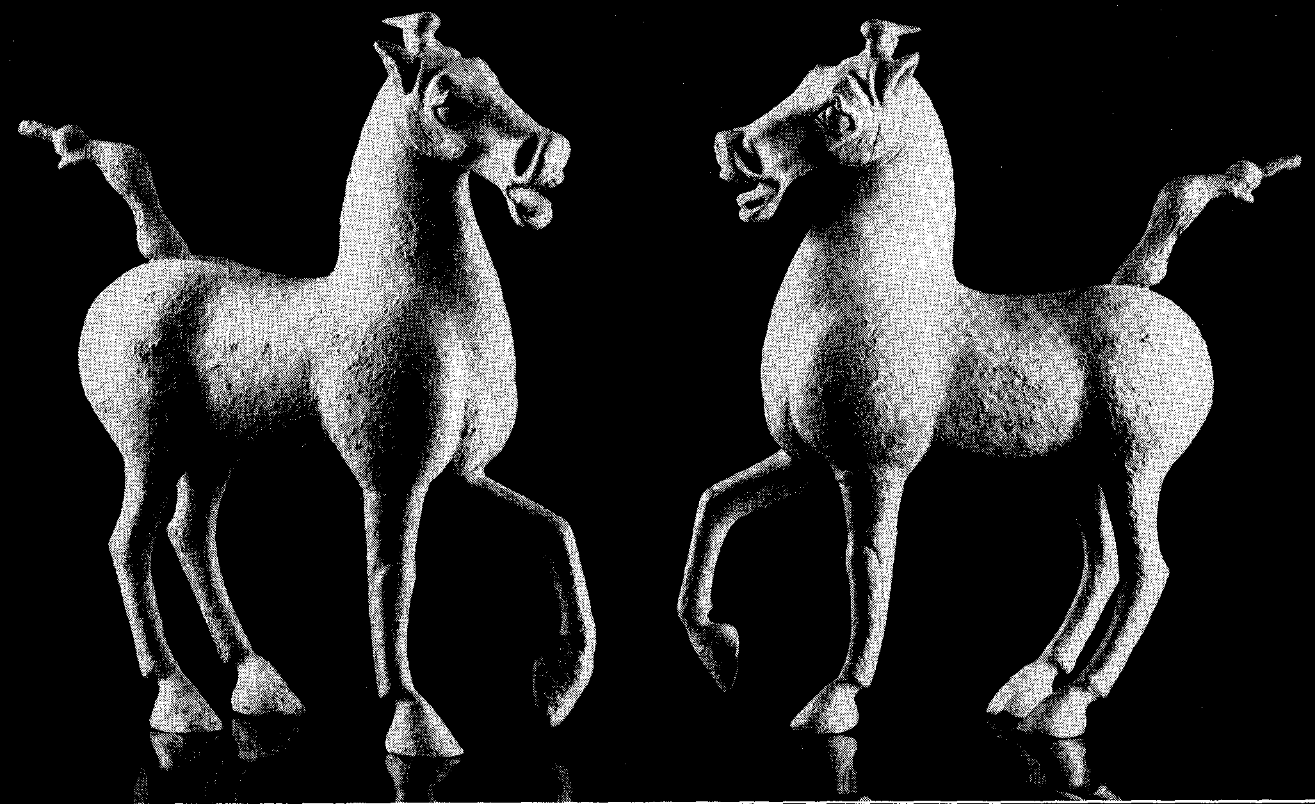

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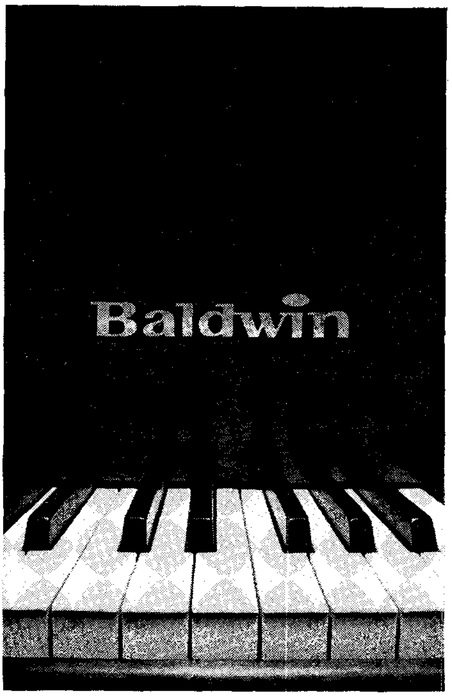
the lockers and stools that were in excellent condition were taken to a small shed known as Building 29.

The Great Frisk was a success from the officers' point of view. The six hundred and seventy-four hours of overtime required by the three-day search made its way into their paychecks in time to be spent on Christmas shopping. Officers and civilian employees were observed carting off lockers, stools, and other items from the dump, which rather mysteriously caught fire in a lightning storm on November 5th. The better lockers and stools vanished from Building 29. If the homes of certain prison guards and civilian employees were more crowded, the emptied-out prison looked tidier for a while. The morale of the officers soared—for the short time the inmates were locked up. As for the effect of the Great Frisk on the assaults and drinking, it was described by some officials at Green Haven as "fleeting" and by others as "nonexistent." On November 13th, a drunken inmate set fire to his cell and kicked and hit an officer. On November 25th, one inmate stabbed another with a knife. That same day, two drunken inmates refused to lock in. One of them pulled a knife out of his sock and tried to stab a lieutenant. He also threatened and pushed the deputy superintendent of security. The other struck the lieutenant on the right side of the head. Three other officers were also hurt in the fray. Both inmates eventually landed in seg. One went quietly, one went kicking and screaming.

December began quietly enough—one inmate was assaulted by another with a razor blade, the Catholic chaplain's prayer book was stolen—but ended noisily. On December 31st, one inmate was sodomized, two inmates were stabbed, and seg was crowded.

Malinow can remember the decades when men were sent to seg without the "due process" of an Adjustment Committee hearing or a superintendent's proceeding, two innovations resulting from inmate lawsuits of the nineteen-sixties. Prisoners were sent to seg for such offenses as helping one another with their legal work or refusing to take a certain prison job, and often stayed in seg for months or even years. Malinow once spent almost two years in seg at Clinton in the nineteen-forties after refusing to work in the prison's cotton shop. Inmates who went to seg in those days were usually beaten on the way there. For the first thirty days, they were put into cells furnished with nothing but mattresses and toilets; they



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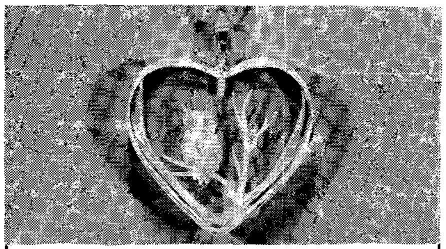

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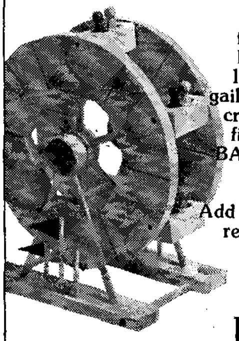

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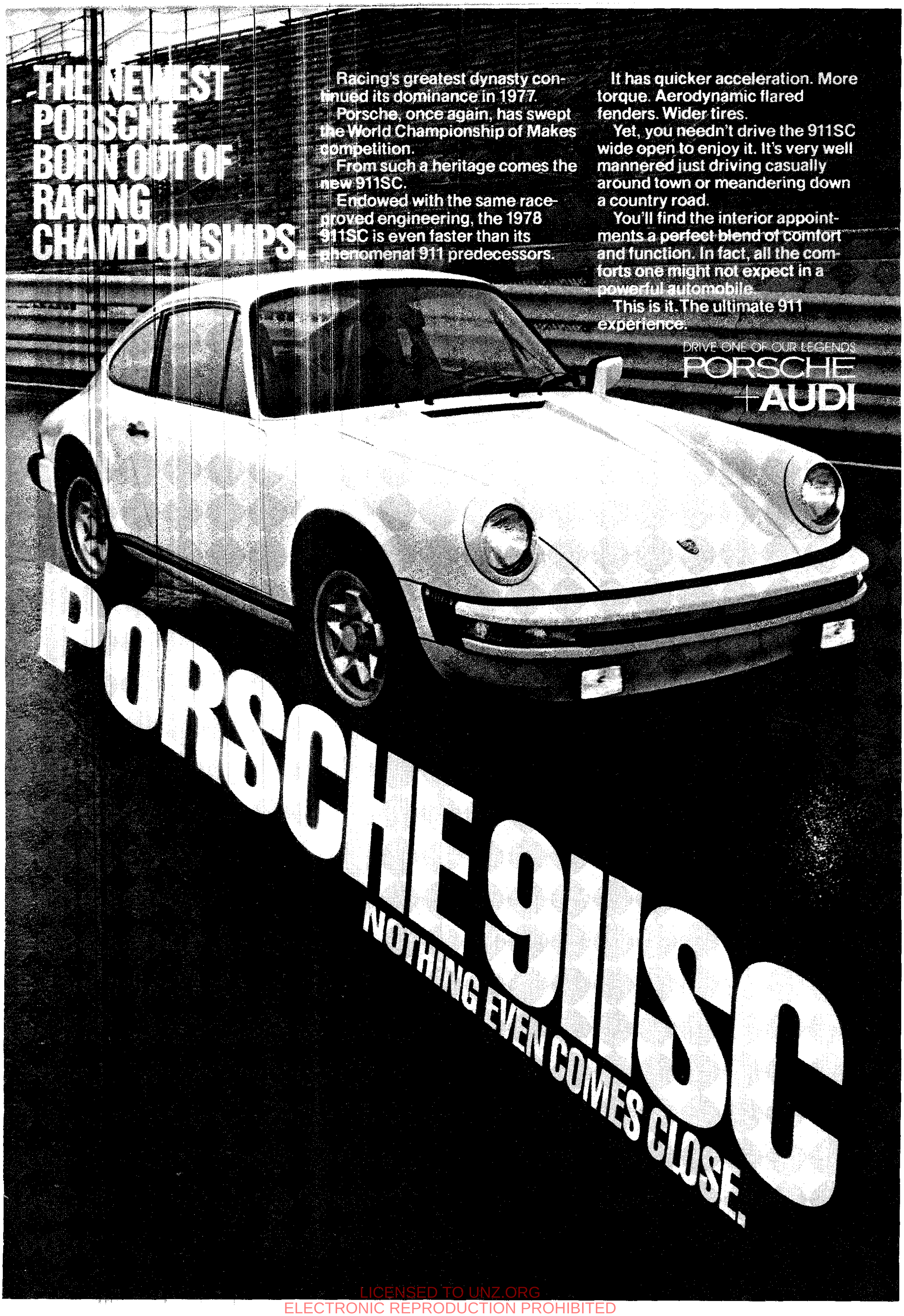

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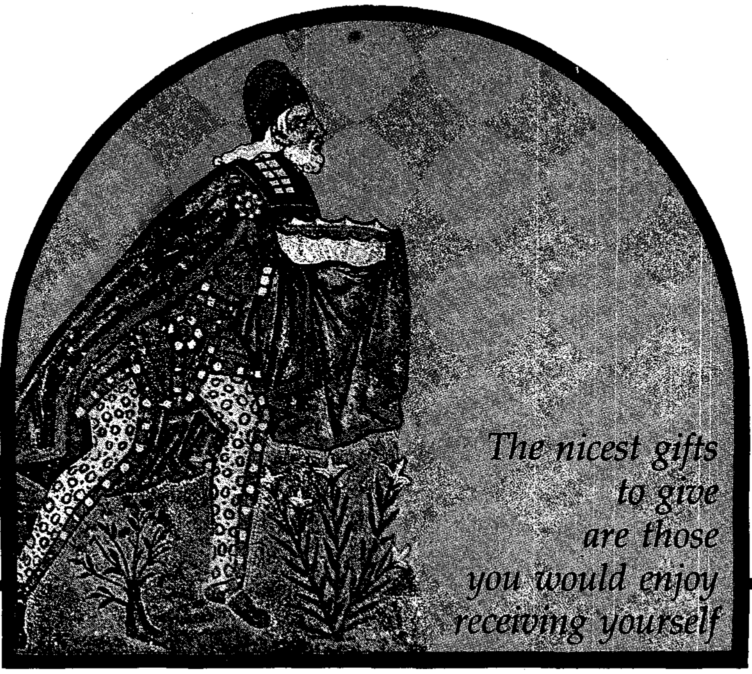
weren't given light bulbs, earphones, or tobacco. Sometimes their punishment included being fed limited rations—two days of bread and water alternating with one day of more or less regular meals, perhaps for thirty days.

Segregation at Green Haven in the nineteen-seventies is relatively benign. Most men who went to seg in 1976 went quietly, as William Muller did, and say they were not touched on the way up. The few men who still do get beatings at Green Haven are those who go to seg kicking and punching. There is a staircase in the Hospital-Segregation Building, but it is not commonly used for trips to segregation. Most men are taken to seg by elevator. The inmates are escorted onto the elevator on the first floor, near the hospital clinic, often by members of one of the prison's three riot squads, which are officially called CERT teams (correctional emergency-response teams), and are known by inmates as direct descendants of the "goon squads" of the pre-CERT-team years, since some of the members of the former eagerly volunteered to be on the latter. If the inmate offers no resistance, the elevator goes right to seg, on the third floor. If the inmate offers resistance, one of his escorts stops the elevator between two and three and places the man's nose against an "X" that has been put on the elevator wall with a Magic Marker; then he and his teammates return the inmate's punches, with interest. Sometimes inmates in the hospital witness a beating when the elevator stops at two, instead of between two and three. Sometimes the elevator can be heard rattling on its cables. Most of the members of the CERT teams believe in the "lumps and bumps" school of behavior modification and wish they could get away with more beatings, but they say there is too much paperwork involved and too many questions asked by the D.O.C.S. Office of the Inspector General, the equivalent of the New York City Police Department's Internal Affairs Division. The Inspector General's Office came into existence in 1972. There were forty "use of force" forms filled out by officers at Green Haven in 1976. The prisoners and the guards say that in most cases the amount of force used was minimal.

Most of the cells in seg resemble cells on the regular blocks, with the addition of peepholes in their ceilings so that the officers assigned to seg can take a count from an overhead walkway without getting hit by the food and other unsavory things a few disturbed men in seg sometimes throw at anyone who



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passes in front of their cells. There are three sturdier cells in seg, each of which has a bed and a combination toilet-sink-and-drinking-fountain secured to a wall. They are used to house the men who tear up their regular seg cells, which Filippi did after he was accused of Walker's murder.

In recent years, every man sent to seg at Green Haven except one was given the same three daily meals served to the men who ate in the prison's mess halls. New York State still has the right, according to the penal code, to feed men in segregation limited rations. This is rarely done, because it is considered an archaic punishment, potential bad publicity, and vulnerable if challenged in court. Every year, one or two men at Green Haven choose to spend their time there in segregation. They assault someone, serve their sentences in seg, are returned to population, and soon assault another inmate or officer and are taken back to seg. One man who went to seg often in 1975 and 1976 was Dwight Harvey. At a superintendent's proceeding held on November 16, 1975, Harvey complained about the prison food. The captain, who was in charge of the proceeding, had long since given Harvey every punishment he had to give, with no result. At that proceeding, he put him on special meals for two weeks. The captain went to one of the prison's doctors, asked him to check off all the items on the day's menu Harvey required for his health, had a nurse assemble the ingredients in a blender, poured the blended mixture into a loaf pan and baked it, and served Harvey twelve ounces of the loaf three times a day. The captain said the loaf looked dreadful but tasted it, out of curiosity, and said it tasted all right. Harvey refused to eat for four days. He took two paper plates, on which his meals had been served, and one loaf, and asked the captain to mail the loaf and the plates to the commissioner, in Albany. No inmate may be denied the right to communicate with the commissioner. The captain called Albany for advice. Albany told the captain to put Harvey back on regular meals. To save face, the captain told Harvey he was being put back on regular meals because his mental condition had obviously deteriorated, whereupon Harvey said, "Give me the loaf." The captain said no, that he was in terrible mental shape, and ordered regular meals for him. For a day, Harvey refused to eat the regular meals and continued to demand the loaf. After that, he ate his regular meals. Harvey returned to his regular

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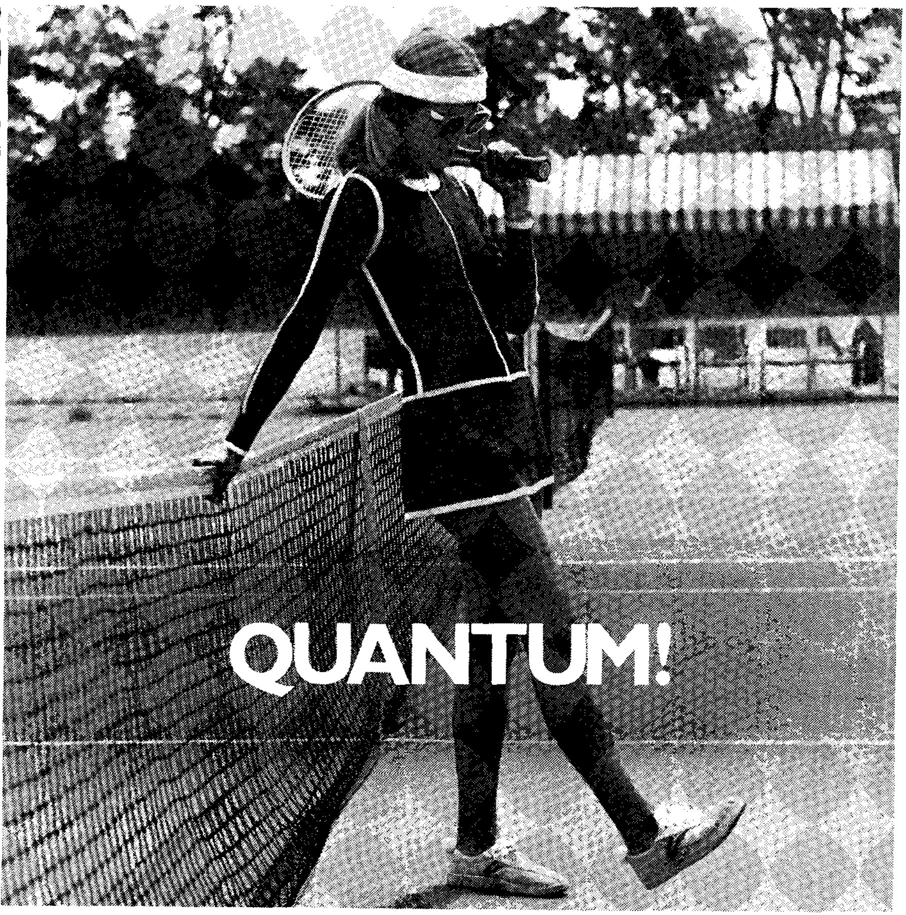

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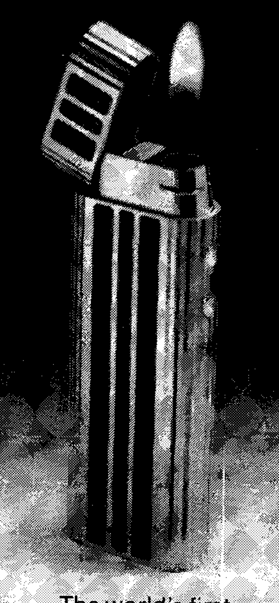
misbehavior when his time in seg was up.

In 1976, most of the men who were sent to seg spent thirty or sixty days there or, as in Muller's case, less. A Green Haven official may sentence a man to thirty days in seg without notifying Albany. If a man is sentenced to sixty days in seg, Albany must be notified. Longer sentences or renewed sentences must be approved by the commissioner. Men whose behavior has resulted in their spending six months in seg may be transferred to another prison for a "fresh start." They usually succeed in getting themselves sent to seg at the new prison shortly after their arrival.

Most men behaved well in seg in 1976 and say they were not mistreated in any way. Their primary complaint was the unaccustomed confinement and boredom. Men in seg are locked in their cells for twenty-three hours a day. They are allowed out for exercise for an hour, under an officer's supervision. They are permitted to take few personal possessions to seg, there is no television there, and they are soon weary of listening on their earphones.

Until December, 1975, segregation had fifty cells—two galleries of twelve cells and two galleries of thirteen cells. In 1975, Joseph Eli Davis was convicted of murdering a policeman in Yonkers. He was brought to Green Haven on December 15, 1975, and put in a cell in one wing of segregation that had been designated as K gallery but was referred to as Death Row. Until 1973, it had been used to hold some condemned prisoners until they had been resentenced to life imprisonment. Davis's presence on K gallery again reduced seg's capacity to thirty-seven. Davis was alone on Death Row until November 22, 1976, when Joseph James, who had been sentenced to death for killing a Riker's Island prison guard, was brought to Green Haven. He was put in a cell near Davis's so they could share Davis's television set and round-the-clock guards.

Death Row at Green Haven is, dictionarily speaking, real maximum security. Men on Death Row are not permitted to have certain objects—for example, belts, shoelaces, forks (much less knives), or matches—at any time. (Guards light their cigarettes.) Some objects, such as safety-lock razors, unbreakable mirrors, pencils, pens, toothbrushes, bowls, cups, and spoons may go into their cells briefly, but come out as soon as they have served their purpose. A Death Row inmate's cell is frisked every day, usually during his daily hour of supervised exercise. His



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immediate family, his physician, his attorney, or a minister of his faith may visit him without a court order; no one else may visit him without a court order. He is in one locked room, and his visitors are in another; they are separated by a bulletproof-glass window set in the wall, and speak through a metal-grate opening. A log is kept of everything that happens in seg and on Death Row—razors are logged in and out, and so are visitors, including officers who come to see their fellow-officers assigned there. Every effort is made to prevent a man on Death Row from committing suicide. Green Haven's guards were unfavorably impressed with the apparently lax security at Utah State Prison, where Gary Gilmore was able to take two overdoses of barbiturates in the two months preceding his death by firing squad in January, 1977.

One floor above segregation and Death Row, on the fourth and top floor of the Hospital-Segregation Building, is the electric chair. The chair, a symbolic presence at Green Haven, sits on a rubber mat in a good-sized fluorescent-lit room several yards away from the four dark wooden benches provided for the eighteen state-mandated witnesses to the execution and the six witnesses the victim may request. The benches resemble church pews and face the chair as they would a pulpit. The electric chair is a surprisingly comfortable, boxy-looking oaken armchair with rubber padding on its seat and sloping back, and numerous straps to restrain the victim's arms, feet, and body. Six hundred and fourteen people died in New York's electric chair between 1891 and 1963, but no one would know it to look at the chair.

In January, 1976, shortly before Davis was scheduled to be executed, some of Green Haven's guards staged a rehearsal of the event, at the request of the superintendent. One guard was assigned the role of Davis. He was ordered to struggle as the others, playing themselves, struggled to get him into the chair. Davis's stand-in broke the worn leather straps. The guards participated in the rehearsal with obvious pleasure. "The policeman ain't here. Why should Davis be?" one said. "Davis got to do his thing. Now we get to do our thing," another said. The execution was later stayed, pending appeals. News of the rehearsal travelled swiftly to the inmates at Green Haven, who disapprove of the death penalty and the eagerness of almost all of the guards to see it applied. "We're criminals and they're cops," Malinow says. A few days before Christmas, 1975,

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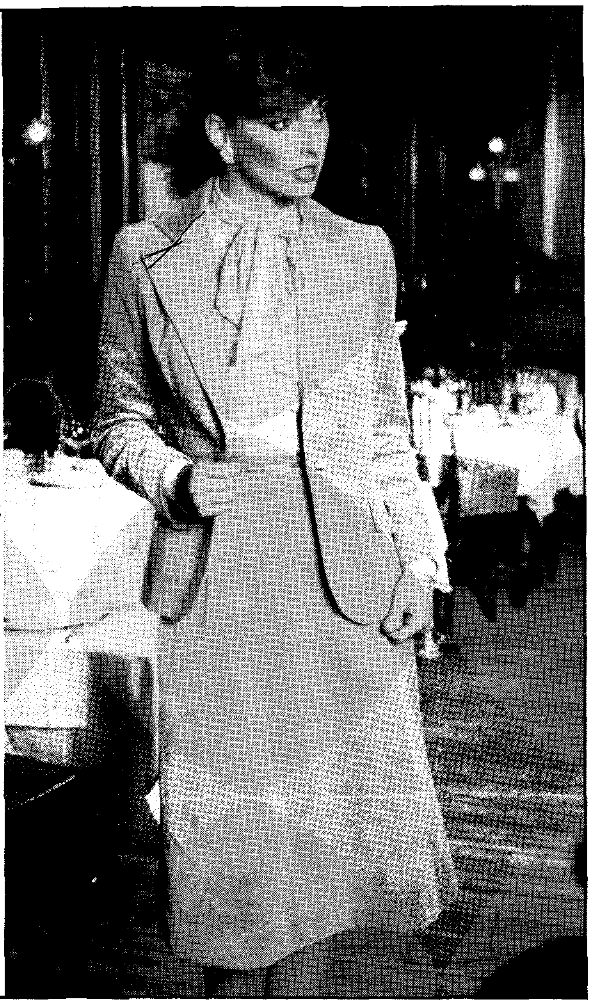

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boxes with placards reading "For Davis on Death Row" had been put in the mess halls. Few of Green Haven's inmates knew Davis, but they were sympathetic to his situation of isolation and uncertainty. They donated many dozens of cartons of cigarettes and cans of food, which were placed in a cell adjoining Davis's. At Christmastime in 1976, another large collection was taken up for Davis and James in the mess halls.

THE buildings right in back of the Hospital-Segregation Building are Green Haven's twin, high-ceilinged mess halls, one (painted blue) for the cellblocks on the east side, one (painted orange) for those on the west side. The mess halls are separated by the prison's kitchen, which was described as "spotless" by newspaper reporters who toured it in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. "Filthy" would be a more accurate adjective in the nineteen-seventies. A white sergeant who lives in Dutchess County recently cast a cold eye on the kitchen's slippery, slimy, garbage-covered floor and said, "You've got to understand something. Most of the mess-hall workers are blacks and Puerto Ricans. To these people from New York City's ghettos, this is clean." He did not comment on the quality of his supervisory abilities.

Each mess hall has a seating capacity of seven hundred and sixty-eight—ninety-six rectangular steel tables for eight, aligned in orderly rows. The tables are bolted to the floor; the inmates sit on backless steel stools. Until 1971, the mess halls were filled almost to capacity at each meal, and a sergeant boasted that Green Haven could feed six or seven hundred inmates in each mess hall in thirty-five minutes. Not long after the Attica riot, the administration thought it wise to limit the number of men in the mess hall (a traditional prison trouble spot) at any one time, so different blocks on each side go to the mess hall at staggered intervals. In 1976, there were rarely more than two hundred men in each mess hall at once.

Men proceed, in companies, from their blocks to the mess hall, walk from the entrance around the sides of the mess hall to two cafeteria lines at the mess hall's kitchen end, where they pick up partitioned plastic trays, plastic bowls and cups, metal spoons and forks (but no such amenities as paper napkins), and go through the food line. They help themselves to some items and to beverages in plastic cups and mugs and are helped by mess-hall workers stationed behind the counter to others. Meat, cake, milk, juice, fruit, sugar, and rolls are rationed; potatoes, rice, vegetables, and bread are not. The inmates know it is a prison rule that they must fill the tables in sequence, and that officers assigned to the mess hall will enforce the rule. Whites at Green Haven almost always want to eat with whites, blacks with blacks, and Puerto Ricans with Puerto Ricans (although the latter are somewhat less color-conscious); therefore, the inmates take considerable trouble to line up according to race before their company leaves the block for the mess hall. Each man who sits down pulls out the stool for the next man, an ancient prison courtesy. Over the entrance to each mess hall is a gas tower, where a guard is stationed at each meal, ready to release tear gas from holes in the ceiling in case of a riot. It has never yet been necessary to use gas in Green Haven's mess halls. There was only one serious mealtime incident in each mess hall at Green Haven in 1976. At breakfast on February 18th, an officer in the west mess hall observed Dwight Harvey, who had recently been released from segregation, filling a plastic quart bottle with milk from the milk dispenser. The officer told Harvey he wasn't permitted to take the milk out of the mess hall. Harvey started yelling at the officer and hit him—and three other officers and two sergeants who came to his assistance—before about seventy-five inmates rushed over from the other side of the mess hall and helped subdue Harvey, who was once again taken to seg. At supper in the east mess hall on September 1st, the second day of what turned out to be a four-day prison strike, an inmate was assaulted because he had gone to work. Visiting and eating were permitted by the inmates during their strike; working was not.

On a typical weekday in 1976, the Green Haven menu read as follows:

Breakfast: Hot Farina
Stewed Prunes
Jelly Filled Buns
Coffee-Milk-Sugar
Bread
Dinner: Seafood Patties W/Catsup
Boiled Potatoes
Spinach W/Vinegar
Sugar Cookies
Milk & Bread
Supper: Diced Franks & Kidney Bean Casserole
3-Bean Salad
Jello
Kool-Aid & Bread

The main topic of conversation at Green Haven's meals is often the food.

No one likes it, although some prisoners thrive on it and leave Green Haven looking much fitter than when they arrived. Some of the complaints run along racial lines. Many blacks would prefer soul food, many Puerto Ricans would prefer more pork and rice and beans. In the early nineteen-seventies, in a concession to Green Haven's sizable Black Muslim population, whose religion forbids them to eat pork, the amount of pork served was sharply curtailed, and the prison's prize-winning swineherd was phased out. Pork can now be served only twice a week and must not be used to flavor soups or sauces. Some of the complaints are fairly universal. No one enjoys cutting liver with the bowl of a spoon. Just about everyone would like to be able to season his own food: there is salt on the tables at Green Haven but no pepper, because pepper is considered a dangerous weapon. Everyone bemoans the lack of choice (as people do in the Army and in college dorms and everyplace else where choice is lacking). If you want coffee for dinner and Kool-Aid is on the menu, you drink Kool-Aid. Almost everyone finds the meals too high on starch and too low on fresh fruits and juices, which is easily explained by the facts that starch is cheap and fresh fruits and juices are expensive and that the food budget at Green Haven is a dollar and forty-five cents per inmate per day. Sometimes, the prisoners say, the original ingredients the cooks start with are all right but are ruined in the cooking process: what isn't overcooked is undercooked or miscooked. At Green Haven, the captain or a lieutenant is required to sample each meal and judge it on a printed form. Usually the sampler writes "Fair" or "Good" on the line next to "Quality" and "Ample" on the line next to "Quantity" and leaves the space intended for comments blank, but one day in 1976 a lieutenant observed that the tea he had sipped at supper was cold. He was chagrined to learn he had been drinking coffee. On another day, the comment of a lieutenant who had tried the breakfast read, "One dead roach in roll—well done." Sometimes the original ingredients never get as far as the mess hall. If a thousand pounds of chopped meat is delivered to the kitchen to be used to make hamburgers, two hundred pounds may be stolen. The inmates claim that some of the prison's guards and civilian employees steal the meat. The civilians and guards claim that some of the mess-hall inmates steal the meat. Both are right.

About the best that old-timers say about Green Haven's food is what they

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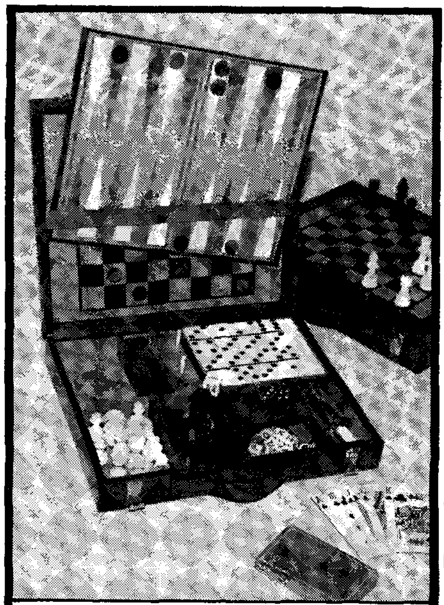

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say about its medical care: it used to be worse. A few years ago, no fresh fruits and juices were served. In August, 1971, a month before the Attica riot, New York State's correction commissioner discovered that the sixty-three cents a day budgeted for each inmate's food was not sufficient to meet the minimum dietary standards set by federal guidelines. A directive went out to spend what was necessary to meet nutritional standards. They are now being met.

A few years ago, all meals at Green Haven were mandatory. Even a man who didn't feel like eating had to go to the mess hall and sit there, if only to stare at an empty tray. In 1976, the noon meal alone was mandatory. Like so many other things at Green Haven, it wasn't as mandatory as one might have supposed. Statistics on how many men eat each meal are kept as faithfully as statistics on how many men take showers and how many cells are searched daily. One evening, on a day when the mess halls had looked sparsely populated at noon, Green Haven's captain was asked how many men had eaten the noon meal. His answer was nine hundred and six—a figure that included those who had eaten in both mess halls, in the diet mess hall (where men suffering from diabetes, ulcers, and other ailments are fed), in the blocks, on the farm, in the hospital, and in segregation. This number was just slightly higher than the number who had eaten Green Haven's nonmandatory breakfast and supper. The captain was asked what the prison count was that day. He said it was over seventeen hundred. He was then asked why the eight hundred other inmates hadn't eaten the noon meal, since it was mandatory. "The noon meal is mandatory," he said, ending the conversation.

MALINOW is one of the inmates who very rarely eats the mandatory noon meal. If he goes to the mess hall at all, it is usually only once a week, for Sunday dinner, which he considers the best meal of the week. On Sundays, the menu includes "good" meat (pork chops, roast chicken, or roast beef), served with mashed potatoes; the dessert is usually ice cream. Some of Malinow's friends go to the mess hall twice a week—for Sunday dinner and also for Saturday breakfast, the one morning bacon and eggs are served—but Malinow isn't much of a breakfast eater. It isn't just the uninspiring food and the fact that he can manage to eat well enough on his job and in his cell, it is also the atmosphere of the mess hall

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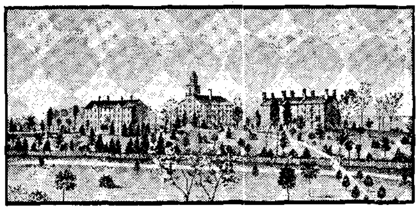

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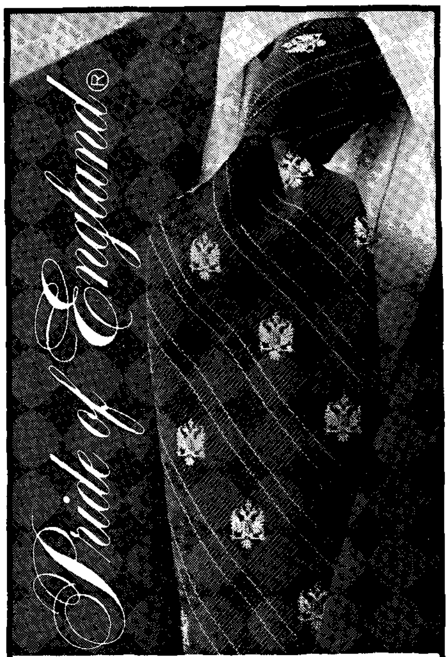

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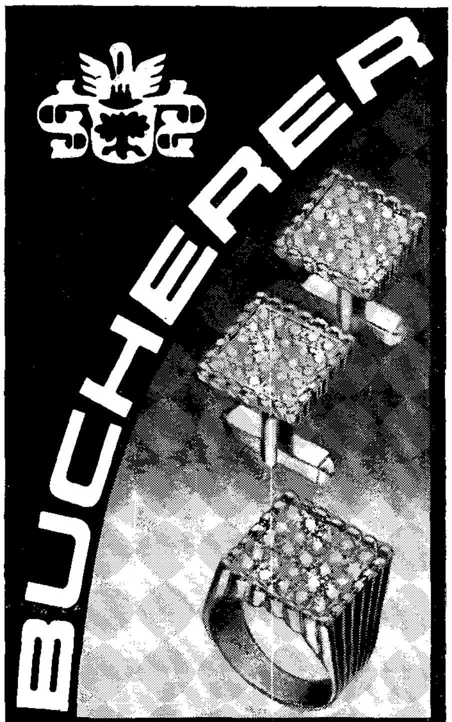
that keeps Malinow from going there. Like many experienced inmates at Green Haven, he leads a circumscribed life, avoiding crowds and cutting down on his chances of being hassled by officers and inmates he doesn't know. He dislikes the long walk to the mess hall, the waiting in line, and the possibility that he may inadvertently wind up at a table next to some inmates he describes as "the new element," by which he means young black drug addicts. "If one of the new element jumps in line ahead of me or makes a remark about honkies and he knows I've heard it, I'd have to hit him and that would get me into trouble," he says. "I don't need trouble. But I can't let such a remark go by. I'm not from a blue-blooded family, I don't have a million dollars. All I have is my image, how I'm regarded in prison, how I carry myself. Some inmates won't react—you can call their mothers or fathers anything—but from then on they're considered trash, and they're treated accordingly. They'll let a remark go by, and the next thing you know they'll be standing in the yard in front of the TV set and some guy standing behind them will say, 'Hey, creep, get out of here,' and they'll have to go."

In the back, or south, part of the prison, behind the mess halls and the storehouse and the eight large cellblocks, are a number of other buildings—the Protestant Center (attended by about thirty of Green Haven's nine hundred Protestants on a summer Sunday in 1976); the Catholic Chapel (attended by about fifty of Green Haven's over seven hundred Catholics on an average Sunday); an omnibus building containing the vocational school, the state shop (which issues prison uniforms and shoes), the tailor shop (which alters prison clothes), and two mosques—one for Green Haven's Sunni Muslims, one for the followers of Wallace D. Muhammad; J block; the auditorium building, into whose basement the commissary recently moved; the laundry and the barbershop; the gymnasium; the school building (which contains the regular library and the law library); and two industrial buildings. All of Green Haven's buildings are linked by a series of tunnel-like corridors. The corridors are endless and gloomy, with only a modest number of electric light bulbs and small barred windows for illumination. Most of them are unheated. They are cold and damp in winter, hot and damp in summer. Rain and snow seep into them, making them slick and leaving long-lasting puddles. The concrete floors are dark and dusty,



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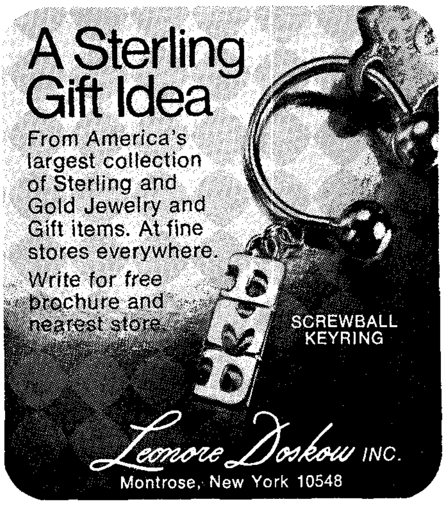

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even though inmate porters sometimes sweep them with coffee grounds to try to hold the dust down. Guards are stationed at certain strategic places along the corridors—outside the entrances to both mess halls, for instance, and at the entrance to the school—and there are a number of locked gates and checkpoints. The entrances to the Administration Building and the Hospital-Segregation Building are particularly well secured. Inmates are always frisked before they enter the Administration Building. In 1976, inmates travelled with relative freedom through the corridors, sometimes with passes, sometimes without. A prisoner who works inside and who doesn't want to go to the yard can spend ten or fifteen years at Green Haven without going outdoors, simply by commuting from his cellblock to his job or to his place of worship. Malinow rarely goes to the yard. He no longer participates in sports, says he has outgrown idle prison conversations about past and future Cadillacs and women, and considers the yard another place to avoid the new element. He squints into the unaccustomed sunlight when he goes to the outside visiting room or to a Fay Field picnic and, like a number of other men at Green Haven, suffers from a case of prison pallor.

There are a few prison buildings outside the walls—the superintendent's house, which is no longer used by the superintendent (post-'75 superintendents were deprived of perks as well as tenure); the power plant; and the water-filtration plant. A few hundred yards outside the prison is a place Malinow thinks of on the rare days when his usually optimistic nature gives way to melancholy and he fears he will die in prison—Green Haven's cemetery. Not many men die in prison, and the bodies of most of those who do are claimed by their families. Only thirty-three men have been buried in the prison cemetery since 1949, the last two in 1974. Until 1976, the cemetery was a scruffy-looking place, overgrown with weeds. It wasn't fenced off from the nearby prison dump, and trash had drifted over and settled among the graves. Thirty-three cement headstones with nothing chiselled on them but the dead inmates' prison numbers marked the thirty-four graves. In 1976, Malinow and a number of other members of the Holy Name Society went to Green Haven's Catholic chaplain. They told him they didn't think men should be degraded in death as they were in life at Green Haven, by being reduced to numbers, and they had no trouble per-

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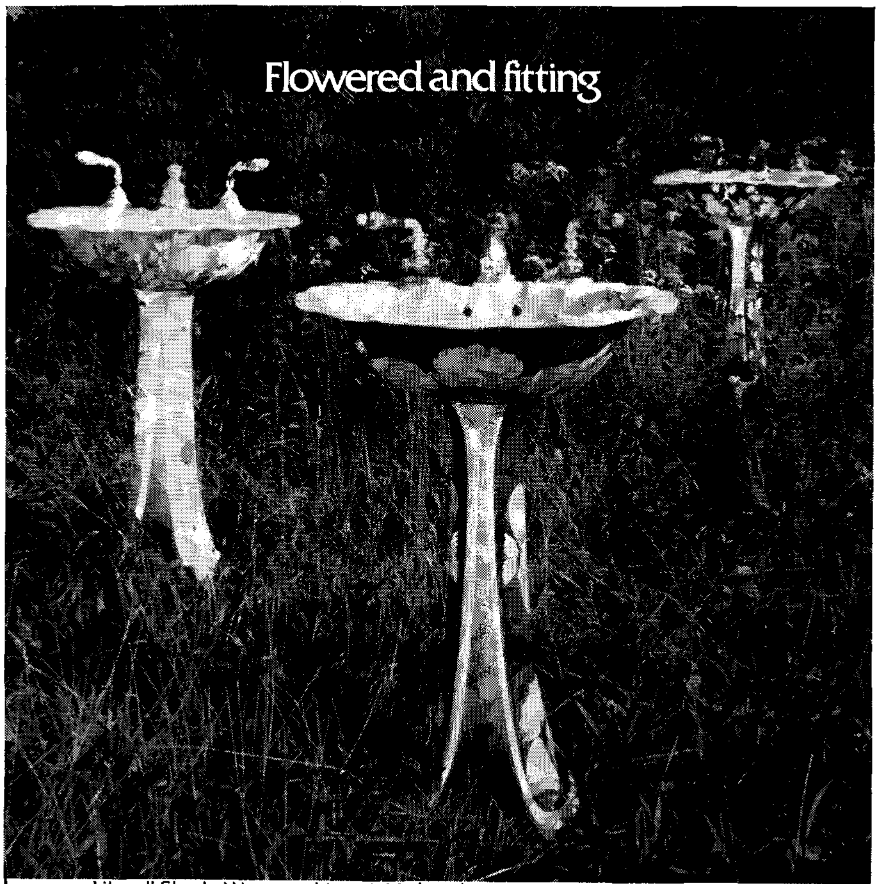

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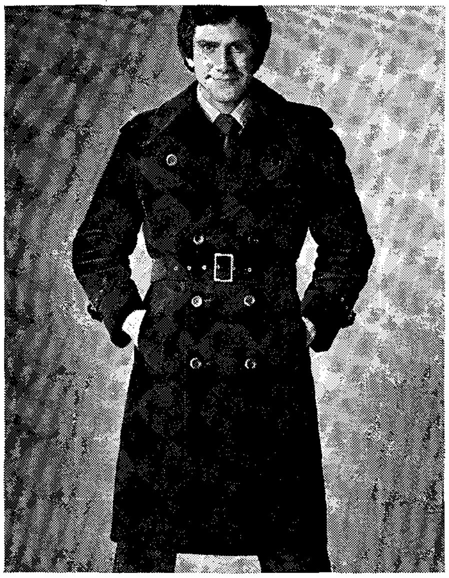

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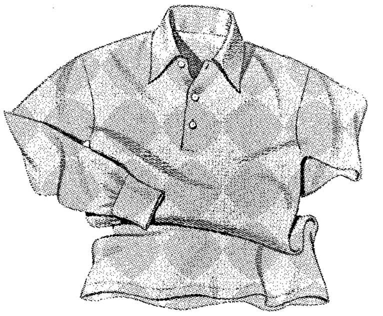

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suading him that the cemetery should be cleaned up. The Holy Name Society raised money to buy thirty-three bronze markers to put on the graves and had the inmates' names and dates of birth and death inscribed on them. Malinow got in touch with a friend of his—the brother of a former inmate—and asked him to donate three hundred feet of chain fence to enclose the cemetery. His friend came through with the fencing. The Catholic chaplain and half a dozen inmates went to work on the cemetery. They pulled weeds, cleared rocks, put up columns to support the chain fence, made the cemetery look more respectable, and took pride in their victory over the state's indifference.

Everything about prison life is spelled out by New York State's Department of Correctional Services in memos, so it isn't surprising that memo #4014, dated 12/14/76, tells how to dispose of an inmate's body. According to the memo, the D.O.C.S. will provide a suit of clothes and up to three hundred and fifty dollars for transportation of the inmate's body if his family is burying him, but not a coffin or a container. If, however, an inmate is to be buried in a prison cemetery, the D.O.C.S. will provide not only a suit of clothes but a simple wood coffin. When the D.O.C.S. assumes full responsibility for an inmate's burial, it stipulates that it will claim death benefits (such as Social Security) normally afforded the next of kin. Should these benefits fail to satisfy burial expenses, money from the inmate's account is to be applied to the funeral cost. "In prison, it even costs you money to die," Malinow says. —SUSAN SHEEHAN

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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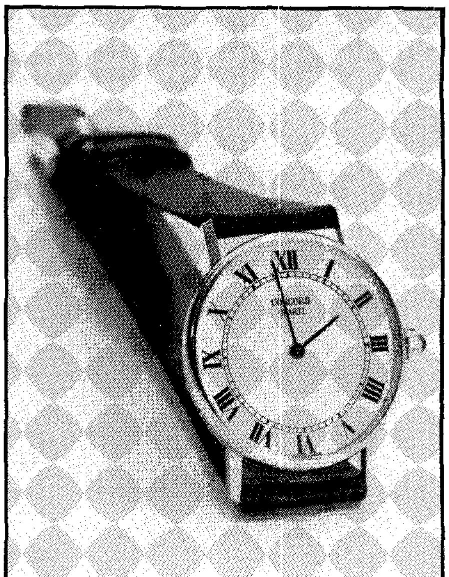

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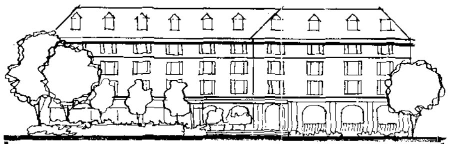

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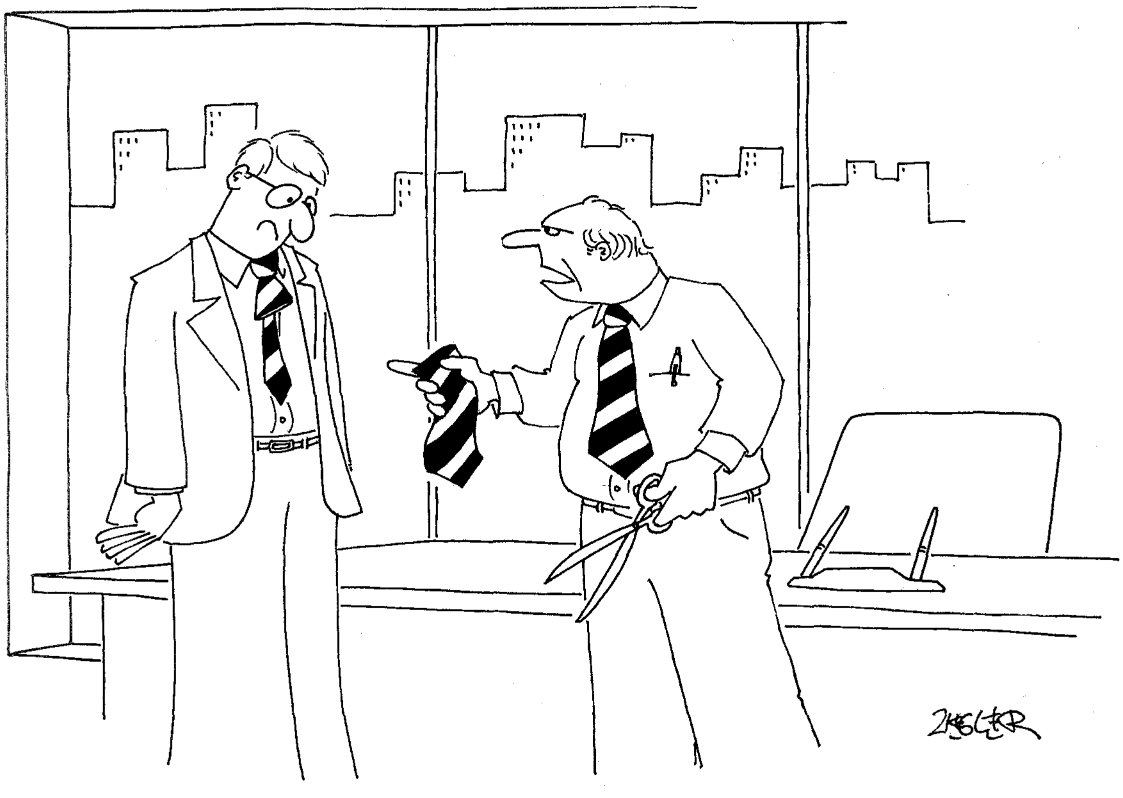
THE THEATRE

FEAR OF WOMEN

“The Night of the Tribades,” at the Helen Hayes, is a comedy about that notorious misogynist August Strindberg and a couple of the many women who drove him to distraction—distraction for Strindberg appearing to have amounted to a natural habitat. Cleverly plotted and continuously entertaining, the play pretends to be an authentic account of a rehearsal of Strindberg’s own short play “The Stronger,” which had its première in Copenhagen in 1889, with one of its two roles played by Strindberg’s estranged wife, Siri. I say “pretends” because the author, Per Olov Enquist, a Swedish novelist, short-story writer, and journalist, has taken amusing liberties with the so-called documentary form; much of the text of “The Stronger” becomes part of the text of Mr. Enquist’s play, and other written dicta of Strindberg’s, plucked from a number of sources, have been smuggled into the dialogue to suit Mr. Enquist’s dramaturgic purposes. In short, the play is a specimen of the current fad for mingling fact and fiction—a fad whose results are sometimes illuminating and sometimes merely irritating. I hasten to add that Mr. Enquist’s play is far more often the former than the latter; his Strindberg may be only *a* Strindberg, but it strikes me as a plausible likeness. What a creature for remarkable women to be drawn to and then be lacerated by, with Strindberg always convinced that it was they who were lacerating him!

“The Night of the Tribades” is agreeably modest in scale. There is a single set—the shabby little stage of the Dagmar Theatre, often used for storage by a brewery next door—and five characters, of which one is a photographer, making his entrance at the end of the play and uttering a total of eighteen scattered words; the others are Strindberg, Siri, an actor who admires Siri and has volunteered his assistance as a director, and Marie Caroline David, an alcoholic whom Strindberg claims to have observed making love to Siri. (The rare and rather awkward “tribade” is approximately synonymous with “lesbian.” It has been made use of presumably because the title of the play is a literal translation of the Swedish “Tribadernas Natt.”) Strindberg has come to watch the rehearsal of his play, but he is unable to remain on the sidelines for long. He quarrels with Siri’s every reading, with the fatuous suggestions of her actor friend, and with Marie Caroline David, who is playing the mute second role in “The Stronger.” The rehearsal becomes the means of the Strindbergs’ discovering the sources of their broken marriage, of Strindberg’s hysterical suspicion of women, of Marie Caroline David’s unexpected strength. For it is to the seeming outcast that the others must eventually turn for help; it is she who holds their fates in her hands and who, if she chooses, can grant them the love they have been unwilling to bestow on each other.

“The Night of the Tribades” isn’t an easy play to act, and we have reason to be grateful for the presence of Max von Sydow as Strindberg, Bibi Andersson as Siri, and Eileen Atkins as Marie Caroline David. Werner Klemperer, as Siri’s admirer, is either miscast or misdirected; despite his fatuities, the admirer is supposed to be capable of feeling a genuine sexual desire for Siri and thus of presenting a genuine threat to Strindberg’s uneasy masculinity. Much of the shapeliness of the play, not to speak of its meaning, is lost if the admirer is played as a simpering fop. That difficulty aside, I find nothing to criticize in Michael Kahn’s direction, and I have nothing but praise for the scenery by Lawrence King, the costumes by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting by John McLain. The translation of the play is by Ross Shideler, who professes Scandinavian literature at the University of California at Los Angeles. It was while Mr. Enquist was spending a few months as a visiting lecturer at the university, in 1973, that he began to write “The Night of the Tribades,” his first play. It opened in Stockholm in September, 1975, and was an immediate success. Since then, it has been translated into more than seventeen languages and has been given some thirty-five productions throughout the world. Mr. Shideler’s translation, done in coöperation with Mr. Enquist, appears to be an admirable one. Los Angeles has long had a



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reputation for being hard on writers, but look at the work that has been accomplished there! Mr. Enquist joins a company that includes, among scores of others, Fitzgerald, West, Huxley, Waugh, Mann, Chandler, Faulkner, and Didion. Despite Woody Allen in "Annie Hall," there must be something out on those Airedale-colored hills besides mashed alfalfa.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

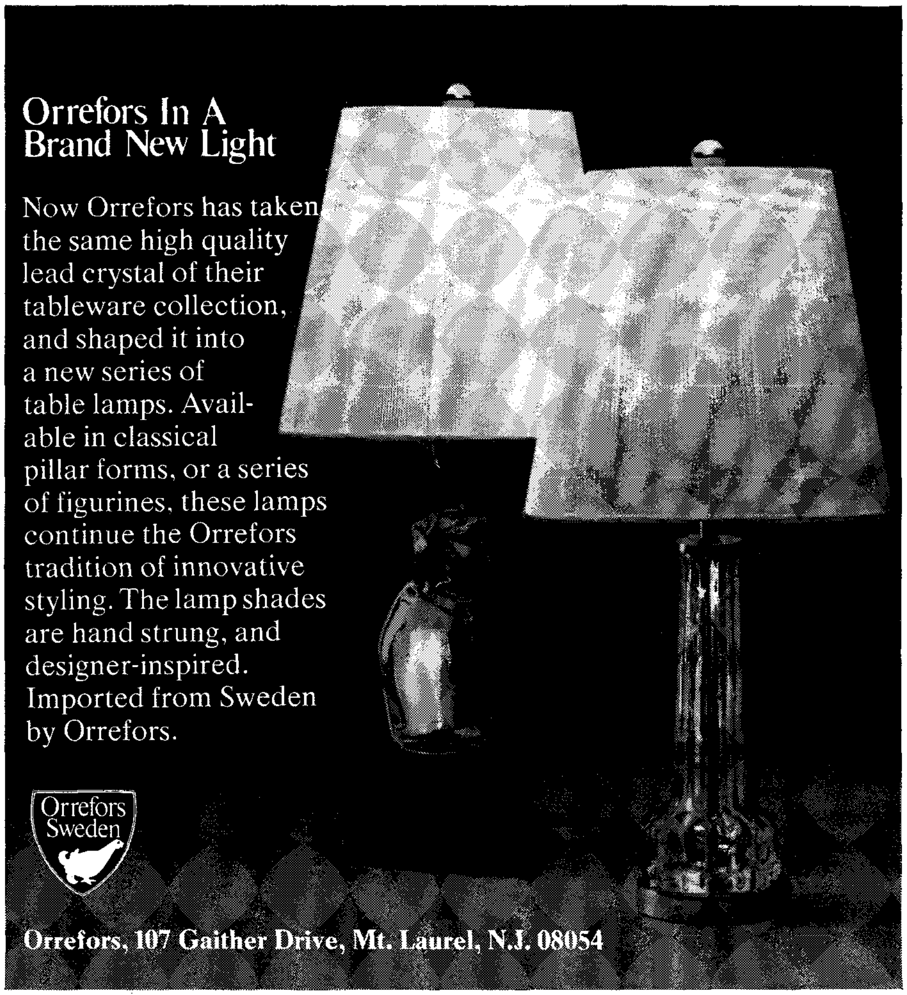
Betty and Bert in New York

WHAT an odd mixture of inspired comedy, sudden horror, and plain guff is John Guare's "Landscape of the Body"! Whenever his imagination takes over, whenever his astonishing dramatic talent for creating characters and lines and scenes is let loose, he is invaluable; it is only his abstract thoughts, as spoken by the characters in a number of set pieces, that tend to become trying. The play, which opened last week at the Public, begins aboard a ferry from Cape Cod to Nantucket. Betty, the heroine, burdened with overflowing shopping bags, walks to the rail, where she is joined by a man in a Groucho Marx false face. When he removes the mask after a few unsuccessful attempts at pickup conversation, she recognizes him as the Greenwich Village detective who has been questioning her for months about the murder of her fourteen-year-old son, Bert, and attempting to trap her into a confession. Her story is then played out in bits and pieces—episodes and songs (delightful ones, also by Mr. Guare) and fantasies and a sprinkling of those tiresome monologues. The brimming action moves back and forth in time—from the ferry to Betty's apartment on Christopher Street, to the police station, and finally back to the ferry. As for the plot, I can start you off by telling you that two years earlier Betty arrived in New York with Bert from Bangor—but that's as far as I will, or can, go. Suffice it to say that Betty at one point works for a travel agency run by a very funny Cuban transvestite called Raulito, who wears a red "Rita Hayworth" evening dress over his office suit (the character of Raulito is what I mean by Mr. Guare's inspired comic invention); that Raulito is killed by a fluke, and with a great deal of blood, when he tries to make a deposit in his Christmas Club account at Chase Manhattan; that Betty appears in porn movies and becomes addicted to drugs; that Bert changes from an open-faced Maine youngster into a juvenile delinquent under the spell of his sinister pal Donny; that a lunatic former Good Humor man gives Betty a thousand dollars to run away with him; that she gives the money to Bert, who hides it. The scene in which Bert, deserted in the city and shaking with panic, tells Donny of his terror at the possibility of losing the money is as indelible and as frightening as it is meant to be; young Paul McCrane is remarkable as Bert.

"The only landscape worth looking at is the landscape of the body," says the lunatic at one point. The application of this title line to the proceedings onstage is tenuous at best; a song, "I Used to Believe," sung by Bert at the opening of the second act, provides a better clue, for the theme of unpredictability—of the chanciness of everything, especially death—runs through the script. Whether or not that is what the play is about I cannot tell you, but no matter: the imagination—and this is surely true of Mr. Guare's—was not put on earth to illustrate the intellect. The form of the play may be catch as catch can, but it is filled with surprises and theatrical resourcefulness. It is also filled with good acting, under John Pasquin's direction. Shirley Knight gives a star performance as Betty in all the pivotal scenes, and F. Murray Abraham is very good as the detective. I also enjoyed Peg Murray as Betty's sister, who sings all but one of those good songs, and does them proud; Richard Bauer as Raulito; Anthony Marciona as Donny; Remak Ramsay as the lunatic; and Alexa Kenin as a little girl with a penchant for tales of outlandish deaths. The effective setting and costumes are by Santo Loquasto; the effective lighting is by Jennifer Tipton.

IN Christopher Hampton's "Treats," which originally opened at the Royal Court, in London, and will run at the Hudson Guild through October 30th, a journalist named Dave returns from Beirut to the London flat of Ann, with whom he previously lived for two and a half turbulent years. But now Patrick is living with her, and he must be removed before Dave and Ann can continue. The plot is a matter of ploys and counterploys between Dave and Ann, games in which each of them tries to throw the other off balance, in the current English manner. As for Patrick, he doesn't play games, and he becomes ever more maladroit and foolish and bewildered. Dave's outrageous behavior could well be the secret of his attraction for Ann, although she is miffed each time he wins. When she catches him off guard, he becomes so furious that he slaps her face and goes; her eventual surrender leaves her limp and sobbing. At the end, we see these tough customers side by side, and Patrick, the victim of their maneuvers, caught up in their sexual undertow and beached, poor soul. Patrick is a spinsterish kind of man—indecisive, forgetful, doing everything wrong for the right reasons—yet in the hands of the dramatist and of John Glover, who so capably plays him, he is never allowed to become just a patsy or gull. His character is as fully formed as those of the two others. Kenneth Welsh gives a strong, subtle performance as rough, rakish Dave, dominating the play as surely as he does Ann, and Suzanne Lederer does well as Ann. "Treats" has the proficiency and wit that one would expect from the author of "The Philanthropist," but it is wit without humor or laughter—or fakery, for that matter. Mr. Hampton has given us what could be considered a "Design for Living" of the joyless seventies. The production, under Michael Montel's direction, is impeccable. Indeed, Craig Anderson's Hudson Guild Theatre is becoming a source of impeccable productions.

CONDITIONS for blacks in South Africa are intolerable and horrendous, draining away their strength and humanity—that is the message of "Survival," at the Astor Place. The message, however, is partly belied by the vitality, talent, and ironic humor of its four South African black actors, who also wrote it: Fana D. Kekana, Selaelo Dan Maredi, Themba Ntinga, and Seth Sibanda. In his program biography, Mr. Ntinga says, "June 16, 1976, saw the onset of a general uprising in South Africa . . . the energies of a putrefaction process exploding toward the surface." He's right, of course, but there is nothing putrid about the energy on display; it is fresh, and apparently boundless. The show—this sort of enterprise used to be called a play of protest—offers songs (music by Mr. Maredi) in an assortment of tribal languages, dancing (choreography by Mr. Maredi), and brief dramatic episodes. Most of the action, which sometimes pours out into the aisles of the theatre, is set in a prison in Johannesburg, but it moves back and forth in time and in place to Soweto, the black township that is Johannesburg's ghetto (a true ghetto, by the way), where, in one episode, a returned prisoner who has done his time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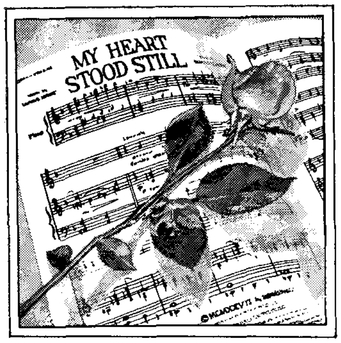

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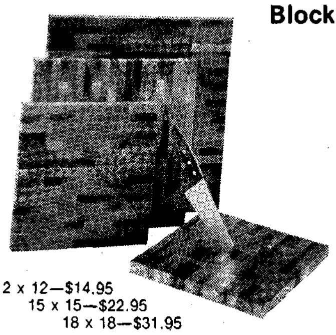

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in jail realizes that, dreadful as life was for him inside—what with beatings and wormy food—it was better, and surely safer, than life outside. So he arranges to be arrested again and sent back. A few of the episodes are funny—one of the men pleads "not innocent" to the charge of stealing an apple he ate while standing in line to pay for it; another is irked at being refused service in a restaurant where he sees "international blacks" from the free African countries properly attended to; there is an amusing mock trial for rape, with the peppery Mr. Maredi as judge—but many of them are as unfunny as one can imagine. "Survival" is enraging but never depressing. The performance is stylized, the songs and dances are beautiful, and that energy is contagious. The acting, as the four players quickly switch from one characterization to another, is good, the banked passion of Mr. Sibanda being especially effective. The show was designed by Clyde Kuemmerle, who also produced it with our local Negro Ensemble Company, and was directed by Mshengu (in Africa) and Dean Irby (in New York).

—Edith Oliver

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

Sir—In a larger issue Mrs K. A. Gosling (July 20) raises a small point. She killed a Queen Hornet to save a Small Tortoiseshell butterfly.

I have never searched for hornets, but have only seen two in my life—and well remember the awe inspired by the first, when I was 13 years old, and that was 60 years ago. Surely this insect is at least as beautiful as, and more interesting than, the butterfly.

It is ordained that baby hornets need chewed insects for food. Who are we to deny it to them? Why should we? If Mrs Gosling thinks it over, she might conclude that she has been partial for no good reason.

H. C. W. Davis
Sherborne, Dorset.

•

In the 1880s everybody in France was catching "Panama Fever." The "Compagnie du Canal Interoceanique," headed by Ferdinand de Lesseps of Suez Canal fame, seemed like a sure winner. Peasants withdrew money from the mattress, bourgeois went behind the brick in the fireplace, and bankers, who have not changed much in a century, borrowed from themselves and each other. The outcome demonstrated the wisdom of the maxim: Fools and their money are some party.—*Baton Rouge (La.) Sunday Advocate.*

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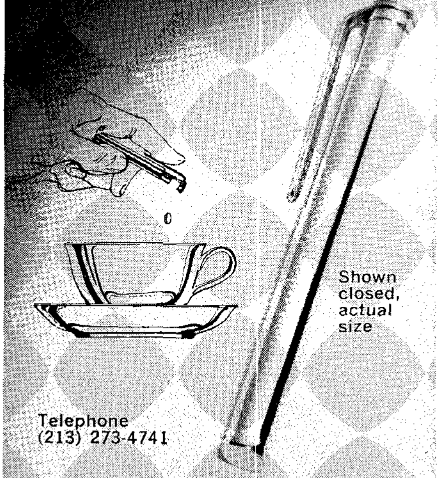

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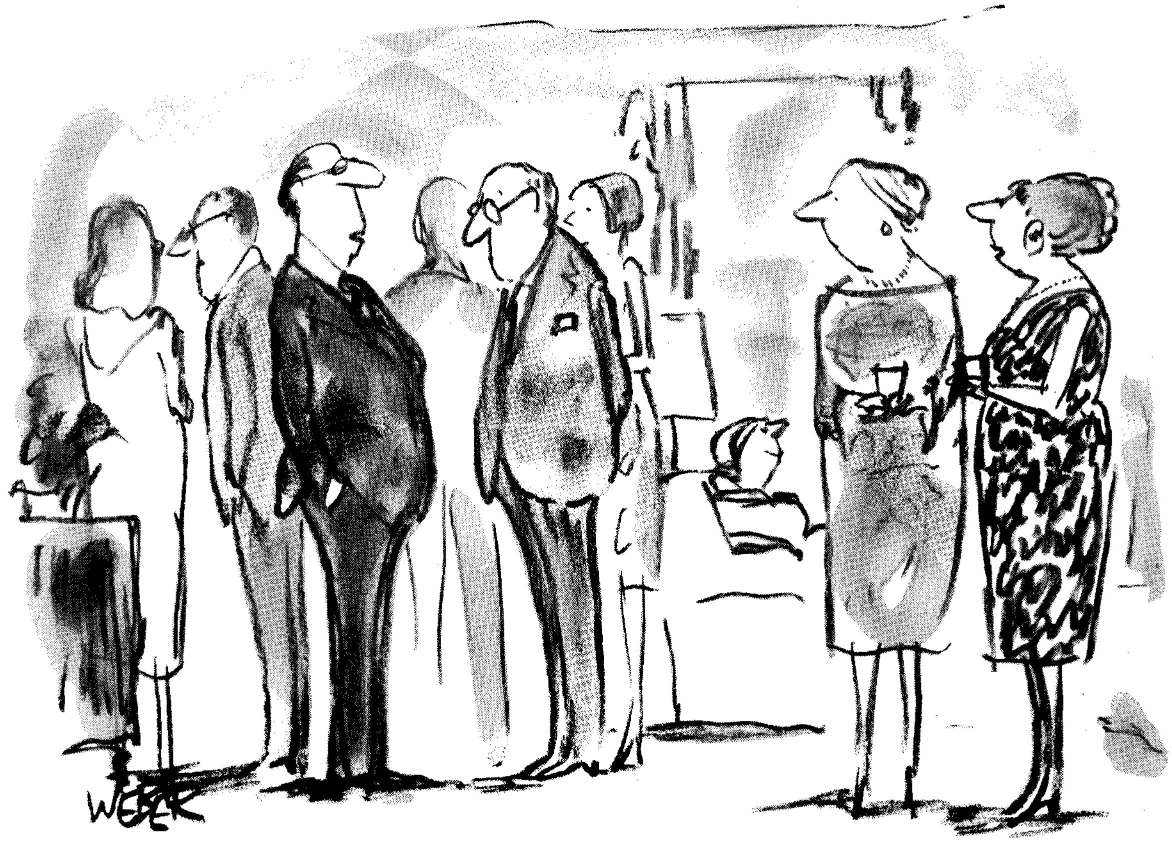
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Goodbar, or How Nice Girls Go Wrong

THE talented young actresses in "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "Outrageous!" are made to suffer from lyrical schizophrenia (which is the very worst kind). Diane Keaton has been much luckier. In her Woody Allen comedies, her specialty has been lyrical neurosis—which can be deliriously reassuring to the nervous wrecks in the audience. As Annie Hall, Diane Keaton redeemed the flustered confusion of urban misfits—who *fits* in this city?—and made it romantic. In her more conventional roles in "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "I Will, I Will . . . For Now," she seemed a graceful, highly competent comedienne, in a fresh, very American manner. In Woody Allen pictures, this competence is replaced by something more distinctive: she seems helplessly aware of the ineffability of her feelings. She's the mildest form of crazy lady, not threatening to anybody, just bewildered about herself. When the hero loses her in "Annie Hall," it isn't really a loss, because she isn't quite there; she's disconnected from the start. The amateurish, self-conscious looseness that Diane Keaton has with Allen works for her. She seems not an actress but a girl trying to act, and this wavering, unsure quality gives her a Marilyn Monroe-like appeal. She turns apologetic self-doubt into a style. When she sings, she lacks a rhythmic sense, but she flirts her way through a song, rolling her clear eyes and acting out the suggestiveness of the lyrics. She becomes a consciously naughty little girl. And all the time she emanates warmth—miraculously, naturally. It's in her long-legged softness, in her coloring, her flesh tones, her sunny, broad smile.

Diane Keaton draws so much empathy you don't worry too much about her skill. It's there, though. An actress who could retain her grace in the crude muck of "I Will, I Will . . . For Now" must have reserves of training. In her only dramatic performances in the past—in the two "Godfather" movies—she didn't look comfortable with what she was doing, but that could be pinned on a busy director who hadn't given enough thought to the character and didn't know how to use her warmth. This warmth could have been her greatest advantage in "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." It could have made us care for the loner she plays—Theresa "Terry" Dunn—so that we'd feel the awfulness of what happens to her. However, about half a minute into "Looking for Mr. Goodbar," in her very first blissful murmurs with her very first lover, Terry sounds just like Annie Hall. Diane Keaton doesn't play Terry like the dazed, iridescent Annie. She doesn't do any bad acting (which is remarkable when so much bad acting is going on around her); she stays on pitch. Still, this actress, who has been in only a few films, doesn't do anything as Terry Dunn that she hasn't done before. As Annie Hall, Diane Keaton isn't a character, exactly; she's a fuzzy sweet neurosis—which, for the purposes of comedy, is even better. But she isn't a character in "Goodbar," either, though she needs to be. Diane Keaton hasn't a powerful enough personality to bull her way through the huffing and puffing of Richard Brooks, who wrote the screenplay and directed. It's a blurred performance; her warmth is meaningless.

Judith Rossner's novel "Looking for Mr. Goodbar," which is a fictionalized version of the life of Roseann Quinn, a twenty-eight-year-old teacher killed by a man she'd picked up and taken home with her, rose to the top of the best-seller lists for an obvious reason: it's about something that most women have probably done at some time—or, at least, have wanted to do. Written in realistic detail, it's a woman's lurid sex-and-horror fantasy, with some of the pulpy morbidity of Joyce Carol Oates. It begins with the killer's confession, and you search out the victim's story: What sort of woman was Terry Dunn? Why was she killed? The story has an erotic, modern-Gothic compulsiveness; the reader is kept in a state of suspenseful dread of what is coming—wishing Terry Dunn could wriggle out. Terry cruises singles bars the way male homosexuals cruise gay bars and s-m hangouts; she'd rather have sex without love than love without sex. Her sex drive is so strong that all other considerations in life seem pallid evasions of the real thing, the only thing. The weakness of this thriller is its moralizing psychology; the author believes Terry's drive to be abnormal and ex-



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plains that she is unable to have a "relationship"—unable to accept sex and love together. Terry has been maimed: her parents neglected her and didn't notice that polio had affected her spine; as a result of not having been loved enough, she is left with a scar on her back and a faint limp. It's as if a woman wouldn't want sex unsanctified by tenderness unless she was crippled, psychologically flawed, self-hating.

Richard Brooks has taken Terry's flaw even further: her spinal condition is hereditary, so that she dare not risk having children (i.e., becoming a full woman). And, beyond that, her fate is the consequence of living in a permissive society. Right in the first shots, when you see Terry on the subway, the man next to her is reading *Hustler*. Brooks might as well have put a balloon at the top of the frame: "Sexual freedom leads to death." He sets up signposts—the television news reporting the fifth-anniversary celebration of women's liberation, Terry watching dirty movies at a party and in a hotel room, Terry taking pills, trying cocaine. And after a couple of hours the movie spells it out. "I don't understand your crazy world—free to go to hell!" Terry's father (Richard Kiley) cries. Then he shouts, "Freedom! Tell me, girl, how do you get free of the terrible truth?" Whatever his subject, Brooks talks truths; he works up the head of steam of the professionally indignant. In "Goodbar," he gets so involved in his truths that he loses the story he started with. Something similar happened, though to a lesser degree, in Brooks's film of "In Cold Blood." The most promising element in the material was the contrast between the hardworking, planning-for-the-future victims and the grungy, living-from-day-to-day killers. But Brooks set the story in a bleakly ominous America that made the lives of the victims and the killers seem the same; watching it was like staring into a dark closet, and the film was edited so confusingly that at critical moments the viewer couldn't tell what was going on. His "In Cold Blood" wound up as a tract against capital punishment. "Goodbar" is an illustrated lecture on how nice girls go wrong. And the man in charge of the slides has the jitters, and bouts of insecurity—when he slams the pictures on at different angles.

It used to be said that when a director dies he becomes a photographer—meaning that he takes pretty pictures that don't move, that he's lost the feeling for action, narrative, drama. Now when a director dies he becomes an editor—he tries to force movement and

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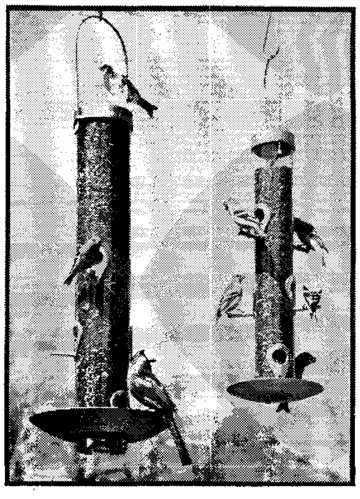

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excitement into inert footage by chopping it up. "Goodbar" has been edited into shorthand; the scenes are fragmented, with many flashbacks, and Terry's fantasies cut right into the action. The film begins at a jump, and you never have a chance to get into Terry's character, or to *like* her, even though you're already softened to like Diane Keaton. You're flung into Terry's first affair, with Martin, the self-centered professor (Alan Feinstein), which represents her only emotional commitment to a lover. Feinstein knows what he's doing as an actor, but his scenes are so hyped up and jagged he always seems to be dashing out of the frame.

There's nothing to bind the fragments of "Goodbar"—certainly not sensuality. The teasing near-subliminal bedroom flashes are "artistic," not sensual: photographed by William Fraker, spinning parts of bodies and bare bottoms are pinky-creamy, dry, clean, posed. The film's visual style is soft dark tones, jellied, slipping out of focus, with the backgrounds mushy; Brooks doesn't trust us to keep our minds on the principal players, so the nightlife in the bars is covered in ground fog. As Terry's older sister, an airline stewardess, Tuesday Weld matches up well with Diane Keaton, and she's charmingly confident weeping about her abortion in her first, shallow-pleasure-seeker speech. Later on, she has to be a terrible example of waste: she delivers dispatches from the front lines of the sexual revolution, periodically summarizing what she's been doing in terms of alienated self-destructiveness, prattling about "happy dust" and how her life is "going down the drain." The movie is designed to keep telling you that the punishment for impersonal sex is death—spiritually for the sister, physically for Terry.

The only times Brooks slows down the splintered pacing and holds a scene is in Terry's classroom, with the deaf children she teaches. Maybe he doesn't understand that we could empathize with Terry's sex drive; he feels he's got to balance that side of her with a good, sympathetic side. He keeps cutting to the deaf children, romanticizing the relationship of teacher and pupils, lingering on her smiling radiance with them to show us what a wonderful, loving teacher she is, so we'll see that she's a dual personality, and understand what a good mother she'd have been if only she weren't flawed. The film could be a half hour shorter if he didn't keep returning to the classroom. It's like a senile person saying, "Did I

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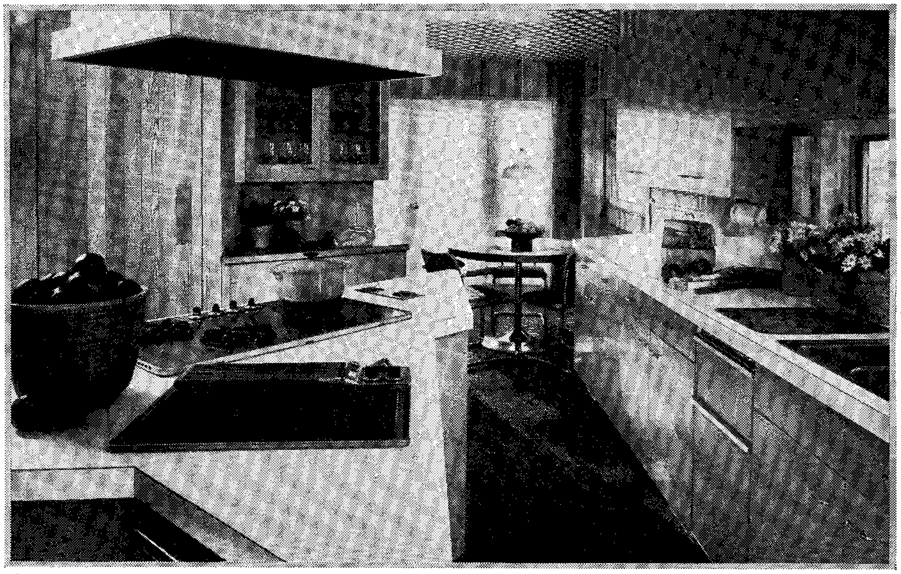

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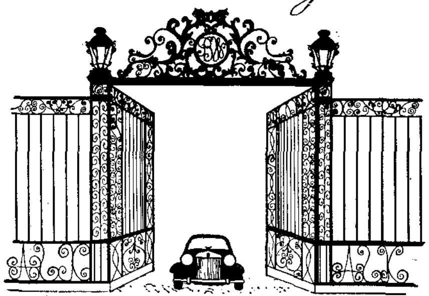
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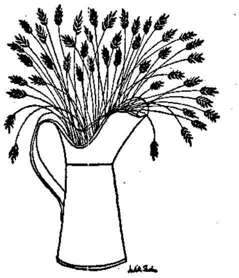
ever tell you what a loving teacher this swinger was?" and then, six seconds later, "Did I remember to tell you what a loving teacher this swinger was?" and four seconds later . . .

As Tony, the stud who roughs Terry up, Richard Gere looks like Robert De Niro without the mole on his cheek, but there's more than that missing. He does a soap-opera actor's impersonation of De Niro, with some feints and scowls from Brando, and he imitates Warren Beatty's self-love without having it. Gere shows off his weight-lifter's thick neck and powerful wrists, jumps around to suggest dangerous volatility, and tries to act orgasmic. But there's no animal grace in his movement, and when he flashes his eyes they don't say anything. Terry's final pickup, the punk who kills her, is a second Richard Gere. His name is Tom Berenger, and he has even thicker bodybuilder's muscles and an Arnold Schwarzenegger neck. These juveniles need to swell out their chests before they can register an emotion. Like Gere, Berenger is a modular acting unit; he holds his lips slack and takes more from the young Brando than from De Niro, but it's the same kind of programmed working-class lowlife, even less convincing. (Sylvester Stallone takes from everybody else, too, but he adds something of his own that fuses it all. These two don't.)



When Terry first meets Tony, she's sitting at a bar with a hardcover edition of "The Godfather" in front of her; he comes over and says he has seen the movie. What was the director thinking of? With a star who appeared in that movie, and with the two young actors imitating De Niro and Brando, couldn't the director give her a different book to use as a come-on? Does Brooks think "The Godfather" is an indispensable symbol of freedom gone mad, like *Hustler*, the pills, the poppers? Asked what the cocaine he's snorting does for him, Tony replies, "It makes America beautiful." Another balloon goes up: "Irony." In "The Wild One," when Brando was asked what he was rebelling against he replied, "What have you got?" A pickup asks Terry Dunn what she's hooked on, and she answers, "Anything I can get." This is social climbing, seeking mythic resonance by association. Every sequence goes shopping for a tone. Terry and her sexually incompetent social-worker boyfriend (William Atherton) are always laughing ripples of false wild laughter. And at one point, after Tony has injured Terry, her sister, coming to her aid, reaches for a cloth to use as a compress and finds it full of cockroaches; the two girls' hysteria is almost as fraudulent as the cockroaches—which look more like black jelly beans.

Why does Terry's boyfriend bring her a gift of a strobe light? Why do we see a drawing of a face contorted in screaming agony on the wall near Terry's bed, when we can't make out anything else clearly? When Terry is being murdered, her contorted face and the drawing appear in the same strobe-bright frame, and she becomes it. After contorting in agony, she cries, "Do it! Do it!" to the murderer stabbing her—and dies peacefully, released from the torment of her sexual drive. In this florid conception, death is the ultimate orgasm she has been seeking.

Some of the anticipatory excitement about this film can be easily explained: the book was erotic. But, more than that, moviegoers want to see how other people are making out—in sex, at work, in the city. This was part of the direct response people had to "Annie Hall;" even if it was, finally, somewhat disappointing, it was still about living now—even the falling apart of the "relationship" was appealing. The good will built up by "Annie Hall" carries over to "Goodbar." A lot of moviegoers are taking chances the way Terry Dunn did; it's what nice people do when they're not feeling so nice, or when they can't stand the complications of relationships like the one in "Annie Hall." They're going to go to "Goodbar" to see their story, and what they're going to get is a windy jeremiad laid on top of fractured film syntax.

"HANDLE WITH CARE" is exactly the kind of high-spirited light comedy that would have become a hit a few years ago. Today a picture is penalized if it isn't big enough, if it has no stars and no obvious selling point; hardly anybody hears about it. "Handle with Care" had, at least, some identity when it was called "Citizens Band"—its title when it was given regional play-dates. Citizens Band is what it's about, literally and metaphorically. Now that it has lost that bit of identity, and is being advertised as if it were soft-core porno, it will probably have to wait, as "Smile" did, to be discovered by the public on Home Box Office and then—broken up and bowdlerized—on regular commercial channels. To expedite the bowdlerizing process, Paramount opened the picture in New York with its entire last sequence lopped off. This movie has one of the few fully rounded comic scripts of recent years, and in that sequence all the elements came together in a final fling; the amputation is the executives' way of punishing the film for their own ineptitude.

Paul Brickman, who wrote the screenplay, had an idea worthy of Preston Sturges: that the psychology of those who operate CB radio units might be like the psychology of crank phone callers, and breathers and obscene phone callers, too—that as disembodied voices, with identities borrowed from pop fantasies, and signal names to confirm their new self-image, people could live another life on the public airwaves. In the film, the CB users are secret celebrities, eloquent on the air, or, more often, aimlessly loquacious. Their voices have a tale-spinning seductiveness. But they dry up when they actually meet. Companionship comes easier to them across the airwaves; they feel safe then. CB functions as an authorized madness; it allows the characters to release their inhibitions while keeping one foot on the ground. The setting is a small Southwestern town where the people think they know each other; the story is about the collision of their free-floating ids.

The breathy carnal enticements of a young woman who calls herself Electra overheat a bespectacled young man, Warlock (Will Seltzer); a listening trucker, Chrome Angel (Charles Napier), gets carried away and piles up his rig. A bratty little kid calls himself The Hustler and boasts of his sexual conquests; lonely old Grandma Breaker pours out reminiscences of her childhood. The hero, Spider (Paul Le Mat), lives in a shack with his father and runs a CB repair shop and, at his own expense, an emergency-rescue station. He's a Samaritan, dashing to the aid of truckers in trouble, and he becomes so incensed when the channels are tied up by chatterers who violate F.C.C. regulations that he turns vigilante and goes out to bust up their equipment. And so he invades the obsessions of a collection of harmless nuts, among them The Red Baron (Harry Northup), The Priest (Ed Begley, Jr.), and a gym teacher (Candy Clark) who used to be his girl but now dates his virulently competitive brother (Bruce McGill), the high-school gym coach. No heroism has ever been more transparent than Spider's. Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau

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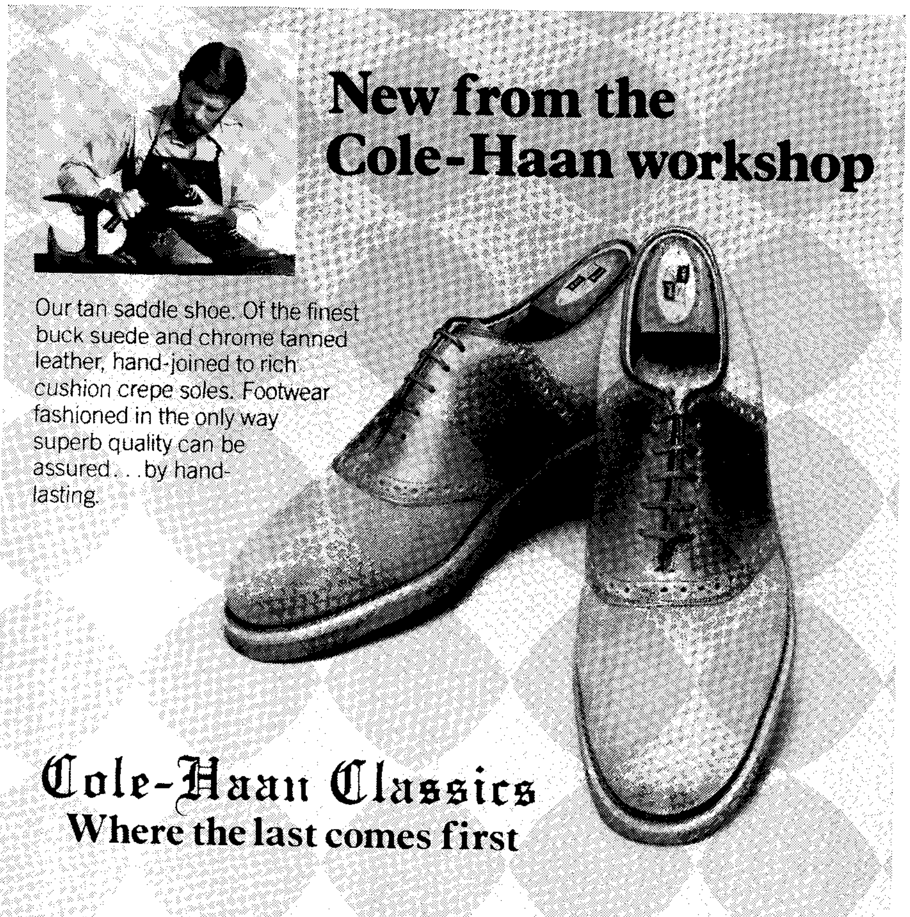

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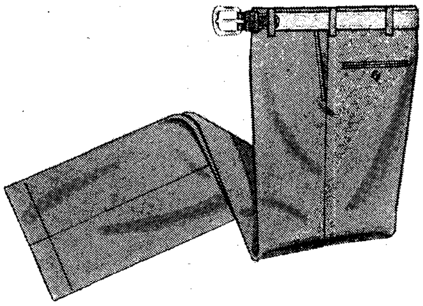

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Bridges timid-dangerous-animal sensitivity; it's naïve, easily wounded, unconnected to thought, and that's why it's so attractive. Le Mat uses this disarming quality comically, so that it's tinged with American idiosyncrasy. The loose screws rattle around in Spider's head rather gently. His father, an alcoholic retired truck driver (Roberts Blossom), is morose and ornery with his son; on his CB he comes to life—his voice leaps to a youthful register, he's convivial, hopeful, practically a raconteur. When he won't answer his son, who's standing next to him, Spider has to get on the CB in order to get a response. Spider's vocal rhythms are totally unactorish; they're easygoing. But when he pleads with his father, there's a tightness in his throat and a faint childish whine. Spider is the small-town Boy Scout who has never grown up—he's still collecting medals from local civic organizations, beaming with embarrassment at the honor. He's a technology nut—a half-cocked hero—and he's been given as a sidekick a hugely fat adolescent friend (Michael Rothman), who helps him operate his emergency service and trudges after him.

Directed by the young Jonathan Demme, who has graduated from cheaply made exploitation films ("Caged Heat," "Crazy Mama," "Fighting Mad"), "Handle with Care" is a palmy, elegantly deadpan comedy; the jokes aren't pushed, so it takes viewers a few minutes to settle into the comic style, which has the mellow, light touch of thirties Renoir—who would have thought that there could be such a thing as redneck grace? The format is almost as complicated as that of "Nashville": about fifteen characters (plus their alter egos) interact. The lunacies aren't frenzied; they just function as part of a normally wigged-out mode of existence. And the director's unstressed lyricism—the subdued colors, the unhurried flow, the dissolves—ties everyone together visually. There's nothing harsh in this comedy, not even its funniest, most hard-bitten character, Marcia Rodd as Portland Angel. Her timing—with a gulp or a hesitancy functioning as a gigantic double-take—is comparable to Lily Tomlin's work in "The Late Show." Portland Angel is obdurate and smart; she stares incredulously when she listens to Ann Wedgeworth, who plays the bedraggled passionflower Dallas Angel. They are the two wives of the bigamous Chrome Angel, who happen to meet on a bus, and they're the best comedy team in years. The soft-headed Wedgeworth can convince herself of anything. Rodd,

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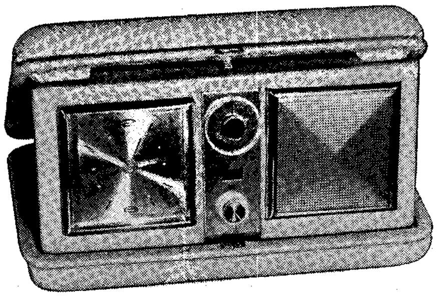

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tough as they come, chews on Wedgeworth's gaga ideas as if they were jawbreakers; she can't swallow them, and she's too polite to spit them out. Charles Napier's Chrome Angel is a huge man with a great, jutting jaw; he looks like a Brian Keith made of granite, a thick-witted Steve Canyon. He's also lucky enough to have one of the friendliest mistresses in all movies—Alix Elias as Hot Coffee, a plump, motherly hooker. The impulsive, generous Chrome Angel helps her buy a motor home, so she can bring her service to her trucker-customers. Hot Coffee has a soothing, giggly disposition, and her nasal baby talk is blessed with a tiny speech impediment that's like a vocal dimple. When Chrome Angel's wives make their terrible discovery of each other and two happy homes are about to be torn asunder, Hot Coffee persuades the two tearstained women to settle down with their husband in a ménage à trois; it's a triumph of giddy sweet reason. These three women give the film its eccentric peaks. Candy Clark, as the heroine, doesn't blend into the atmosphere the way they do. Her line readings are too deliberate, she slows things—almost imperceptibly, but there's a down. But hers are the only scenes that go on an instant too long.

There are perhaps twenty-five million CB sets in the United States, and at least one person in every twenty holds a CB license. If the film's satiric explanation of what this phenomenon is about isn't all-inclusive, it still must be an element in the CB appeal. In a sprawling country with people constantly on the move—literally spaced out—CB must be a new form of connecting. And the film has caught the language of this subculture, in which technology and Yankee know-how are all mixed up with dreams of the past. This isn't a corn-pone special; it doesn't have a climactic car chase or a big fight. That's probably why Paramount failed to sell it in the small towns, where the Burt Reynolds comedy-melodramas succeed. It could be that "Handle with Care" is almost too likable a movie. Maybe it's too evenly directed; maybe it needed to be brought up to a higher pitch at certain points. It might not seem so small a picture if it had been. But its antic charm is in its even, unsurprised tone—in the absence of anger, the reasonableness toward creeps and crazies. There are a few times when you're afraid that the tone is becoming threatening and the action is about to descend into melodrama. But the film sideswipes your fears and stays on course. There is no obsession—

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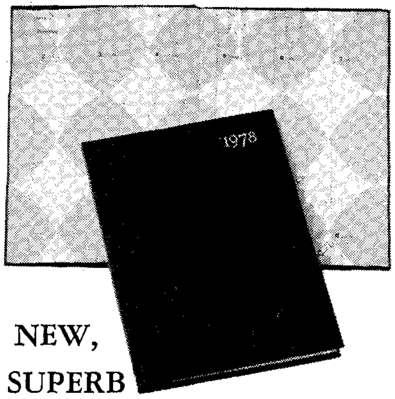

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even the crackpot Red Baron's Nazi-racist harangues—that it does not defang. "Handle with Care" has the consistent vision of a classic comedy; it undercuts all the characters' illusions without a breath of ill will.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

THE GIFT

Wheat fields the wind praised
and the great river freighted
with long barges of logs,
and then on past the darkening
fields where suddenly a town
sprouted, tall silos, loading docks,
and a long train chuffing
toward the night. I went on,
farther and farther from home,
toward where the mountains lifted
me, slowly at first, then
suddenly the dark steep climbs
and here and there a pair
of eyes burning like tiny candles
by the roadside. At last, dawn
broke behind me. I pulled
over and slept an hour or two
and woke at a great height,
turning above the frozen earth
as though I were a bird
or had woken from dreaming
into dreaming. But this was
me, different now, or so
I thought, still a man, still
lonely even at great height,
but remembering it all, the city
where I thought I'd died,
the river black at night
with darkness or with oil
or both, gleaming with the lights
of all the fires that burned
beside it. I was still there
even if that had passed, even
if all the lives that held me
let me go and then themselves
let go. I could return
someday and walk the same streets
in the same light and no one
would look my way or say my name.
I was there because I had
to be, but this flying in paled air,
breathing of fallen crystals
and blank stone above the tree line,
this soaring without wings
and without faith, this was
the world no one promised me.

—PHILIP LEVINE

•

This week some 1,200 young women started classes in every school on the once predominantly male campus. The young ladies are studying subjects ranging from pre-veterinary medicine to engineering. The largest are enrolled in the School of Liberal Arts.—*Raleigh (N.C.) Times.*

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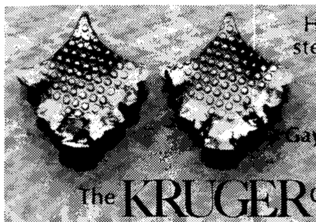

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THE ART WORLD

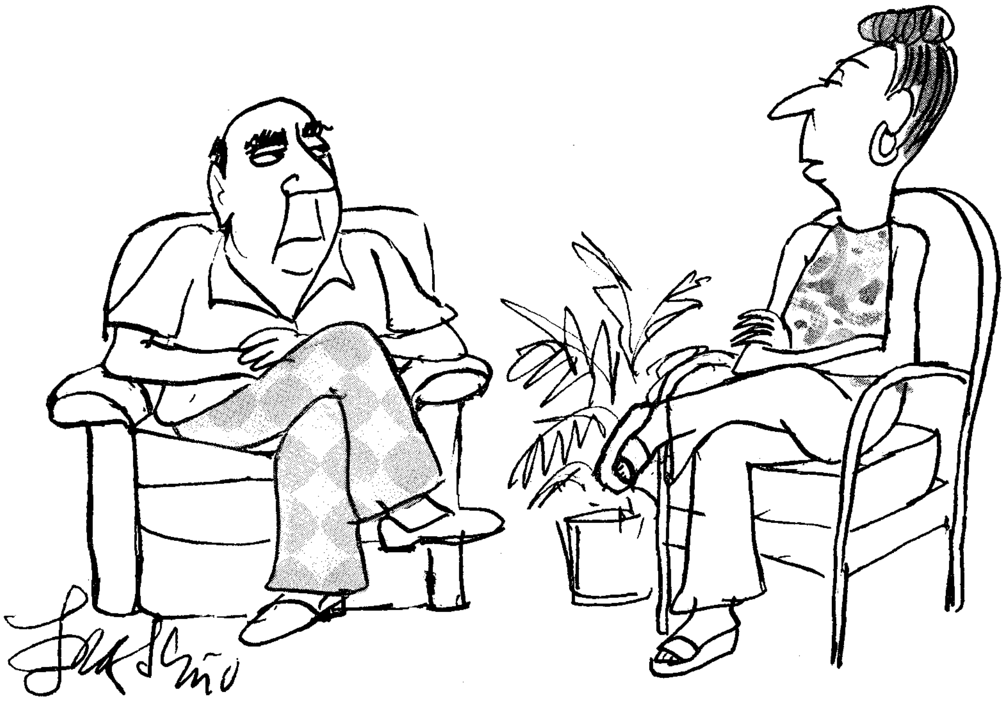
American Surrealist

THE "Cronus" series of David Hare revivifies the beyond-art impulse of the original Surrealists. It took about two hundred and fifty works in various mediums, created over a ten-year period, to complete the project—that is, for Hare to exhaust his theme. Of this enormous production eighteen paintings, ten drawings, and five sculptures now on display at the Guggenheim Museum provide a bird's-eye view, and an impressive one. André Masson summarized the Surrealist aesthetic when he explained that he had resorted to automatism in his sand paintings because he had "an intuitive feeling that by this means I would soon find something that I could make my own." To arrive at an image that the artist could recognize as his unique sign, or the clue to it, was conceived by the Surrealists as both self-fulfillment and the unveiling of a truth. Hare's "Cronus" creations began in doodling—a popular term for "automatic drawing." Through doodling, the artist was endeavoring "to find out what I was trying to do." The conjuring up of Cronus—the Titan who overthrew his father, Uranus, and was himself overthrown by his son Zeus—came later, with the emergence of human and animal figures and organs, together with atmospheres generated by Hare's highly individual drawing, color, and handling of sculptural materials and symbolic suggestions. These the artist has interpreted as involving universal phenomena, such as time, repetition, rebirth.

Automatism and other Surrealist-devised techniques for tapping the unconscious have entered into American art movements since the war, from Abstract Expressionism to scatter sculpture. In general, United States artists have exploited psychic processes and chance combinations as devices for picture- and object-making in accepted styles. For the Surrealists, in contrast, art itself was only a means; officially, at least, they held the professional artist in low esteem. The true calling was to be a "seer," or oracle, as pictured by Rimbaud. In his prefaces to Surrealist exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, William Rubin has stressed the "attitude of doubt and suspicion with regard to the métier of the painter that was typically Surrealist." Surrealist paintings, objects, collages were conceived as modes of magical research—the activation of the unconscious was to result in an unanticipated glimpse of the self and the world. Surrealist practice aimed not at form-making but at divination through signs and talismans. "The emergence of a figure was solicited," Masson added. In the crisis between the wars, the creation of a new myth that would transform human consciousness was central to Surrealism—its alternative to the political revolutions of the left and the right.

Through its search for the myth, Surrealism passed over into postwar American painting and sculpture. This overlying motive of Surrealism was grasped by American artists (in institutional circles, Surrealism was and still is considered to belong to the tradition of "fantastic" art) only with the arrival in New York of leading Surrealist writers and painters as refugees from Nazi-dominated Europe. In a memoir composed for the catalogue of the recent "Paris-New York" exhibition at the Centre Beaubourg, Hare describes the transforming effect of the physical presence of the Surrealists. "An idea," he writes, "is a marvellous thing. But one can do nothing with it before knowing the relation that exists between it and a human being. And that is what we saw during those years. Avant-garde art was not just a pure idea—it had a head, two arms, and two legs." Hare, a beginning artist in the war period, became editor of Breton's magazine *VVV* and exhibited in the Julien Levy Gallery, the showcase of Surrealist art during the thirties and most of the forties. A work such as his sculpture table "Magician's Game," with its echoes of Giacometti and Ernst, is an early example of the new American sculpture that began to carry a charge of legendary reference. Hare's "Cronus" series extends the symbiosis of Surrealism and American sensibility which in the forties and fifties produced the myth-inspired paintings of Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Gottlieb, Baziotes, and other Abstract Expressionists and the sculpture of David Smith, Nakian, Bourgeois, Lipton—all summed up by Herbert Ferber in the title "Surrational Zeus." The American art that has followed, relieved of the socio-historical pressure of the pre-war and war years, has tended to abandon the oracular aspects of Abstract Expressionism in favor of its formal (color painting, Minimal sculpture) and methodological (random collages, aleatory structures) implications.

The "Cronus" creations constitute an act of faith that a signifying language is still attainable in art—that painting and sculpture can convey meaning beyond parody and exercises in the elaboration of forms. The essence of Hare's accomplishment lies in his almost obsessive persistence in pursuing the clues that arose out of his decontrolled drawing and are reënacted in his paintings and sculptures. The line drawings at the Guggenheim, most of them executed in 1967-68, when the series was begun, are sketchy fragments of



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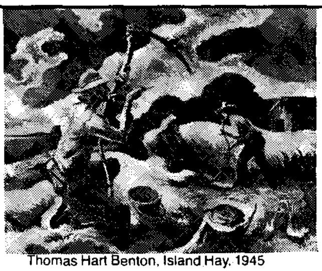

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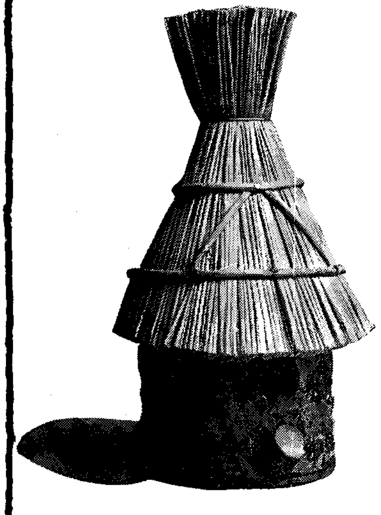
anatomy and scene brought to light by the released pen or pencil. In their lack of formal or Expressionist intent, they amount to an overture of provocative and occasionally erotic riddles. As episodes of Hare's dreamlike narrative, however, they take on interest from their emergence as refrains—in the paint-and-collage "Cronus Descending" (1968), as the arm and mouth shapes and the body folds of "Cronus" (1969), in "Cronus Hermaphrodite" (1970), and as solidified statements in the colored steel-Plexiglas-and-bronze sculpture "Cronus" (1973). These motifs recur as abstract or near-abstract shapes and as recognizable entities, realized to different extents and in different materials: they become for the spectator recollections that are at once vague and ineradicable.

A similar combination of transitoriness and persistence is achieved in the large canvas "Young Monster" (1967) through hints of anatomy in sheets of acrylic washes tacked to the surface by small bands of tape. Another train of associations is initiated by the painting "Ice Dog" (1967), an Expressionist representation of Cronus-as-animal whose whiteness and fangs of icicles embody, as if invoking the theme of whiteness in "Moby Dick," the ferocity emanating from Arctic regions of being. "Asleep in the Cave" (1971) is a magnificent abstract painting, which provides no representational clues but relies on its nuancing of color to convey the mood of the series. Hare, who used to be known as a sculptor, succeeds in this exhibition in demonstrating that he can control pigment to serve his subtle expressive ends. "Blue White Red" (1967), another early canvas, is unidentifiable by me in the "Cronus" context, unless the circle in the center represents the Titan's head; I prefer to believe that a slippage from the theme occurred as a result of the artist's surrender of intention to the automatic process—a similar derouting is suggested by "Deep Summer" (1969), which is not in the show.

By 1968, Hare had stabilized his images into flat, emblematic abstractions that retain eye-shaped discs as human/animal leftovers. In "Cronus Descending No. 2" (1968), the discs may also represent breasts, and the inverted crucifix in the center of the composition is the nose or the phallus, or an anticipation of the trunk in the painting "Cronus Elephant" (1975). In the sculptures at the Guggenheim, done from 1973 to 1976 in mixed metals and plastics, the chief features of the paintings and drawings have congealed



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into signs: the arm rising out of the earth and the nose-phallus-crucifix are the outstanding elements. Perhaps the key to these images of eroticism and resurrection is Sartre's observation in 1950 that Hare "offers at the same time . . . religion and the sacred object"—or, if not religion, its anthropological content.

THE Cronus legend is one of the most primitive and savage in Western culture. It accords with the nocturnal, jungle feeling of Hare's spiny sculptures of the fifties. Cronus, lord of the Titans, castrated his father, took his sister for consort, and devoured his children. In his scale of conduct, cannibalism and incest were as normal as sleep. Cronus is a subterranean deity: Hare has conceived his insigne to be an arm reaching out of the ground either in supplication or as a sprouting of the dragon's teeth. Cronus is part earth, part animal, part demon, part human. He is both young and old, asleep and awake, a dog, an elephant, hermaphrodite, mad. He is force without form, a hound of hell, the night mind, with its criminal desires and horrors—after "Ice Dog" comes "Night Dog" (1973). As an expression of the artist's personality, as symbolic autobiography, the present work tends to support Sartre's view that Hare "sculpts horror," and the late Robert Goldwater's detection of "cruelty" in his forms. For Hare, however, the fierce disorders of "Cronus" extend beyond the individual: they are manifestations of "a primitive, undirected, chthonic will" at large in the world. They presuppose an image of the present time as a jamming together of the whole evolutionary range of human urges, from those of the pygmy village to the utopian world state. Cronus, Hare declares, is mud "growing into man but always remembering his beginnings." In philosophical terms, he is "half man, half time." (The misidentification of Cronus with Chronos goes back to antiquity.) What is crucial in this conception of man is the "remembering," the survival of barbaric residues in the civilized psyche—the lesson gleaned by Surrealism from Freud and Jung. Hare's Cronus is a personification of the chaos, violence, and dissoluteness of contemporary life, and his drawings, paintings, and sculptures constitute a "portrait" of this personification. The ancestor of Hare's Cronus (given his Roman name) is Goya's nightmare "Saturn Devouring His Children."

Hare's imaginings of Cronus shift from one technique to another, one

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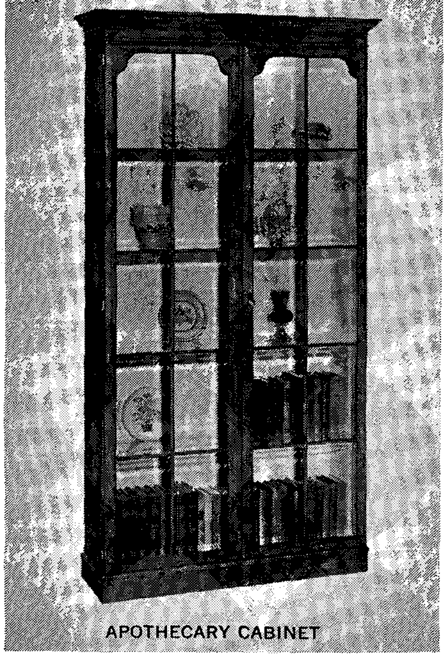

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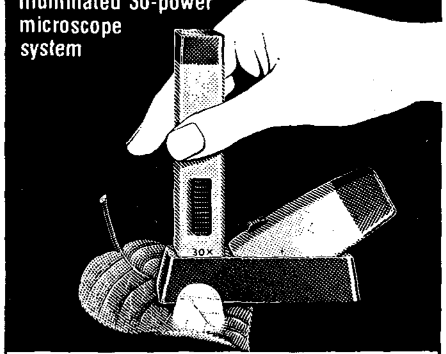

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medium to another, one stage of realization to another. The flux is the measure of the inchoateness of his idea; what he has to say can be touched on but not conceived—despite which he insists on stating it. The difficulty is that an art of signals and hints can convey its emotional substance only within a communion of experiences, ideas, beliefs. The Surrealists attempted to mold such a communion through their interchange of below-consciousness experiments, their games, and their group compositions of poems and drawings. Among the Americans, solidarity on this level never came into being. Artists who attempted to perform oracular feats were obliged to achieve them in isolation.

A one-man myth is almost a synonym for pathology. The "Cronus" creations have a psychological authenticity that leads one to assume that Hare has survived visits to troubled areas of the imagination. In the absence of the Surrealist community as mediator, art since the war has found itself better fitted to convey aesthetic pleasure than subrational enlightenment. Even works that arose out of depths of fury, such as Picasso's "Dream and Lie of Franco," have been quickly translated into episodes of formal development. The history of Abstract Expressionism includes the abandonment of its mythical motive and the substitution of stylistic affirmations; examples are David Smith's late-period "Cubi" sculptures and the "evolution" of color painting out of Pollock and Newman. The persistence of Hare in dedicating his art to what it could disclose is underlined by his refusal in the thirty-five years of his activity to arrive at a format capable of being appreciated for itself and adapted for formal purposes by others. He has frustrated the impulse of the spectator to bypass the artist's content in favor of a glorified trademark. Though Hare is an unusually accomplished craftsman, his works are still at times described as "crude"—a characterization that Smith applied to himself in his great days of improvisation. Style with Hare is a superbly flexible instrument in which each painting and sculpture must find its own form, as with de Kooning and, recently, Guston. For example, in the two "Cronus Old" paintings Hare relies on indistinctness to cause the god-monster to appear to be fading away, but other paintings, such as "Asleep in the Cave," are the opposite of indistinct. The "Cronus" show at the Guggenheim is a rich sampling of an undertaking that is extraordinary yet central to the art of our time.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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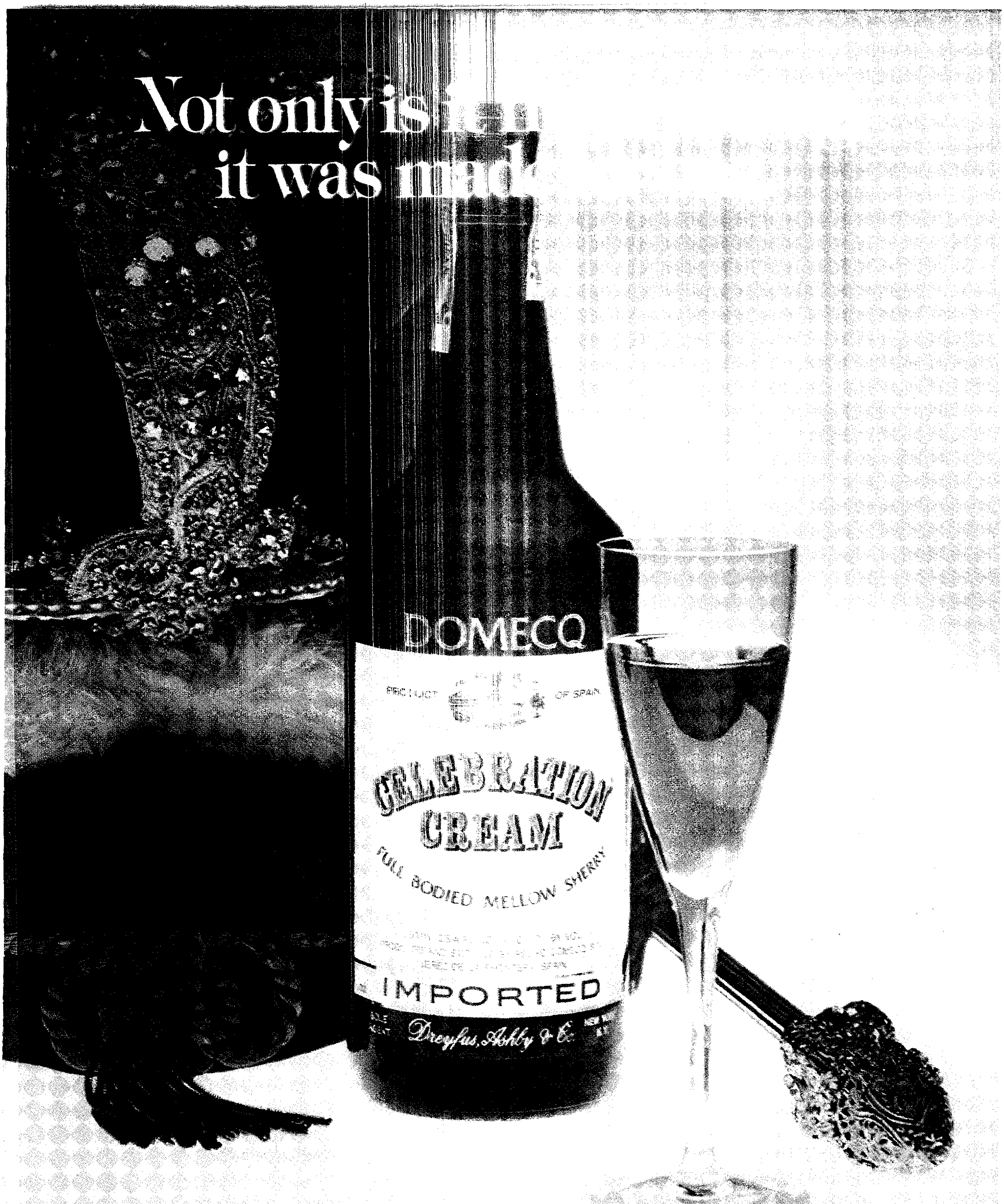
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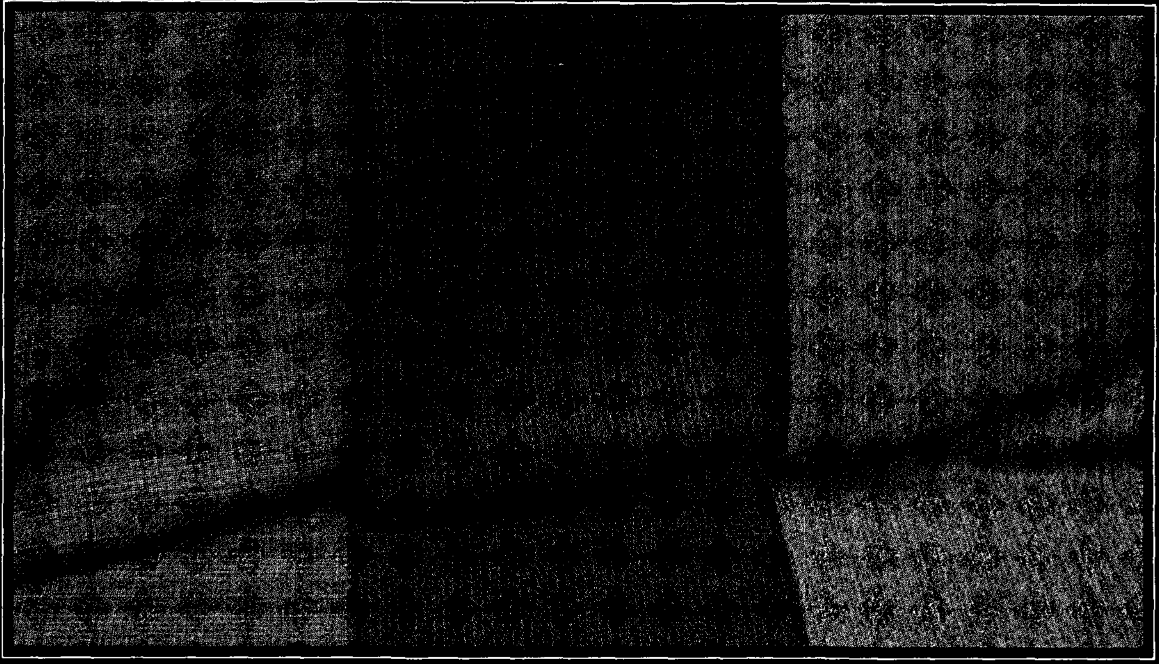

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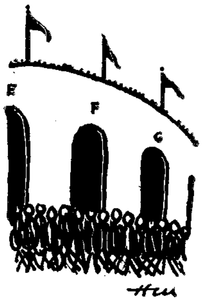
FOOTBALL

Lost Causes



OUT in New Jersey, at the Meadowlands stadium, Army went up against Notre Dame on Saturday last, and by the end of the afternoon had managed to travel no more than twenty-five yards overland, though eight times that much by air; the result of this exceeding small pilgrim's progress was approximately what had been anticipated (Notre Dame 24, Army 0) not only by us commoners but by the oddsmakers, who often appear to know much more than the rest of us. (The odds men had Notre Dame at 21 points over Army.) Up at Harvard Stadium, in Boston, Dartmouth, on the same afternoon, travelled something like two hundred yards overland—an event that had likewise been anticipated by anyone who had observed Dartmouth's cohesive progress (four matches in a row) toward a season devoid of defeat. Dartmouth, at full flood now that Coffey had at last been able to put on his seven-league boots, was encountering a Harvard bereft of a running game and relying wholly on a battery of green-hand pitchers who would be putting the ball in the air on almost every maneuver. The odds boys knew better; they had Dartmouth on top of Harvard by only three points. They were, of course, not nearly pessimistic enough; the end product was Harvard 31, Dartmouth 25, in a melee that Harvard was unable to nail down until twenty-seven seconds before time ran out. Could the odds boys have known what none of us others knew until after it was all over? Restic, a gazer into crystal balls of remarkable clarity, had been contemplating the Dartmouth defensive set that, the week before, held a clamorous Yale offense to no points at all, and had reangled the blocking moves of his forward line to such effect that Harvard backs, trammelled all season by unseemly and jostling crowds, suddenly discovered themselves to be alone in the world and on their way to spots where the stadium was greener, and emptier. The performance of these athletes was enhanced by copious instances of the beguilement and deceit that make a Restic juggernaut an entertainment of high order and high spirit. The best moment came when a mixture of end-around and Statue of Liberty was engineered by Curry, who, handed the ball by Brown far behind the Harvard line, was heading with it down the sidelines while what looked like half the Dartmouth team pursued Brown. Good, solid teamwork and antics of this sort were, it happened, both in demand, for a Dartmouth coming from behind with a scrambling quarterback the likes of Ferraris, a throwing quarterback the likes of Teevens, runners the likes of Oberg and Coffey, and split ends the likes of Nadherny is not easily denied.

There were twenty-six thousand customers at Harvard—a third as many as showed up in Meadowlands—and they got, in inverse ratio, a far more lively spectacle. In the second quarter in Jersey, Hall, Army's one really big gun, had two shots at the Notre Dame goal. An intercepted pass put paid to this first opportunity; three Hall passes to no one at all put paid to the second. In the fourth quarter, Notre Dame sent in its second-best backfield, which functioned as well as the first-stringers had. In a match played in Yankee Stadium back in the forties, it was Army that sent in the reserves after the match had been put away—three complete elevens, one after the other, and each of them ran off a touchdown while Notre Dame was perforce no more than a thoroughly interested, and possibly thoroughly discouraged, spectator. A colleague who follows Army wherever it goes reports that in the past seven meetings he has watched Notre Dame knock off 282 points against Army while Army knocked off 13 against Notre Dame. This succession of events has become, the colleague further remarks, as monotonous as Monday nights with Cosell.

COLGATE, which will see the last of some of its best-ever performers at season's end, made it six wins in a row on Saturday—Colgate 31, Princeton 13 (a Princeton that will lose *its* particular gem, the running back Isom, at the same time). Andrewlavage, this commentator's favorite kicker, was offstage, because of minor damage, but Colgate didn't need him. Colgate and New Hampshire, which keeps on rolling up mileage, and triumphs, practically unnoted by the outside world, may be the leaders this year of the "little" institutions—a pity that they will not meet one another. —J. W. L.

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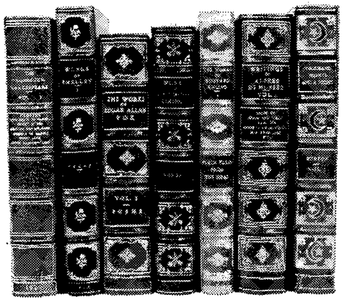

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Right Subjects

"A GOOD rule," Gustav Holst once declared, "is—never compose anything unless the not composing of it becomes a positive nuisance to you." That proclaims the concept of the personally "necessary" composition. Yet many operas—and some very good ones—have been composed not to satisfy any inner need but simply to fulfill a commission. At the worst, such operas may be constructed to tried formulas, with subjects chosen and librettos assembled along the lines of subjects and structures that worked well before. They can be capable, "well made" (which is always preferable to badly made), but are apt to seem unnecessary except as fodder to keep performing companies busy. On the other hand, against the principle of the "necessary" work can be set the large number of excellent pieces—and a handful of masterpieces—brought into being by a specific commission and tailored to, even determined by, its requirements. Last month, I wrote about Tippett's operas, personally "necessary" works if any are, and the way their subjects had seemed to find, and force themselves upon, the composer. Since then, I have seen three good operas, all composed to commissions, whose composers sought—and found—existing subjects that would release the kinds of music they had in mind. All three are "well made." All three seem to have fulfilled both a commission and an inner need. One is based on a play, one on a short story, and one on a biography.

THE oldest of the three is Marc Blitzstein's "Regina," which opened on Broadway, after a Boston tryout, in 1949, was taken into the City Opera repertory in 1953 (it last played there in 1959), and has just been revived in Detroit as the first production of the Michigan Opera Theatre's season. The Koussevitzky Music Foundation had commissioned an opera from Blitzstein; in a note for a Santa Fe production of "Regina," in 1959, he recalled how he set about choosing a subject:

> I remember certain things I was looking for. I know I wanted to do a strong piece, rather than a predominantly lyrical one. It was to have a big role for a woman. . . . It was to stress some primary human passion, and some aspect of comedy. At the time I was not much caught by the love-jealousy or love-religiosity axes, so often used in libretto-land; nor by the comic possibilities of mistaken identity or the wrong bedroom. I hit upon human greed. . . . And I wanted a sharp climax which might even resolve in a violent death. Then I recalled Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes," a play I admired enormously; and I realized my plan and story had already been done for me.

Kurt Weill's Broadway opera "Street Scene" had appeared in 1947, and his "Love Life" the year after. Reviewing the latter, John Gassner contrasted it on the one hand with "Where's Charley?"—a mere romp with some colorful dances—and on the other with "The Little Foxes," whose old-fashioned naturalism, he said, although well suited to raise questions of individual responsibility and guilt ("the Henry James perspective"), was an inadequate medium for the exhibition and discussion of contemporary social problems. Social problems had been the stuff of Blitzstein's earlier operas "The Cradle Will Rock" (1936) and "No for an Answer" (1941). They lie beneath "The Little Foxes" and surface when Addie, the black cook, says:

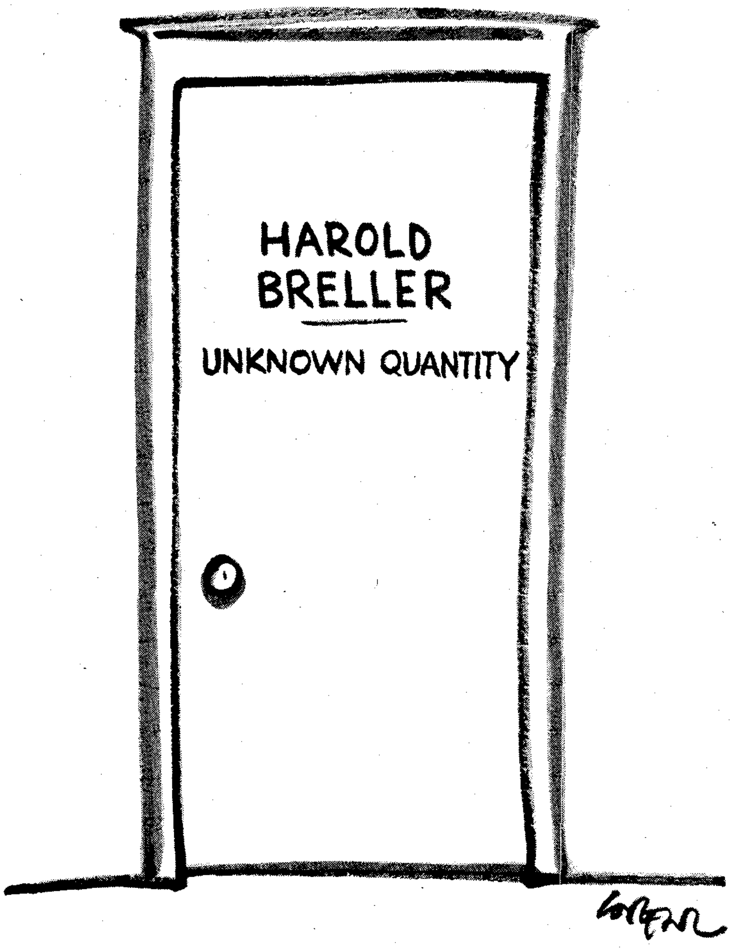
> Well, there are people who eat the earth and eat all the people on it like in the Bible with the locusts. Then there are people who stand around and watch them eat it. Sometimes I think it ain't right to stand and watch them do it.

And when Ben Hubbard, one of the locusts, says to his sister Regina:

> The century's turning, the world is open. Open for people like you and me. Ready for us, waiting for us. . . . There are hundreds of Hubbards sitting in rooms like this throughout the country . . . and they will own this country some day.

Alexandra, Regina's daughter, recalls both speeches in the closing confrontation of the play, when she announces her resolve to fight for what is right, not just be one of those who stand around and watch. Miss Hellman is by her own avowal "a moral writer, often too moral a writer," and Blitzstein was a moral composer. In his reworking of the play, he sets Ben's speech prominently, *pomposo;* on Ben's exit, Alexandra launches the finale with her recalling of it and of Addie's remarks; and the final mother-and-daughter exchange is counterpointed by an offstage chorus of black workers—"Is a new day coming? Certainly, Lord"—which rises to a fortissimo affirmation. By a cunning use of set pieces—rag, jazz, blues, waltz song, popular song, Gottschalk pastiche—Blitzstein transcends the "naturalism" of the play. Weak, pathetic, lovable Birdie's nostalgia for the gracious days on the plantation—"Lionnet. Lionnet. . . . Oh, if we could all go back!"—is set to beautiful old-fashioned music that is at once lovable in itself and a comment on the sentiments it expresses. "Regina" is strong, sharp, clean, both funny and touching, and very well composed. Surely it deserves a central position in the American repertory.

The Detroit production was handicapped by a Regina, Joan Diener-



Marre, who showed neither the vocal nor the acting resources for the role. She was coarse, awkward, and unconvincing. But there was a perfect Birdie, Barbara Hocher, and a shining young Alexandra, Sarah Rice. George Gaynes's Horace was very well judged, and Joseph Kolinski's Leo was keenly played and sung. Franco Colavecchia's set, which had dangling ropes where walls should be, was modish rather than helpful to the piece.

THEA MUSGRAVE's "The Voice of Ariadne," a three-act chamber opera first performed by the English Opera Group at the 1974 Aldeburgh Festival, in the tiny Jubilee Hall, has just been given its American première by the New York City Opera. When Miss Musgrave received the commission, she spent "quite a long time . . . hunting around for the right story": one that would be "suitable for opera . . . and not more suitable for a play;" one compassable by a small cast without chorus and by the thirteen-strong English Opera Group instrumental ensemble; and—this was her special requirement—one in which tape-recorded music could be used to provide "a whole other element and a whole other level of experience." And she hit at last on Henry James's "The Last of the Valerii" (first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1874), which fulfilled all her requirements. This brief tale, spun from threads in Hawthorne's "The Marble Faun," tells of a young Roman count and his American bride, Martha; the narrator is the girl's godfather. In Marco, described as a magnificently attractive male animal, there runs, beneath his intelligence and courtesy, a darkly pagan, passionate streak seeking a fulfillment the fair young American cannot give. A statue of Juno is discovered in his garden; the Count worships it, sacrifices to it, but returns at last to reason and to his wife in a final scene evoking Penelope at the loom (Martha bent over her embroidery) and homecoming after a perilous voyage.

Michael Swan, introducing the Penguin edition of the story, remarks fairly that "though James here suspends our disbelief almost enough to convince us that he has a particle of truth to offer, though there is a straining towards symbolism, the story is ultimately nothing more than an exquisite ghost story." Britten's "The Turn of the Screw" (1954) and "Owen Wingrave" (1971) gave precedent for turning James stories of personal dramas touched by the supernatural into

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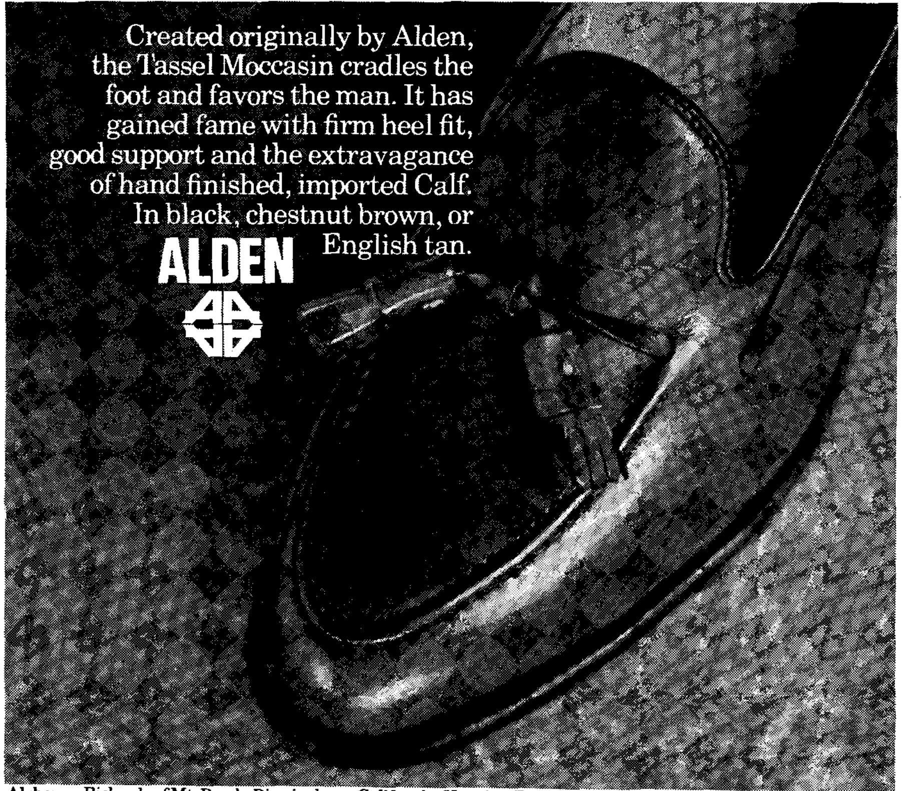

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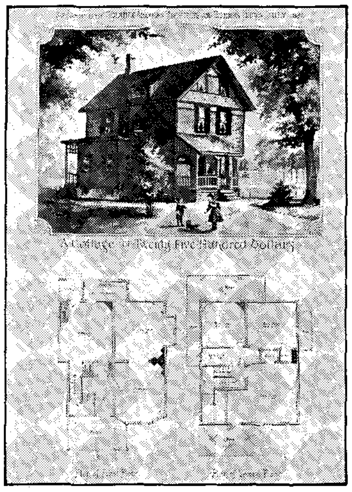
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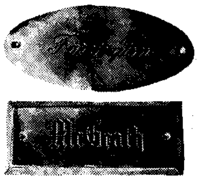

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chamber operas. Miss Musgrave and her librettist, Amalia Elguera, effected major changes in their original. Not Juno but Ariadne. Not a statue but only its pedestal. And a happy ending only when Marco realizes that by abandoning his wife he has transformed her into the abandoned Ariadne whom he seeks—when her voice blends with, and finally replaces, the magic (tape-recorded) voice of the lost statue. The classical parallels do not run quite true. The psychological imagery defies tidy analysis. But the essential feelings come across; they needed music for their expression, and Miss Musgrave has expressed them in eloquent music. Her score is a natural flowering from the new freedoms, the adventurousness, and the lyrical delight in sound and gesture which she showed in previous orchestral pieces. It is also very well written for the singers: the rightness in matching emotional pitch to actual tessitura, the sense of where in the voice to find a particular shade of feeling, the naturalness of the declamation, and the unstrained transitions from conversation to formal set pieces all tell of a born opera composer.

Marco is a baritone, his wife a soprano, and her godfather a bass-baritone. The cast is enlarged to eight by the provision of the Marchesa Bianca Bianchi (mezzo), a rival for the Count's affections; of Mrs. Tracy (contralto), a caricature American lady of imposing size, a cruder Henrietta Stackpole, and her diminutive Italian admirer, Baldovino (tenor); and of a pair of servants (tenor and bass), descendants of the soldiers in Monteverdi's "Poppea." And there is the eponymous Voice, heard only on tape, heard only by Marco in his imagination, calling to him across the waves and across the ages. The bass, the old gardener Gualtiero, who believes in the old gods, has an important role: at the start of each act he in effect explains the situation. And each act ends with an Ariadne scene: a monologue for Marco against a background of Ariadne's cries; a monologue for the Countess (in the opera she has no name; even at tender moments Marco can call her only "you"), a *lamento d'Arianna*, when by hallucinatory magic she becomes the abandoned heroine, feels herself alone with the seabirds on the rocky cape; and (as in Strauss's Ariadne opera) a final duet, which is Miss Musgrave's tribute to Monteverdi. In her words:

> The parallel I had in mind was the end of "Poppea," when all the colors die out, at least in Raymond Leppard's version, and you're left with this marvellous soft, slow, tranquil, fulfilled music—one of the great moments of opera.... I wanted to try to get that kind of mood... after all the storms had passed, to find this tranquillity that would sound final and yet, as the words say, suggest that the pair is setting forth on a new exploration, together at last.

The opera is skillfully planned on all levels. Act II, for example, is a kind of symphony: neoclassical first subject for the scheming Bianca, lyrical second subject from Gualtiero; adagio aria for Bianca; scherzo based on Mrs. Tracy and Baldovino, with playful Handel quotations; and the *lamento d'Arianna* as finale. Meanwhile, the harmonic climate moves from clear diatonicism to troubled atonality, the emotions move from clarity to confusion, and the scene moves from a sunny Roman park to a vision of sea-girt Naxos. The work is written in linked numbers, making up a well-balanced formal sequence of solos, duets, and ensembles. Within the small scale, the sonic effects are rich, but the textures are carefully controlled to let the voices come through. The tape music, created in collaboration with Richard Rodney Bennett—a mysterious voice, Joan Davies's lapped by echo and distance effects and the sounds of wind and wave—is very successful, partly because it is uncomplicated, partly because the interplay of tape with instruments and live singers is so cunningly handled. Niceties of social behavior are not always accurately observed in the libretto, but it did supply the composer with exactly what she wanted. As always in her music, clear intentions, practical good sense, and imagination are combined. "The Voice of Ariadne" provides an evening of cultivated pleasures.

The City Opera production, like Aldeburgh's, was deftly directed by Colin Graham. Carl Toms designed attractive naturalistic scenery. But no more than at Aldeburgh did the two principals look right. There, in Thomas Allen we saw an English squire and in Jill Gomez a dark-eyed Caribbean beauty. Here, David Holloway, as Marco, seemed very American (no attempt at the "dense sculptural crop of curls," the "close, crisp beard," the "complexion... of deep, glowing brown" described by James), and Cynthia Clarey, the Countess, was a tall, dark, graceful aristocrat, rather Latin in appearance and demeanor. Both of them sang very well. Richard T. Gill turned the pagan Gualtiero into a New England country sage—and did not sing well. Sandra Walker's Marchesa and Frances Bible's Mrs. Tracy were both first-rate. The Jubilee Hall holds three hundred people, and the State Theatre only some two hundred short of three thousand. In its large spaces, the tape-recorded music sounded better than it had at Aldeburgh, but what should be full-throated lyrical climaxes made less effect. By increasing the strings, Miss Musgrave, who conducted her own work, had brought the orchestra up to twenty-eight. Nevertheless, the delicately accomplished chamber opera was somewhat dwarfed by its setting. The Juilliard Theatre would be a better New York home for it.

DAVID BLAKE'S grand opera, "Toussaint, or The Aristocracy of the Skin," was given its première by the English National Opera last month. Blake, born in 1936, came to prominence with a long Ezra Pound cantata, "Lumina," written for the 1970 Leeds Festival. (Last year, his Violin Concerto, a BBC commission, was heard at the Proms.) On the strength of "Lumina," Lord Harewood, the managing director of the English National Opera, invited him to compose a work for the company. It was a bold commission—Blake's only previous stage piece was a cheerful little school musical, "It's a Small War"—that paid off. "Toussaint" is colorful, animated, and very interesting. I know no other opera quite like it, although there are plenty of precedents for this or that element. "Les Huguenots," "Don Carlos," "Boris Godunov," and Prokofiev's "War and Peace" are in its ancestry; Schoenberg, Hindemith, and Hanns Eisler have left their marks on its music; and Brecht dominates its dramaturgy. But the amalgam is new. In a program note, Blake wrote:

> I'd long wanted to set a text which would express some of my political beliefs in a more specific way . . . to come to terms with issues economic, political, and, as it turned out, racial in an intelligent, interesting, and entertaining way. . . . I . . . wish in the opera house not *only* to be entertained but to be informed, to be intellectually stimulated (i.e. made to think), and, finally, to be made to take up a position.

Blake is in the music department of York University. He approached Anthony Ward, author of the political novel "Our Human Constitution," who is in the English department, about a libretto. Ward suggested as a possible subject the transformation, under Toussaint L'Ouverture's leadership, of Saint-Domingue, the richest of all the West Indian colonies, into Haiti, the

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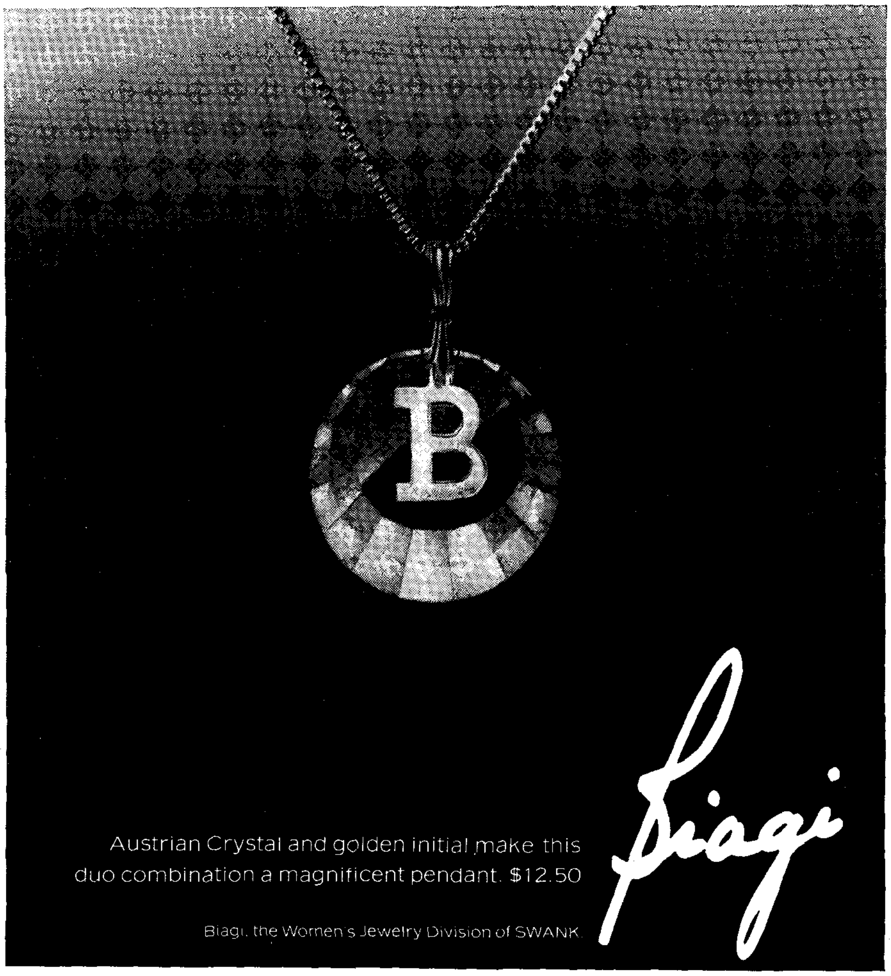

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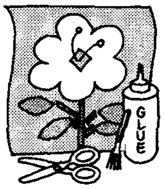

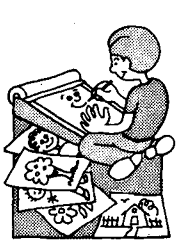

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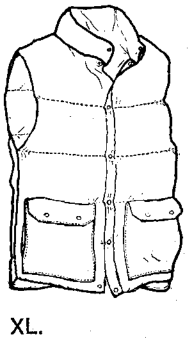

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second—and first black—independent republic of the New World. "Ward's idea for a libretto seemed perfect," and the two of them went ahead. The tale is not tidy but one of traitors, trimmers, and turncoats, of ideals perverted by political expediency, and of power corrupting. In the resulting opera, Lord Acton's famous dictum is cited as if it were already in 1801 a well-known saying, and Acton's next sentence ("Great men are almost always bad men") finds illustration. As the curtain falls, a freed Haiti, in 1803, is about to embark on its appalling nineteenth- and twentieth-century history of revolution, assassination, and tyranny and on its decline from fertility to being one of the poorest countries in the world. Ward spoke of his aim to explore "the confusions of style when a state tries to create itself." His and Blake's achievement has been to present a clear picture of those confusions in a rich music-drama that is neither a simplified didactic parable nor a mere decorative entertainment.

The ironies of the situation are reflected in the styles of the music. The proclaimers of "*Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!*" decide that they cannot afford to grant freedom and equality to black brothers in their profitable colony. In the first scene of Act II, the songs of the Revolution, "Ça Ira" and "La Carmagnole," become the themes of an elegant ancien-régime quadrille, played by a scruffy colonial band, danced by a motley, strutting crew of blacks and whites at Toussaint's court. Toussaint advocates tolerance, compromise, and a multiracial society, and is betrayed. His successor, Dessalines, with a simple policy of "Death to the whites!" drives out the French—to become a tyrant himself. Blake's score embraces voodoo chant and voodoo drumming, neoclassical pastiche, Schoenbergian expressivity, Eislerian theatre songs, and Hindemithian scherzo. It begins (sort of) in C minor and ends (sort of) in C major, and it has tunes—though that statement should perhaps also be qualified by a "sort of," since Blake's fondness for using tritone steps in his melodies makes them devilishly hard to remember. He has said, "I am a lyric composer anyway. I've always been thematic, I've never lost tempo. The thought of writing an opera . . . without all the available tempos and types of harmonic motion at my disposal—I just can't imagine it." He has used all his resources to illustrate the paradoxes of the subject—and at the same time, not incidentally, to provide variety of pace and tone throughout a long eve-

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ning (three acts, with about three hours of music) and to take theatrical advantage of the picturesque, exotic setting.

Most of the action is history. The chief source is C.L.R. James's Marxist biography of Toussaint, "The Black Jacobins." The opera does entertain, inform, and stimulate thought. It does not, however, enforce any position-taking—and that is probably one of its strengths. There is none of the straight-line propaganda of Henze's "We Come to the River." The libretto is introduced by a list of recommended reading—from C.L.R. James, through Eric Williams and Frantz Fanon, to "The Autobiography of Malcolm X"—which suggests the kind of position the authors may have hoped to prepare. But they remain true to history, and in history the ground kept shifting; Wordsworth's simple acclamation of "Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!" has long been clouded. The only constant in the operatic tale is Suzanne, Toussaint's wife, who was a real person but has here been amplified into a symbolic figure—uncorrupted, honest, natural, good, an idealized embodiment of "the Haitian people," to whom, "in recognition of their vitality and resilience," the opera is dedicated. At the end of Act I, Suzanne reshapes Wordsworth's sonnet as a series of uneasy questions.

The cast is enormous, and the company—led by Neil Howlett's Toussaint and Sarah Walker's wonderfully eloquent Suzanne—was shown at great strength. Mark Elder conducted with mastery. David Pountney's stage direction was very skillful and Maria Björnson's décor at once economical in its means and rich in its effectiveness.

THE Met season opened last week with a revival of "Boris Godunov," a noble, serious, and beautiful production of a great opera—so good that it surely deserves to be brought to life for an American audience by being sung in English. (How many in that audience could follow, line by line, what Pimen—firmly and eloquently sung by Paul Plishka—was saying?) Martti Talvela may lack the grandeur of tone and manner and the subtlety of inflection and timing to fill the title role completely, but in his large, honest way he was impressive. Wieslaw Ochman, a new Dimitri, was ardent, incisive, and a vivid actor. Marius Rintzler was a small but lively and jolly Varlaam. (The inn scene, however, is spoiled by an excess of low comedy.) Robert Sapolsky, a new Fyodor, was splendidly assured and strong. Florence Quivar

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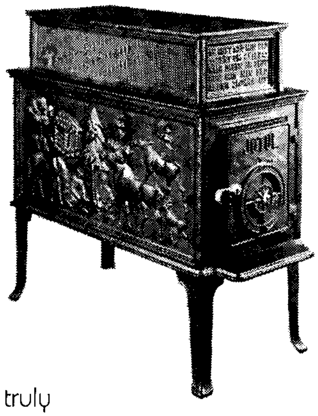

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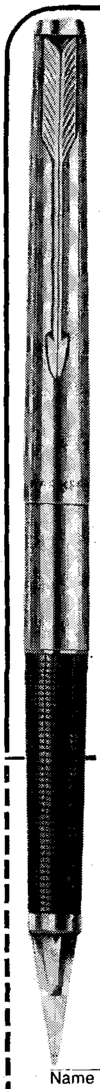

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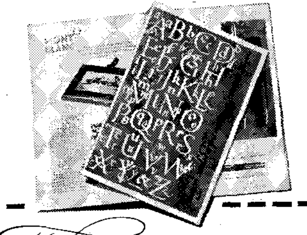

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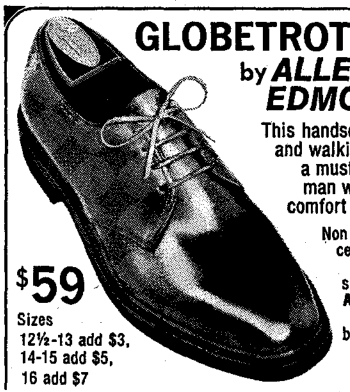

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made her Met début as a Marina so foggy and faint that the Polish act could with advantage have been cut; Mussorgsky added it only to provide a gleaming female voice amid the preponderantly male music of the rest. The Simpleton requires stronger casting; Andrea Velis's tenor did not have the needed lyric plangency. Otherwise, all was well. Kazimierz Kord's conducting was assured and well paced.

The second performance of the season was a revival of "Pelléas et Mélisande," a poetic, serious, and beautiful production of a great opera, distinguished especially by the lucid yet passionate conducting of James Levine and by a Golaud, José van Dam, of rare excellence—one who combined warmth and strength of tone, impeccably clear words, and force of dramatic personality. The "aria" in Act II, Scene 3, "Il est vrai que ce château est très vieux et très sombre," was a particularly fine piece of singing. All the singers except Jerome Hines (Arkel) were new to the production. Teresa Stratas's Mélisande and Raymond Gibbs' Pelléas were both carefully studied; she had some touching and effective moments, but he was prosaic of voice and wooden in his acting.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Reappearances

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, who wrote a number of operas, several of the scores of which have been lost, produced toward the end of his life an unfinished score of a comic opera called "Die Drei Pintos." Many years after his death, this work was brought to the attention of the then young Gustav Mahler, who admired it and set about the task of completing and orchestrating it. It was a success in its time but then disappeared from the repertory. Now RCA has recorded it, and the result is quite charming (PRL 3-9063; six sides). The libretto is fairly conventional, involving disguises and mistaken identities—three different men claim to be the authentic Pinto in seeking the hand of a Spanish noblewoman, and true love wins out in the end—but there is a minimum of spoken dialogue, and the music is superb. This is, perhaps, Weber's most sophisticated work, thanks to Mahler. The recording is a distinguished one and probably the first. (If there have been others, they have long been forgotten.) The singers are Lucia Popp, Werner Hollweg, Hermann Prey, Kurt Moll, Heinz Kruse, and Kari Lövaas, with the Netherlands Vocal Ensemble, and

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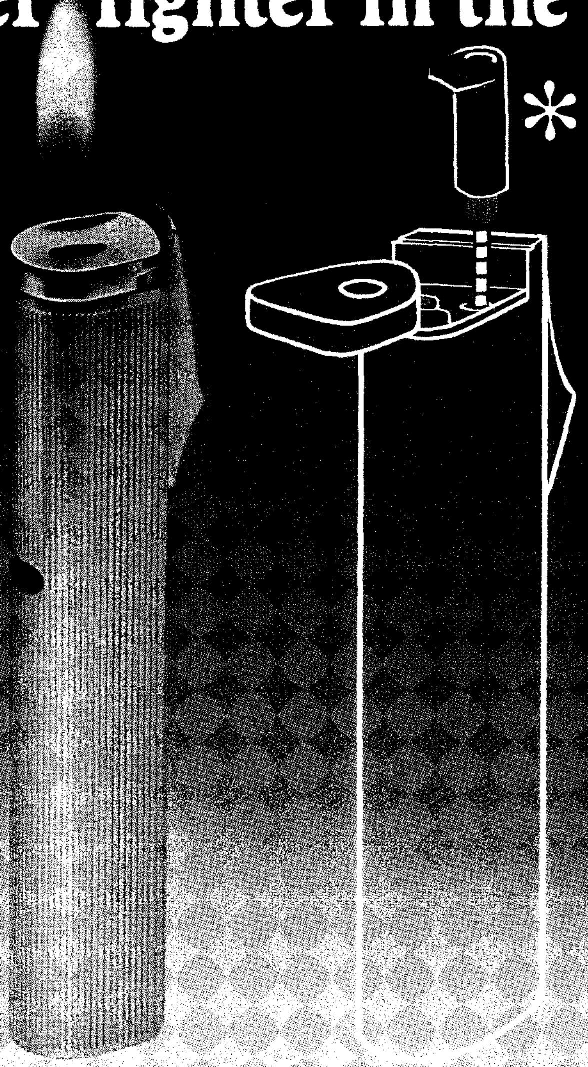

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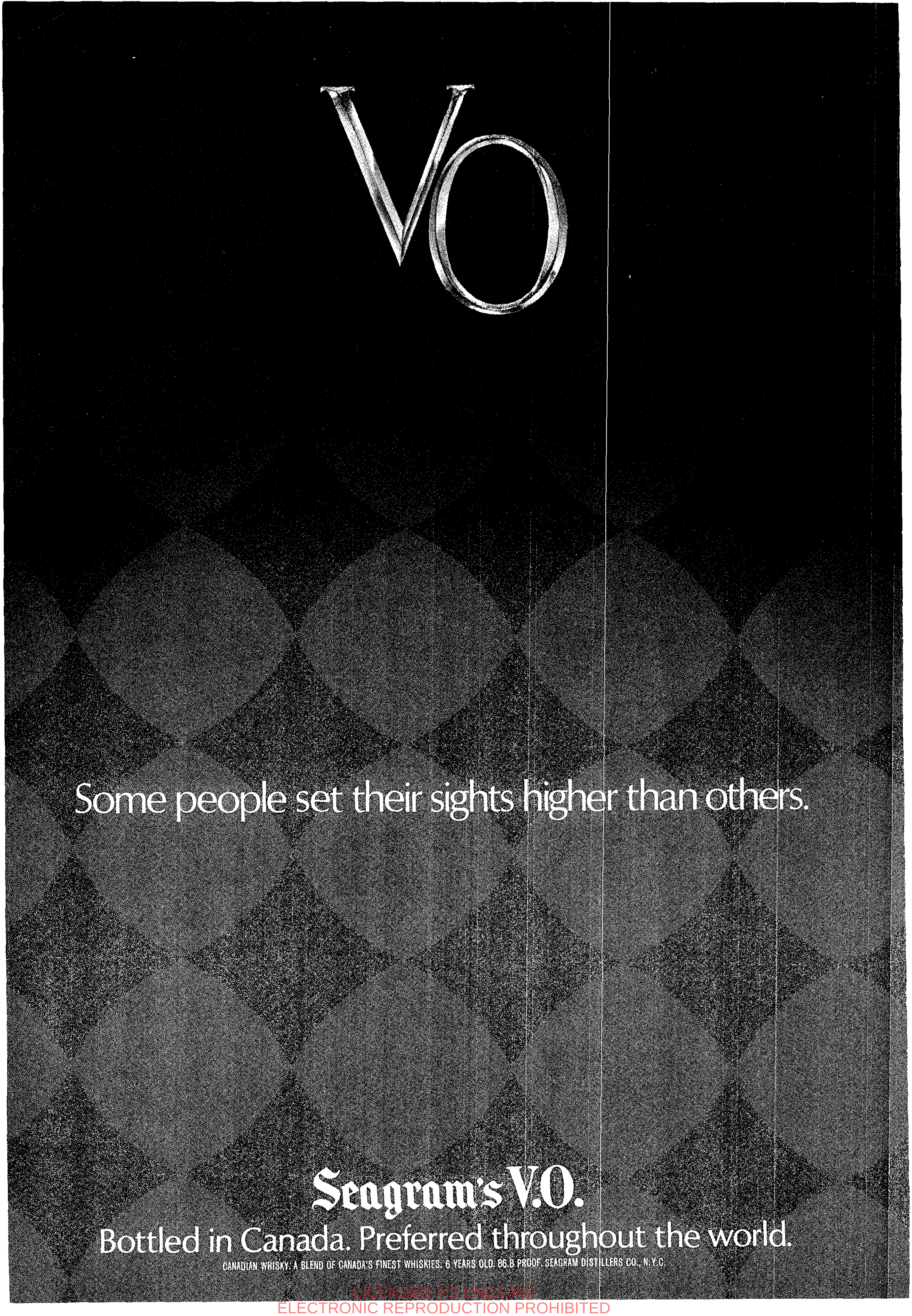
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the orchestra is the Munich Philharmonic, under Gary Bertini.

Wolf-Ferrari's amusing little operatic intermezzo "The Secret of Susanna" was once very popular but has become dated, owing to a change in marital mores. The music, written with great skill, is still delightful, however. A new recording of "The Secret of Susanna" has been issued by London, with Bernd Weikl and Maria Chiara as the husband and wife (OSA 1169; single disc). The Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, under Lamberto Gardelli, provides the accompaniment.

Two other rarities, Dvořák's "The American Flag" and "American Suite," have been recorded by Michael Tilson Thomas and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, the former composition with the St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir and the RIAS Chamber Choir, and Joseph Evans and Barry McDaniel as vocal soloists (Columbia 34513; single). "The American Flag" has words by Joseph Rodman Drake which are unabashedly nationalistic; "American Suite" is a jewel and should be performed more often. Both are done brilliantly on this recording.

THE Melos Quartet of Stuttgart has recorded the string quartets of Luigi Cherubini in their entirety (Archiv Produktion 2710 018; six sides). These quartets, by the leading academician of the Paris Conservatoire in the mid-nineteenth century, are perhaps more interesting as examples of technical dexterity than as displays of lyric inspiration, but they are sturdy works, well written for the instruments involved, and well constructed in the classical manner. The performances are excellent.

Mahler's Ninth Symphony, one of his greatest works, has been given a very sensitive performance by the Chicago Symphony, under Carlo Maria Giulini (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 097; four sides). Giulini's interpretation is a bit more suave and less intense than that of the orchestra's other conductor, Georg Solti. This is a memorable recording.

A recent Mercury release contains Percy Grainger's "Lincolnshire Posy," Bernard Rogers' "Three Japanese Dances," Darius Milhaud's "Suite Française," and Richard Strauss's Serenade in E Flat, Op. 7, all played by the Eastman Wind Ensemble, under Frederick Fennell (SRI-75093; single). They are performed so fully and smoothly that they sound like the work of an entire symphony orchestra. Not

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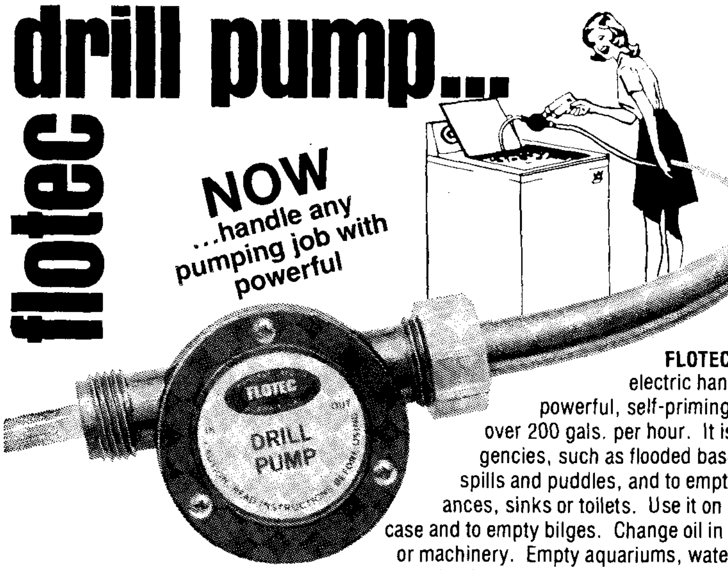

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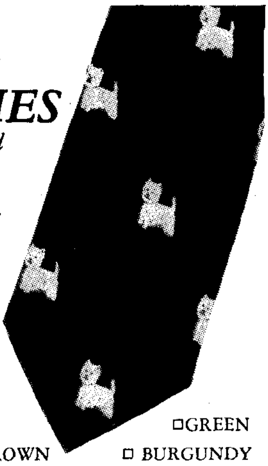

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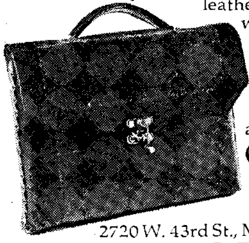

Oh Susanna's Leather
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surprisingly, the Strauss item, written when the composer was sixteen, carries off the honors. The Grainger is highly original and spirited, the Rogers is attractive enough, and the Milhaud strikes me as oversophisticated, not to say affected.

Elgar's Violin Concerto, Op. 61, has been recorded in a scintillating performance by Pinchas Zukerman with the London Philharmonic, under Daniel Barenboim (Columbia M-34517; single).

Tchaikovsky's sextet "Souvenir de Florence," Op. 70, and Verdi's String Quartet—both in orchestral versions—have been recorded by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, David Zinman conducting (Philips 9500 104; single). Unlike Tchaikovsky's other Italian-inspired works, this sextet contains no program or local color. It is melodious and pleasant. The Verdi quartet is an exceptional work by the great opera composer, written originally partly as an exercise in counterpoint. The performance of both works is exemplary.

Bartók's ballet music for "The Wooden Prince," one of his most likable scores, is the subject of a recording by Pierre Boulez and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia 34514; single). The work is scrupulously performed, and the music is rather in the impressionist manner.

Herbert von Karajan conducts Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, his most popular work, with the Berlin Philharmonic, for Deutsche Grammophon (2530 674; single). The performance is elegant, though I could wish for a more precise articulation of the opening theme.

Laurel has issued Charles Harold Bernstein's "Rhapsody Israelien," "Poem Transcendental," and a string trio called "Nostalgic," played by Yoshiko Nakura, violin; Milton Thomas, viola; and Charles Brennand, cello (LR 105; single). Bernstein is a self-taught composer whose music is compared on the record jacket to Charles Ives' work. I do not see the relevance of the comparison, but Bernstein is a straightforward composer with a traditional style and some individual touches. The performances are of the highest quality.

Melodiya/Westminster Gold has come up with a disc containing Mozart's Concerto No. 2 in D for Flute, K. 314; Milhaud's "Concertino d'Hiver," for trombone and strings; and Villa-Lobos's "Dance of Seven Notes," for bassoon and chamber orchestra, performed by the Leningrad Chamber Orchestra, under Lazar Gozman

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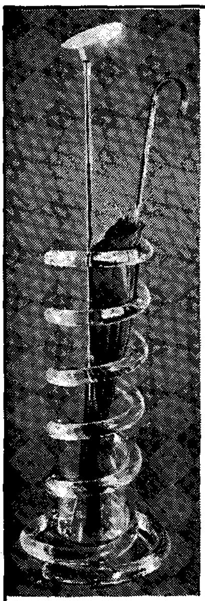

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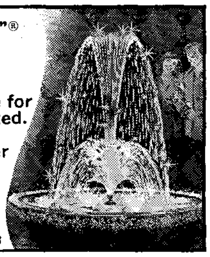

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(WGS 8336). The Milhaud is Stravinskian and not very good; the Villa-Lobos provides a thorough workout for the bassoon; and the Mozart is, of course, tops.

Charles Tournemire's "L'Orgue Mystique," a Pentecostal Mass, is, I'm afraid, only for Gregorian-chant enthusiasts. A performance recorded not long ago involves Gerard Farrell on organ, the Boston Archdiocesan Boys' Choir, and the Schola Cantorum of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts (Liturgical Press ISBN-O-8146-0925-2; single). Tournemire was a pupil of César Franck, but there is no Franck influence here.

THERE are two recent discs containing marches and other material by John Philip Sousa. One is called "Symphonic Sousa" and is the work of the composer and arranger Hershy Kay, who adapted Sousa's music for the Balanchine ballet "Stars and Stripes" (London SPC 21161; single). It is performed by the National Philharmonic, under Henry Lewis. The other is called "Strike Up the Band," and is performed by the Eastman Wind Ensemble, under Donald Hunsberger (Philips 9500 151; single). Here we have the original instrumentation for "Semper Fidelis," "The Crusader," "The Gladiator," the masterpiece "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and some others from among the hundred and forty marches Sousa wrote.

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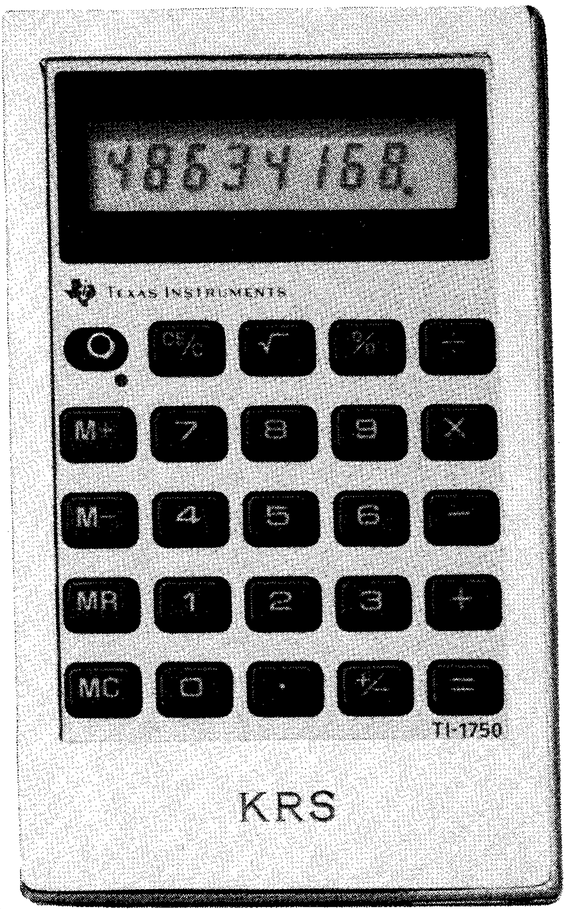

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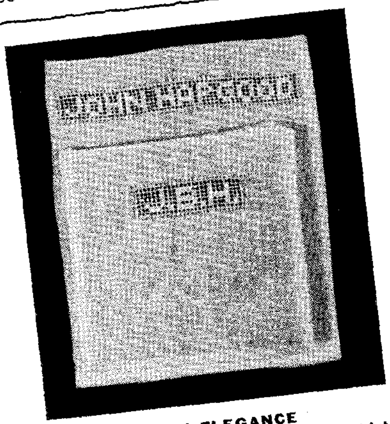

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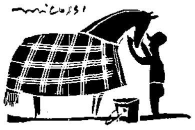
THE RACE TRACK

Belmont Finale

IT'S many a day since there were two such thrillers in one afternoon as there were at Belmont Park last Saturday. On the Sly, an 18–1 shot, led home a dozen runners in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, and Alydar beat Affirmed in the Champagne Stakes. Never before has any track in this country put up so much prize money—$587,800—for a card of nine races. Though the track was muddy, the weather was fine, if a bit chilly; attendance was 23,795. All in all, it was a grand windup for the longest scheduled season in the annals of beautiful Belmont.



I give the nod to the Champagne Stakes for being the race of the day. Only six two-year-olds came out for the mile, with its purse of $134,000. It looked to be a two-horse affair, with Affirmed and Alydar almost equal choices in the betting. Velasquez, riding Alydar for the first time, got him away well, just behind Affirmed, ridden by Cauthen, in the scramble out of the starting gate. Approaching the far turn, Alydar was one of four horses heads apart across the track. Cauthen made his run with Affirmed on the turn for home, and as he swung into the homestretch in the lead, he seemed to have plenty of horse under him. Curiously, Cauthen appeared to be more concerned with the challenge of Darby Creek Road than with Alydar, who was coming up with a rush. Alydar hooked up with Affirmed in a furious drive to the wire and won going away by a length and a quarter. Darby Creek Road was third. The mile was run in $1{:}36\frac{3}{5}$. If I were assigning the weights for a handicap, I would put Alydar at least three pounds better than Affirmed on the strength of his performance in the Champagne. It was the second time Alydar has beaten Affirmed; Affirmed has beaten Alydar three times. Laz Barrera, who trains Affirmed for the Harbor View Farm, had intended to ship him to California, but now he will have another go at Alydar in the Laurel Futurity in Maryland on the 29th. Full marks certainly go to John Veitch, who trains Alydar and Our Mims, his half sister and the season's top three-year-old filly, for the two have moved Calumet Farm's horses back into the forefront of racing. The young man, a son of Sylvester Veitch (who trained for George D. Widener and C. V. Whitney), has been, like his father, in the horse business most of his life. May he have lots of winners.

On the Sly won the $346,800 mile-and-a-half Jockey Club Gold Cup by five and a quarter lengths from Great Contractor, the winner last year, with Cox's Ridge third. Though not as exciting as the Champagne Stakes, the race had its points. As the pace was fairly slow, because of the footing, and the field strung out quickly, one could follow every detail of the running, appreciate the style and tactics of the jockeys, and as a whole get a clearer picture of the race than one does with a big field running closely bunched. On the Sly, a four-star mudder, was always in a good position, and that did the trick. After the race, someone asked Mel Gross, who trains the four-year-old dark-bay colt by Roi Dagobert, a French horse, where On the Sly came from. "He's a Maryland horse," said Gross. He had a Maryland rider, too—Gregg McCarron, brother of Chris, Maryland's favorite jockey. The question was a good one, for On the Sly has raced on tracks from California to here and back, winning six of his nineteen starts this year. His share of the Gold Cup purse was $208,080. I thought the best horse in the race was Crystal Water, California's darling; he stayed close to the lead all the way in going he did not like, till he tired in the stretch. It takes a good horse to do that.

ANOTHER colt by Secretariat won recently: in England—at Ascot, no less. He is brown in color, and his name is Dactylographer.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Controversial singer Anita Bryant was on hand at a Lynchburg church Sunday morning to hear its fundamentalist preacher call for a return to the "McCarthy era where we register all Communists."

The singer, who led a fight against a homosexual rights movement in Dade County, Fla., sat on the podium behind Dr. Jerry Falwell, pastor of Thomas Road Baptist Church, as he said, "Not only should we register them, but we should stamp it on their foreheads and send them back to Russia.

"This is a free country," he said.

—*Lynchburg (Va.) News.*

Right on, Reverend!

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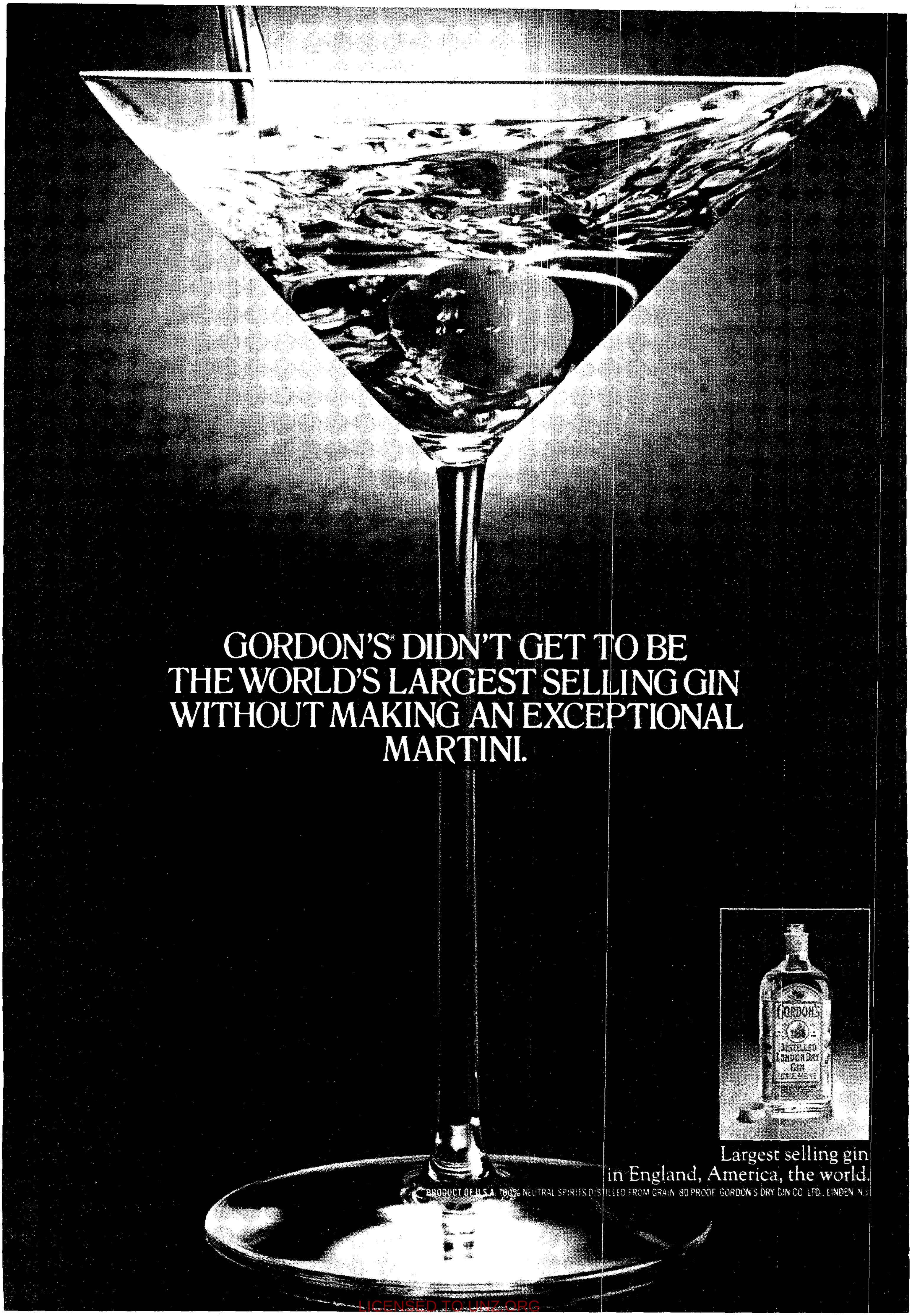
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BOOKS

The Giant Who Isn't There

LATE last summer, the front page of the Boston *Globe* declared:

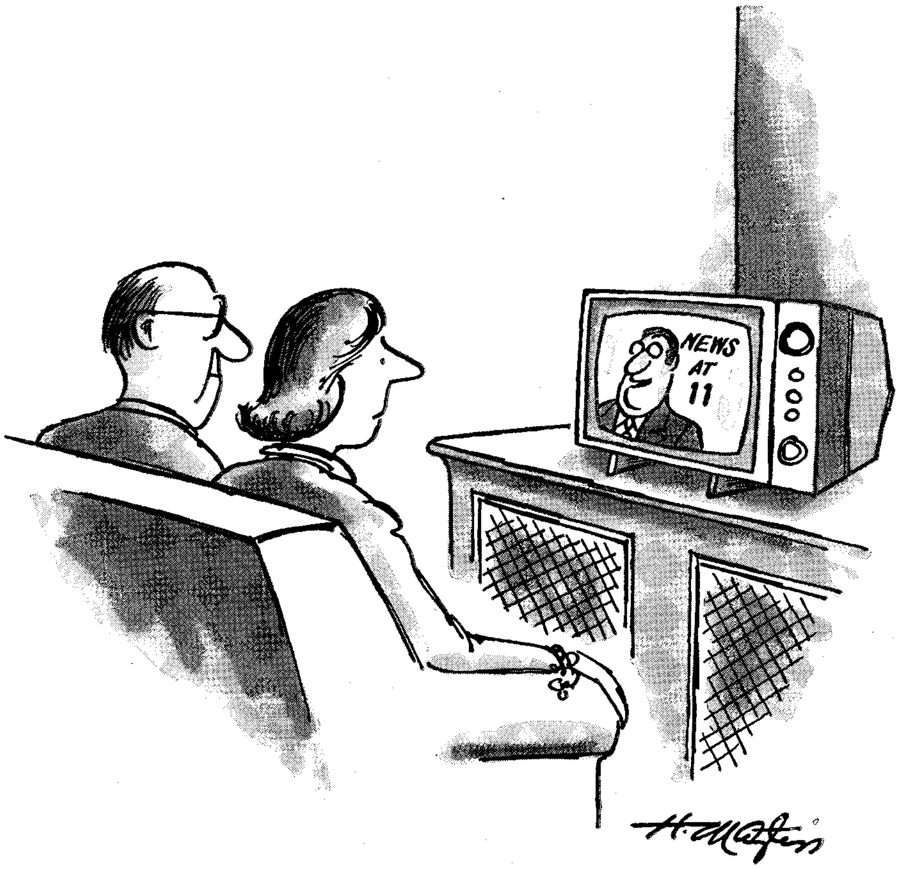
Carter calls
Vance's trip
step forward

A few days later, a slightly smaller headline proclaimed:

China calls
Vance talks
a step back

Such comically self-cancelling dispatches make one wonder if China is there at all; and, strangely, books purporting to describe this dim, contradictory colossus do not entirely dispel the doubt. Many small mysteries lurk in "Chinese Shadows," by Simon Leys (Viking). Simon Leys, the jacket flap states, is the pseudonym of "a Belgian art historian and Sinologist who has lived and worked in the Far East for more than a decade." Who, then, is the Pierre Ryckmans named in six-point type on the copyright page? If he is Simon Leys, why bother with the pseudonym? If he is the translator, why not name him as such? Who *did* translate this book from the French, wherein it was originally published, in 1974, as "Ombres Chinoises"? In a time when more honor and better pay are being sought for translations into English, Viking seems to be bestowing Victorian anonymity upon the lowly laborer responsible, in this case, for such pugnacious language as "Chairman Mao perpetrated another lousy poem" and "A valiant academic journalist who visited China on one of those standard six-week tours . . . wrote a book of a fairly impressive size, which he had the guts to subtitle *The Real China.*" French-speaking intellectuals evidently take in the Maoism of *Le Monde* and *Tel Quel* with every morning's croissants. A footnote tells how "Maoist editors" intimidate their superiors, and on the back of the jacket the author confides how "the Maoist faithful" in Europe rooted out Simon Leys' true identity, and made it impossible for him ever to return to China. The rabidly pro-Mao atmosphere out of which Mr. Leys writes his dissenting volume—"adding only some shadows without which even the most luminous portrait lacks depth"—is also, to Americans who can remember the Korean war and the Sinophobic diplomacy of John Foster Dulles, a bit mysterious. Here, though Mao had his moment in the late sixties as a college-dorm poster and a Pop Art totem like Mickey Mouse or the Coca-Cola bottle, our rapprochement with Communist China is confusingly mixed with the unfashionable image of Richard Nixon. Mr. Leys reports that, of the American visitors to China he had known, the only one to confess disappointment was a worker for McGovern's Presidential campaign who "came to China in the hope of getting some support for or at least a show of interest in the Democratic candidate; he found that the Maoist authorities were staunch Nixonians." Elsewhere, apropos of Nixon (who is mysteriously absent from the index), Mr. Leys remarks that as of 1972 "Mao himself has finally become as irrelevant to China's needs as Nixon to America's—which might explain why those two gentlemen grew so fond of each other." Mr. Leys believes that true political power in China lies with the military. Recent history is described as "purges and counterpurges that left two old men steering a rundown machine while in the murky corridors of power military gangs fought for control." He likens Chou En-lai, once an amateur opera performer, to Chu-ke Liang, a hero of classical Chinese opera who welcomed an enemy general to an empty fortress, creating "the mirage of a strong and powerful order, where in fact there is only incoherence and emptiness."

Emptiness is the theme of this entertaining, saddening minority report. Mr. Leys wrote the book in 1972-73, and "hesitated for a long time before having it published." Now that the less glamorous China of Hua Kuo-feng has supplanted the People's Utopia of the Great Teacher, Mr. Leys seems to spend too many pages in defensive apologia for setting forth the meagre little that he, with the great advantage of knowing the language and the historical culture, has observed in his visits. A lot of what he says seems scarcely surprising. The tours permitted visitors to this huge land are rigidly controlled and restricted. The same show-villages and restored temples are described in one Western account after another. Out of the hundreds of Chinese cities, only about a dozen are open to ordinary foreigners, and in each they are put in one, usually very isolated, hotel. Mr. Leys can be quite funny about this: "Since the vast Chinese world has thus been shrunk to the size of a pinhead, there don't have to be many foreign visitors in circulation for them to get



"Since there has been little change, those of you who saw the 'News at Six' may be excused to get ready for bed."

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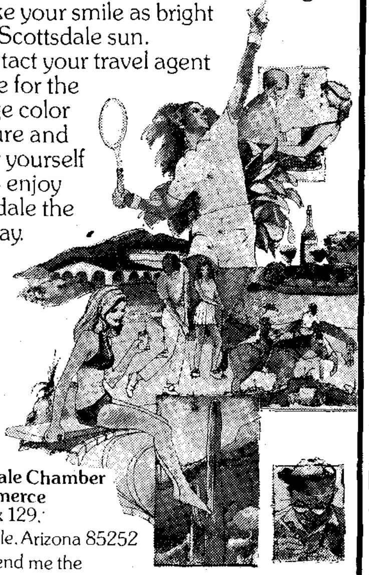

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the impression that they are all over the place, treading on each other's toes. Beyond space and time, a kind of Freemasonry springs up among them, the way it does among commuters on a shared little suburban tram line . . ." Of the eight hundred million Chinese, "about sixty individuals" specialize in meeting foreigners, and their names "come up time and again in the many accounts written by travellers who think, naïvely, that they had managed to make friends in China." Travellers are "carried everywhere in a cage." Mr. Leys, landed in the unscheduled city of Hofei by a vagary of the Chinese airlines (which will not fly if there is wind or rain), was denied permission not only to walk in the city but to ride in a car around it, and instead was given a lavish meal in his luxurious suite and kept there until he could be taken to the airport. This incident, one among many similar, betrays the intense fearfulness of totalitarian governments: each guide and cadre fears his superior, and the total governmental dread of the spontaneous produces the miasmic paralysis so well evoked in the fiction of the Soviet underground. Solzhenitsyn's "First Circle," indeed, characterizes Stalin *himself* as terror-ridden, and though Hitler's Germany is a better supporting example than Mao's China, there does seem to be a *necessary strangeness in tyrants.* They come from the outskirts—Austria, Georgia, Corsica—and the component of hostility in their power to fascinate the populace shows itself in the savage recklessness with which they waste the lives of their followers. Hitler, Stalin, and Napoleon were in some sense at war with the nations they led. This destructiveness from above is manifested in recent Chinese history by the Cultural Revolution of 1966-69; the craters left by its violence are the principal feature of the cultural landscape that Mr. Leys can glimpse from his hotel windows.

But, before moving away from this topic of controlled tourism on which he is amusingly eloquent, let us imagine what sort of account Mr. Leys might have written of *this* country if, as an official visitor, he was met by a solicitous State Department underling, slid by limousine through New York City to a meeting of the P.E.N. club and a Currier & Ives exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, sternly warned not to walk the streets at night, and rebuffed in his conversational advances by the hurrying denizens of those streets during the daytime. Communist "cultural delegates" to the United

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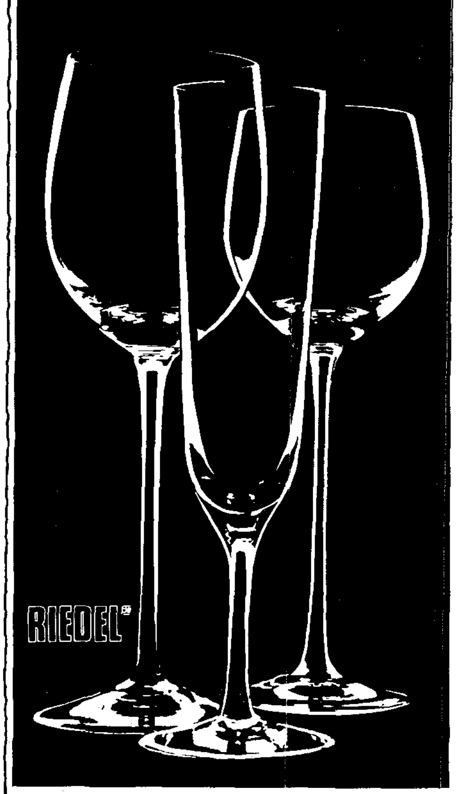

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States, I know, also tend to run a standard route and to meet the same presentable, obliging personalities. Travel, that is, has its distortions the world over. Even the most constrained tour, however, can yield suggestive impressions. Alberto Moravia, for example, in his "Red Book and the Great Wall," instead of complaining about his guide describes him: "Our guide, Mr. Li, was a thin yellow man. . . . His expression was one of decrepit sadness. He had a nervous tic that made one half of his face jump up and down while the other half remained motionless. And he stuttered." The conversations between Mr. Li and Moravia, the nervous shepherd and the irrepressible woolgatherer, are not only comic but telling.

SIMON LEYS largely ignores land reform, state control of industry, relief of poverty and disease, and the other professed social and economic aims of Communism. His province and his grievances are aesthetic: the government and the Cultural Revolution between them have obliterated temples, gates, pailous, Confucianism, classical opera, and virtually everything else that he, as an art historian, treasured. And all unnecessarily. He claims to favor the economic revolution:

> If the destruction of the entire legacy of China's traditional culture was the price to pay to insure the success of the revolution, I would forgive all the iconoclasms, I would support them with enthusiasm! What makes the Maoist vandalism so odious and so pathetic is not that it is irreparably mutilating an ancient civilization but rather that by doing so it gives itself an alibi for *not grappling with the true revolutionary tasks*. The extent of their depredations gives Maoists the cheap illusion that they have done a great deal; they persuade themselves that they can rid themselves of the past by attacking its material manifestations; but in fact they remain its slaves, bound the more tightly because they refuse to realize the effect of the old traditions within their revolution. The destruction of the gates of Peking is, properly speaking, a *sacrilege;* and what makes it dramatic is not that the authorities had them pulled down but that they remain unable to understand *why* they pulled them down.

This key passage contains his other, and curiously opposite, complaint about Red China: its administration remains too traditional, hierarchical, deferential, bureaucratic—a government of old men and serried myriads of timid toadies. "In the scales of China's destiny, which weighs heavier: the visionary wisdom of a few men at the top or the sterilizing stupidity of a bureaucratic

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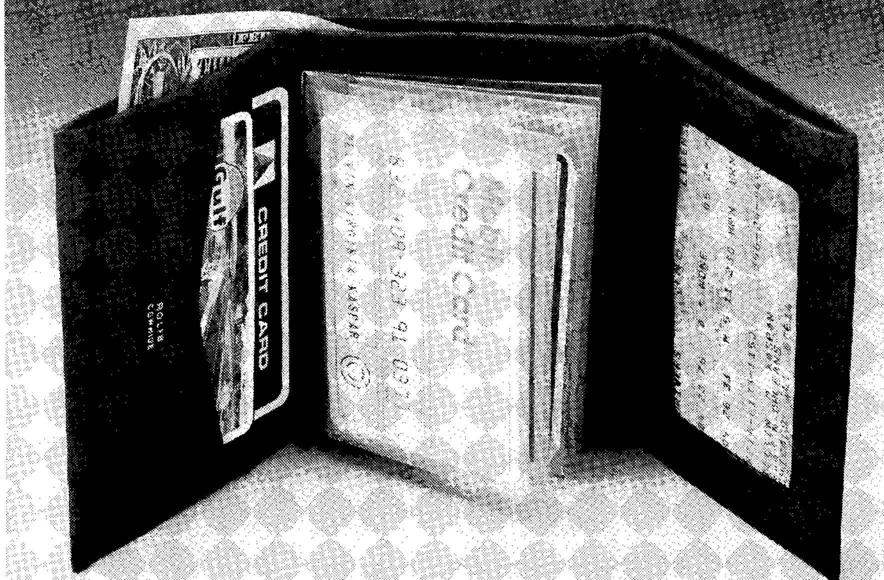

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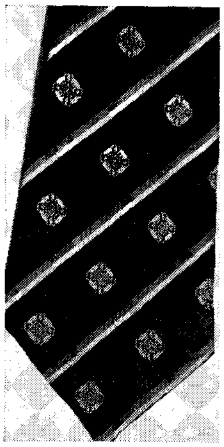

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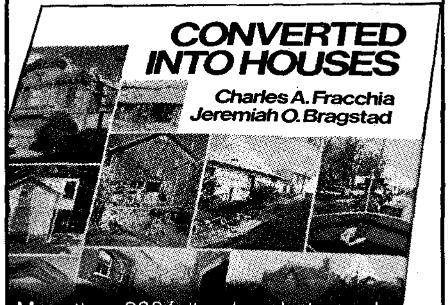

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apparat that is dull, dogmatic, mediocre, arrogant, neurotic, frozen in conformism, terrified of initiative, and unable to transmit to the base the visions of the summit without disfiguring them? . . . This leaden mantle of the middle and lower cadres weighs upon the shoulders of the people, crushes their creative genius, stifles their traditional qualities of initiative and inventiveness."

Now, this indictment assumes the "creative genius" of a "people" quite distinct from the bureaucratic cadres; but where were the cadres enlisted if not from this same "people"? Mr. Leys also seems to absolve the highest echelon from the evils of the regime—though he does accuse Mao of writing bad poetry, and even of having "poor and pretentious calligraphy." For this Belgian critic, as for millions of admirers, Mao eludes blame for Maoism. Though Maoist propaganda is "one of the most monotonous, arid, and indigent creations in the world," Mao projected in the West an image of amiable aloofness, and was credited with great delicacy of thought. Yet the anti-intellectual, anti-institutional depredations of the Cultural Revolution sprang from Mao's own brain, with its hope of "continuous revolution," which in action translated into counter-revolution and anarchy. By willing this upheaval, Mao, with no thanks from Mr. Leys, was attempting to grapple with the entrenched conservatism of the "bureaucratic *apparat*" which Mr. Leys finds so striking—a slavishness he traces back to the "fatal historical accident" of the isolationist, totalitarian Ming regime. By this accident, "China confronted the modern world blind and paralyzed," and thus "the nation was so incredibly derailed" that the "most civilized people on earth" fell into "a rut . . . unworthy of their calling and their genius."

This analysis is informed not only by knowledge but by love of the historical China. But analyses that base present conditions upon accidents and aberrations seem a bit rickety. A nation of nearly a billion is not that easy to derail into an unworthy rut. Ross H. Munro's recent dispatches in the *Times* describe how Chinese citizens, neighborhood by neighborhood, conspire to enforce conformity upon each other, and avidly assist in the creation of "the most tightly controlled nation on earth." There is something in the genius of the people which answers to Maoism, an approach to government that survived a cruel civil war, a Japanese invasion, Russian indifference followed by hostility, and several uproars induced by vacillation at the top. Mr. Leys seems to want an orderly China of spontaneous humanity, a China that has swept away old social evils without disturbing a stone of old cultural monuments. His indictment of cultural evils under Mao is extensive: Stalinoid architectural atrocities of "vulgar gigantism and monstrous daintiness" have defaced sacred places, boulevards have been bulldozed without cars to use them, the great walls and superb gates of Peking were with immense labor demolished to no purpose, monuments that have not been razed molder in neglect, factories turn out art objects of a Communist-kitsch vulgarity that "you would have to be Huysmans to describe adequately," classical Chinese opera has been reduced to six "Revolutionary Model operas . . . where the only 'revolutionary' daring is to maneuver onstage, to languorous saxophonic Khachaturian-like music, platoons of the People's Liberation Army complete with banners and wooden rifles." The single symphonic creation heard in the land is a "mediocre Rachmaninoff pastiche" called "Yellow River;" the Cultural Revolution left the universities gutted and scholarship nil; traditional classics can be bought only in "the bookshops you see in the lobbies of hotels reserved to foreigners;" living Chinese writers have long since been reduced to silence or sycophancy. And over all, by loudspeaker and wall poster, on tickets and towels, ashtrays and teapots, the incessant clamor of Maoist propaganda, "this gigantic enterprise of cretinizing the most intelligent people on earth."

The portrait appalls. Mr. Leys' litany of cultural crimes is no mere set of "shadows," it is a dirge for a China that is dead, that is all shadow. In his travelogue, he is a poet of emptiness: the vast vacant boulevards of Peking "call to mind the false airports which cargo-cult devotees in New Guinea hack out of the jungle in the hope that this will persuade their gods to send planes full of treasure;" the resort city of Peitaiho "in its eeriness raises the notion of a seaside resort to the quasi-metaphysical plane: it is less a holiday resort than the Platonic idea of a holiday resort;" the city of Tientsin, "with its walled-up windows, its blind and leprous façades, seems to be a sleepwalker's dream." Cities huge by European standards appear in their drab docility deserted: "To the passing visitor, the very existence of these millions of lives seems to have been sucked away by the vampire shadows of the past." Vampirish, indeed, is the bloodless precision with which the authorities can produce crowds of exactly the promised sixty thousand cheering spectators, and can conjure up, for an appropriate audience of foreigners, a Catholic Mass "with paper flowers and painted plaster Sacred Hearts."

The totalitarian dread of free artistic expression baffles dwellers within the art-proof precincts of capitalism. What harm, the Western liberal (including this reviewer) always wants to ask, would a few non-prescribed piano concertos or classic novels do? Years ago, I was struck by the discovery, through an exhibit of contemporary Spanish paintings at the Guggenheim Museum, that Franco permitted abstract painting in Fascist Spain. To the Soviets, of course, such "formalism" was anathema, and was pursued at personal risk. But Francoism was not a religion, it was just one bully's belief that only he could save Spain from ruin. Communism lays claim to an all-including and eternal truth that must be pushed into every cranny of existence, lest even the most minute and fractional reversal refute the entire creed. A religion will be intolerant of others as far as its strength reaches. The destruction of rival icons is a rite of faith. Iconoclasm always seems barbaric to those who have no faith, to whom all icons, being irreplaceable by the dead hands of faith, are equally precious, as art relics, as husks of refuted illusions, but husks to which those illusions imparted a selfless energy. That selfless energy, manifesting itself in destruction and exclusion, in monotony and absurdity, seems still to rage in China, and Mr. Leys, by seeking to dissociate the "inexhaustible humanity" of this subcontinent from the displeasing events within it, leaves something out that we need to know. Maoism must be more than a temporary rut, and its terrifying curtailments of human freedom no mere accident. Moravia, at least, offered an explanation of the Cultural Revolution that made sense in terms of "the almost pathological conservatism that characterized traditional China." The aim of this conservatism was the continuity of the Chinese people, a continuity based on harmony: "And this harmony is achieved by any orthodoxy that can provide immobility and, in a certain sense, place China outside history, at least for a few centuries. . . . Nowadays the Chinese hate their past because this hate is useful for the purposes of that future orthodoxy which will be built exclusive-

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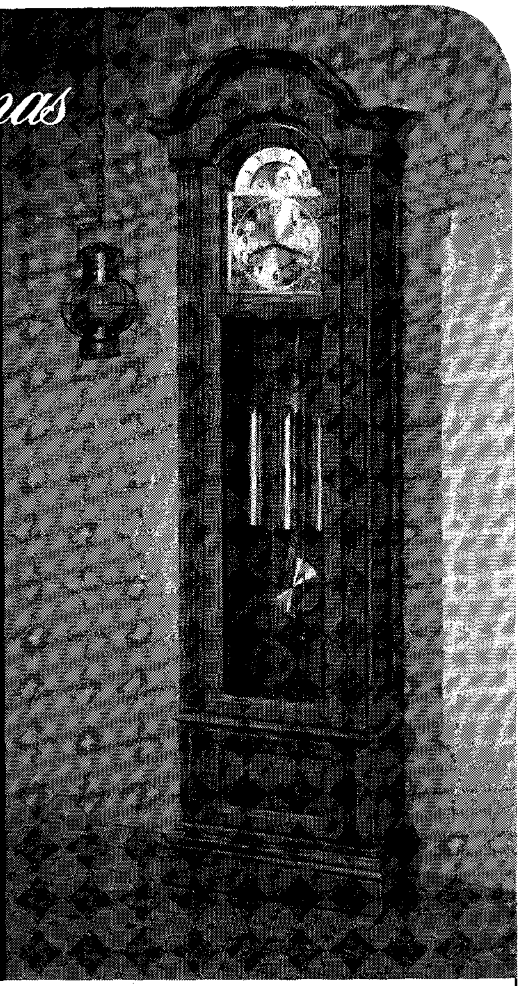

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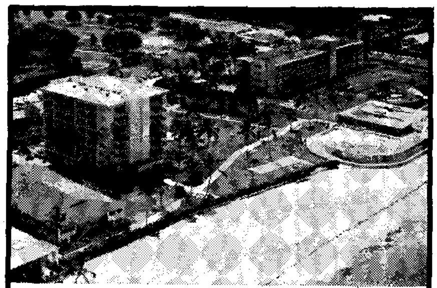

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ly of Maoist materials. . . . In any case, the Chinese consider themselves inexhaustible. The past destroyed will be replaced by a future that is equally rich in wisdom and refinement." This serene Chinese confidence brushes aside all things Western, including Western love; the giant is self-delighting, and clasps even its earthquakes to itself in somber privacy. "Chinese Shadows" lacks the depth that shadows give; Mr. Leys sounds a thin note of personal rejection, in these jottings of a frustrated lover of a vanished civilization.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

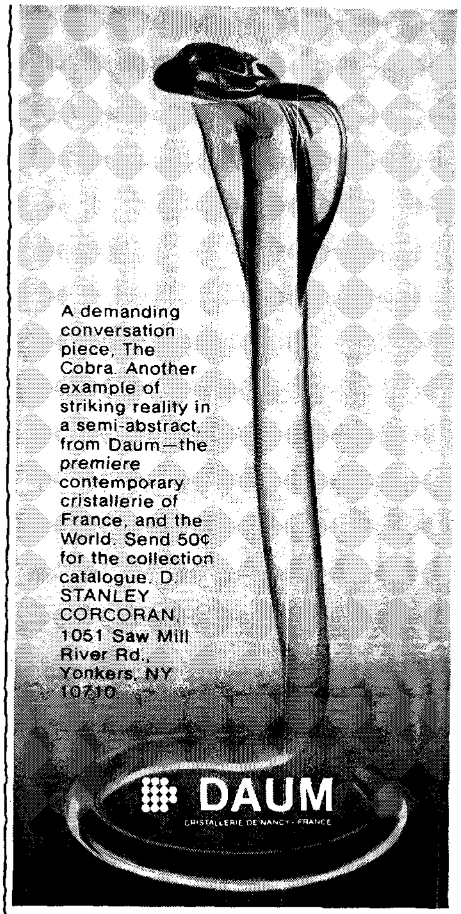
FICTION

UNION DUES, by John Sayles (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $9.95). A seventeen-year-old West Virginia boy runs away from home, hoping to find his older brother, a disaffected Vietnam veteran, in the last place he's been heard from—Boston. The boys' father, a poor miner whose wife died two years earlier of cancer, leaves his job (despite the fact that he may never get it back) and sets out to find the runaway. The time is the late sixties. The boy never finds his brother, and the father never finds his younger son (though he does find the older one), but both discover people and worlds that they never knew existed. The boy (heretofore an all-American, football-playing Huck Finn) falls in with an argumentative radical political group. The father takes a number of odd jobs, including one in a meat-packing plant that employs mostly Italians. The plot is somewhat overburdened with lengthy group discussions (involving miners, radical kids, Boston policemen, meat packers), and the character of the older brother is little more than a blur, but Mr. Sayles has one of the best ears around for the way people really sound (he can reproduce the accent of a Boston workingman and the dialect of an Italian immigrant with equal ease), and there probably have been rarely any funnier, more apt descriptions of the language and style of sixties political groups.

NOTE: Jorge Luis Borges' "The Book of Sand," a collection of short stories, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Dutton ($7.95).

GENERAL

PASSIONATE CRUSADER: THE LIFE OF MARIE STOPES, by Ruth Hall (Har-



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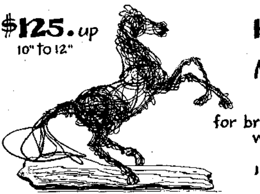

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court Brace Jovanovich; $14.95). The subject of this engrossing biography (1880-1958), an English pioneer in sex reform, was one of the most famous people in the world between the two wars. A wunderkind who, with little help from her shabby-genteel family, attained a doctorate in science, she was "established as one of the leading paleobotanists of her time" by the age of thirty. When she married, in 1911, Dr. Stopes knew everything about the reproduction of fossil plants, and nothing whatever about human reproduction. Her husband was impotent; she thought something was the matter, and when neither her lawyer nor her doctor would tell her what, she undertook her own research in the British Museum, reading through its catalogue on the subjects of sex, physiology, and marital law. She won a divorce on grounds of nullity, and turned her research into a super-best-seller, "Married Love," which advocated sexual pleasure and contraception within marriage. Ruth Hall does a wonderful job at conjuring up a past in which such a work was desperately needed by many, though some considered it obscene or disgusting. The need proved greater than the opposition, and Dr. Stopes achieved not only wealth but respectability. Alas, that was all. Her second marriage soured; she was an appalling mother; she quarrelled with friends and enemies alike; and her notion of using contraception to suppress the unfit was unpopular in the liberal circles that had once embraced her cause. The author is frank but not apologetic; she does equal justice to Dr. Stopes's madness and Dr. Stopes's genius.

CONRAD AND HIS WORLD, by Norman Sherry (Scribners; $9.95). A handsome picture-and-text portrait of the Polish nobleman who became one of the great English stylists, in which the pictures (very numerous and very fine) and the text (short but nicely comprehensive) are of equal and unusual interest. For Conrad's work very largely grew out of the people and places that shaped his life, and both these sources lend themselves almost as much to visual as to written depiction. It is Mr. Sherry's primary intention here to relate the event to the fiction it to some degree inspired—the West Indian voyages and the first mate of the Saint-Antoine to "Nostromo;" smuggling arms for Spanish Carlists

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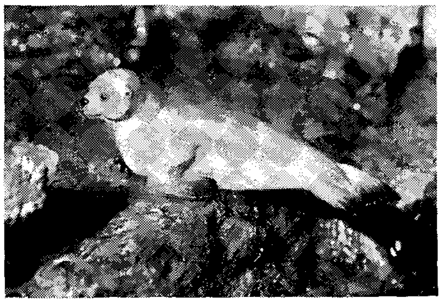

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to "The Arrow of Gold;" the ports and clippers of the China Sea to "Lord Jim" and "Almayer's Folly" and "The Secret Sharer" and "Victory;" the venture up the Congo to "Heart of Darkness" and "An Outpost of Progress;" an acquaintance with a young anarchist and the London anarchist scene to "The Informer" and "The Secret Agent." It is a most successful and useful endeavor, and it is also one from which a moving likeness of Conrad emerges in all of his several faces.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE INVESTIGATION, by Dorothy Uhnak (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). A roman à clef whose skeleton key would seem to be the unsavory case of Alice Crimmins and her two murdered children. It is excellent entertainment, the police methodology is patently authentic (Mrs. Uhnak is a former New York City detective), and the unanswered questions it answers and the dark corners it so curiously illuminates are thoroughly satisfying. Mrs. Uhnak is also to be complimented on the fullness of her portrait of Kitty Keeler, the beguiling and/or monstrous mother. She is a stunning depiction. A selection of the Literary Guild.

FAGO, *by Berton Roueché* (Harper & Row; $8.95). Charles (Chick) Hill and his wife, Arlene—nice, everyday, unexciting people—are living out his retirement in a small house in East Hampton. There is little money, and there will not be any more on the road ahead into old age. Things are hard. It is Arlene who thinks up a desperate stratagem—murder for gain—and to bring it off they must find a man of Chick's complexion and general physical conformation who is a cipher, a casual who could disappear unnoticed. And find him they do, in the very next town—a fellow by the name of Ed Fago, handyman and boozer. A chill rises from the pages of the book very early on and never goes away, partly because of the plain ordinariness of everything—ordinariness with just a little something out of whack.

•

Moved by Jacoby, seconded by Joe Bush *(Alexandria VA, District 6), that* the Board of Directors is requested to reconsider the rules dealing with poisoning of teams for International Team Qualifications in National Team Championships. Carried 33 to 5.—*Bulletin of the American Contract Bridge League.*

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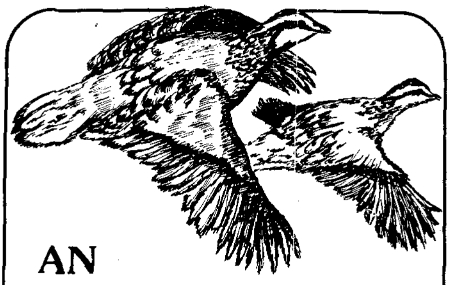

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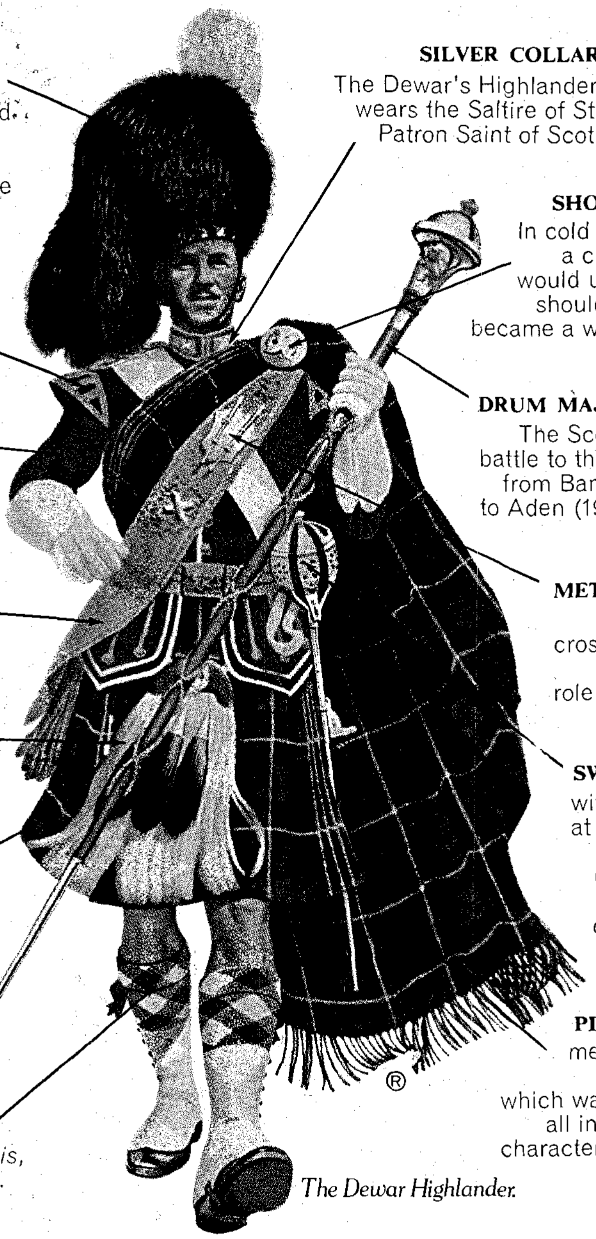

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